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Harry Thurston Peck

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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE
ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF
THE WORLD WITH THEIR
MASTER PRODUCTIONS

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INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I

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John Russell Young

Introduction

FROM the time when men first created literature, they began, and they have continued ever since, the collection and preservation of its records. Before the days of writing even, and when literature existed only in the most primitive forms of verse and prose, — in ballads and liturgic chants on the one hand, and in apologues, fables, and folk-tales on the other, — each generation transmitted to the next these simple efforts of untaught genius, and they transmitted them through those who memorized them and in turn taught them to their successors. It was in this way that some of the greatest epics of the world have been preserved to us; and it is evidence of the high esteem in which collected literature was held even in the days when civilization was only dawning, that the persons of these reciters and transmitters of verse and prose were almost universally held to be sacred.

After writing had been invented, but before printing was known, and in the days when the permanent preservation of literary material was possible only by inscribing it upon stone and brick, extraordinary care was taken to secure its permanency. Modern excavations on the sites of oriental cities in Assyria and Babylonia have brought to light whole libraries of books inscribed and burnt into bricks, or carved upon the imperishable rock. Still later, the same spirit was evinced in the formation of those famous libraries at Alexandria, and Pergamus, and Rome, wherein was stored, and catalogued, and classified, what was memorable in the recorded thought of classical antiquity.

These facts are immensely significant. They show, in the first place, the continuity of literature, and in the second place, the continuity of man's interest in literature. They indicate, also, something more. They indicate that civilized human beings very early grasped the thought that literature was to be read and studied, not in an isolated way and in the form of single masterpieces, but comparatively, and in such a manner that the recorded thought of each generation should illustrate and illuminate the thought and life of the generations that went before, and of the generations that were to follow after. Finally, it is made evident that only in this way, — by the comparative method, by studying one author in his relation to others, — can the true meaning of literature be grasped and understood.

We have reached an age when literary production has been stimulated to enormous activity. It would be impossible for any one man, even in a lifetime, to make himself thoroughly familiar with all the works that issue from the presses of the different countries of the earth in the space of a single year. How much more impossible, therefore, would it be for him to assimilate in a crude form the undigested mass of books that have descended to us from the past, augmented as they have been by the additions that almost every day has brought. What the student of literature requires, therefore, is to have before him a collection of what is substantially all that is best, to be guided, as it were, through a bewildering labyrinth of books, by the aid of the accumulated criticism and selection of many trained minds, so as to be able at once to read and to enjoy the whole world's literature through the medium of those productions that are most perfect, most characteristic, most instructive, and most entertaining, and most worthy, therefore, of permanent preservation.

Many attempts have been made, from time to time, to give the reader and the student of literary masterpieces a collection that should carry out this idea. Some of these attempts have been deserving of approval, for they were attempts to secure an object that was most commendable; yet nearly all of them have been hampered by too great narrowness of choice, by an unwillingness to give the reader more than fragments instead of full and comprehensive quotations, and they have all suffered more or less from the fact that they were necessarily experimental. One learns as much from the failures as from the successes of other men; and the editors of the "MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE," which is now for the first time offered to the public, have endeavored in the preparation of this work not only to emulate and multiply such successes as their predecessors were able to attain, but also to avoid the errors which they made. This Library, therefore, in the first place, has been prepared after a careful study of all the other collections that have anything like a similar aim in view; but it also embodies the purpose of supplying what is absent from other works and of developing ideas that had not occurred as yet to other laborers in this field.

Masterpieces of the World's Literature, however, should not be regarded merely as something based upon other existing collections. In it there have been embodied the results of a careful and critical examination of the entire mass of existing literature belonging to every language and to every period. This examination was made with a single thought in mind — to decide what writers stand out as pre-eminent and permanently representative in every department of letters, and also to determine what portions of these writers' works are most deserving of admission to a collection which is to include only those passages that may be regarded as the jewels of literature to be preserved and admired for all time. For it must be remembered that a great book, or a great poem, or a great oration, or in fact any great masterpiece of intellect and genius, is more than a book or a poem or an oration. Behind it there is always a human being, and in the case of these specimens of creative literature, that human being is always in some way representative of his own time, or of his own nation, or of the history of his own race.

Not only have the editors recognized the vital importance of a well-balanced and judicious selection, but they have also taken into account such an arrangement of the matter as will be most entertaining to the ordinary reader.

From the earliest days of cyclopædia-making the simple alphabetical classification has been the most easy for ready reference, and in connection with the arrangement of the Literature of the World this method produces a very happy combination of different periods of literature in the same volume. Thus in each volume there is secured a certain variety, and the heaviness or sameness of a mass of antique, classical, or mediæval material is avoided, and the reader obtains a sense of the varieties and contrasts of different periods.

If any one, therefore, will study this collection with care and will read it consecutively, he will find each volume of equal interest and a delightful variety of matter that will stimulate a desire to make further inquiries along the same lines throughout the different volumes, since an adequate and detailed means of reference will be found given in the Index.

He also obtains from it at once a comprehensive view of the evolution of literature from the earliest times down to the present day, and will make himself familiar with the life and thought and intellectual activity of many ages and many nations.

In no other way can so much compact information be acquired, while the acquisition of it, so far from being a laborious task, will prove a continual source of interest and instruction.

In the preparation of this Library the editors have had at their disposal every possible facility for the satisfactory carrying out of their difficult and very comprehensive plan. They have received the assistance and advice and criticism of famous literary workers in the various departments. They have had before them, as already stated, the results of many years of labor by specialists in every possible field. They have familiarized themselves, moreover, with the conclusions of the soundest critics, and in making every selection they have been guided by the broadest and sanest view of what literature really stands for. At the same time they have preserved their own critical independence, and have exercised their own judgment with a view to making this presentation of the world's most famous literature harmonious, proportionate, and at the same time of practical value, bearing continuously in mind the needs of the general reader also, to whom this series of volumes is to be the means of what may be truly styled a liberal education.

John Russell Young

Washington, Dec. 17, 1898.

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Masterpieces of the World's Literature

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Abbott, Lyman, an American Congregational clergyman, religious writer, and journalist, son of Jacob Abbott, was born at Roxbury, Mass., December 18, 1835. He graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1853; studied law with his elder brothers, Benjamin and Austin Abbott, who in conjunction with him wrote two clever novels, "Cone-Cut Corners" and "Matthew Caraby," which were published under the *nom de plume* of "Benauly," made up of the initial syllable of the names of each of the writers. He subsequently studied theology under his uncle, John S. C. Abbott, and was pastor of Congregational churches in various parts of the country. About 1869 he began to devote himself especially to literature, in editorial connection with a number of periodicals, although he continued to preach not unfrequently. In 1876 he became associate editor of the "Christian Union" (changed to the "Outlook" in 1893), and in 1881 its editor-in-chief. On the death of Henry Ward Beecher he was requested to take charge temporarily of Plymouth Church, and in 1888 was installed as its permanent pastor. He has also written many separate works, among which are: "The Results of Emancipation in the United States;" "Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths;" "Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings;" and a "Dictionary of Religious Knowledge." His later works are: "An Illustrated Commentary on the New Testament;" "Life of Henry Ward Beecher;" "In Aid of Faith;" a commentary on "The Epistle of Paul to the Romans;" "Signs of Promise;" "The Evolution of Christianity;" "Christianity and Social Problems."

The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain.

(From "Old Testament Shadows.")

The story of Sodom and Gomorrah epitomizes the Gospel. Every act in the great, the awful drama of life is here foreshadowed. The analogy is so perfect that we might almost be tempted to believe that the story is a prophetic allegory, did not nature itself witness its historic truthfulness. The fertile plain contained, embedded in its own soil, the elements of its own destruction. There is reason to believe that this is true of this world on which we live. A few years ago an unusually brilliant star was observed in a certain quarter of the heavens. At first it was thought to be a newly discovered sun; more careful examination resulted in a different hypothesis. Its evanescent character indicated combustion. Its brilliancy was marked for a few hours — a few nights at most — then it faded, and was gone. Astronomers believe that it was a burning world. Our own earth is a globe of living fire. Only a thin crust intervenes between us and this fearful interior. Ever and anon, in the rumbling earthquake, or the sublime volcano, it gives us warning of its presence. These are themselves gospel messengers. They say if we would but hear them — "Prepare to meet thy God." The intimations of Science confirm those of Revelation: "The heavens and the earth . . . are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the Day of Judgment and perdition of ungodly men." What was true of Sodom and Gomorrah — what was true of the earth we live on — is true of the human soul. It contains within itself the instruments of its own punishment. There is a fearful significance in the words of the Apostle: "After thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath." Men gather, with their own hands, the fuel to feed the flame that is not quenched; they nurture in their own bosoms the worm that dieth not. In habits formed never to be broken; in words spoken, incapable of recall; in deeds committed, never to be forgotten; in a life wasted and cast away that can never be made to bloom again, — man prepares for himself his own deserved and inevitable chastisement. "Son, remember!" — to the soul who has spent its all in riotous living, there can be no more awful condemnation.

THE JESUITS.

(From "Dictionary of Religious Knowledge.")

JESUITS is the popular name of a society more properly entitled "The Society of Jesus" — of all the Religious Orders of the Roman Catholic Church the most important. The Society of Jesus was founded in 1554 by Ignatius Loyola. He was a Spanish cavalier; was wounded in battle; was by his wounds, which impaired the use of one of his legs, deprived of his military ambition, and during his long confinement found employment and relief in reading a Life of Christ, and Lives of the Saints. This enkindled a new ambition for a life of religious glory and religious conquest. He threw himself, with all the ardor of his old devotion, into his new life; carried his military spirit of austerity and self-devotion into his religious career; exchanged his rich dress for a beggar's rags; lived upon alms; practised austerities which weakened his iron frame, but not his military spirit; and thus he prepared his mind for those diseased fancies which characterized this period of his extraordinary career.

He possessed none of the intellectual requirements which seemed necessary for the new leadership which he proposed to himself. The age despised learning, and left it to the priests; and this Spanish cavalier, at the age of thirty-three, could do little more than read and write. He commenced at once, with enthusiasm, the acquisition of those elements of knowledge which are ordinarily acquired long before that age. He entered the lowest class of the College of Barcelona, where he was persecuted and derided by the rich ecclesiastics, to whose luxury his self-denial was a perpetual reproach. He fled at last from their machinations to Paris, where he continued his studies under more favorable auspices. Prominent among his associates here was Francis Xavier, a brilliant scholar, who at first shrunk from the ill-educated soldier; yet gradually learned to admire his intense enthusiasm, and then to yield allegiance to it and its possessor. Several other Spaniards were drawn around the ascetic. At length, in 1534, Loyola and five associates, in a subterranean chapel in Paris, pledged themselves to a religious life, and with solemn rites made sacred their mutual pledges to each other and to God.

This was the beginning of the Order of the Jesuits. The original design was a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and a mission for the conversion of Infidels. But as all access to the Holy Land was precluded by a war with the Turks, Loyola and his associates soon turned their thoughts to a more comprehensive organization, specially designed to meet those exigencies which the Reformation had brought upon the Church.

Loyola introduced into the new Order of which he was the founder the principle of absolute obedience which he had acquired in his military career. The name given to its chief was the military title of "General." The organization was not perfected so as to receive the sanction of the Pope until 1541. Its motto was *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* — "To the greater Glory of God." Its vows embraced not only the obligations of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience, but also a pledge on the part of every member to go as missionary to any country which the Pope might designate. Loyola was himself the first General of the new Order. Its Constitution, due to him, is practically that of an Absolute Monarchy. The General is elected by a General Congregation, selected for the purpose by the whole body of professed members of the various Provinces. He holds his office for life. A Council of Assistants aid him, but he is not bound by their vote. He may not alter the Constitution of the Society; and he is subject to deposition in certain contingencies; but no instance of the deposition of a General has ever occurred. Practically his will is absolute law, from which there is no appeal.

The Jesuits are not distinguished by any particular dress or peculiar practices. They are permitted to mingle with the world, and to conform to its habits, if necessary for the attainment of their ends. Their widest influence has been exhibited in political circles, where, as laymen, they have attained the highest political positions without exciting any suspicion of their connection with the Society of Jesus; and in education they have been employed as teachers, in which position they have exercised an incalculable influence over the Church. . . . It should be added that the enemies of the Order allege that, in addition to the public and avowed Constitution of the Society, there is a secret code, called *Monita Secreta* — "Secret Instructions" — which is reserved exclusively for the private guidance of the more advanced members. But as this secret code is disavowed by the Society — and since its authority is at least doubtful — it is not necessary to describe it here in detail.

Creation by Evolution.[1]

(From "The Theology of an Evolutionist.")

When man would make a rose with tools, he fashions petals and leaves of wax, colors them, manufactures a stalk by the same mechanical process, — and the rose is done. When God makes a rose, He lets a bird or a puff of wind drop a seed into the ground; out of the seed there emerges a stalk; and out of the stalk, branches; and on these branches, buds; and out of these buds roses unfold; and the rose is never done, for it goes on endlessly repeating itself. This is the difference between manufacture and growth. Man's method is the method of manufacture; God's method is the method of growth. What man makes is a finished product, — death. What God makes is an always finishing and never finished product, — life. What man makes has no reproductive power within itself. What God makes goes on reproducing itself, with ever new forms and in ever new vitality. The doctrine of evolution, in its radical form, is the doctrine that all God's processes are processes of growth, — not processes of manufacture.

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Evolution is the history of a process, not the explanation of a cause. The doctrine of evolution is an attempt on the part of scientific men to state what is the process of life; not an attempt to state what is the cause of life. When Isaac Newton discovered and announced the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, he did not undertake to explain why the apple falls from the bough to the earth, nor why the earth revolves around the sun in its orbit; he simply stated what he had seen, — that all matter acts as if its bodies were attracted to one another inversely as the square of the distance. So the evolutionist does not attempt to explain the cause of phenomena; he simply recites their history.

A correspondent recently wrote me a letter saying in substance, "I am sorry that you have taken up with that dangerous doctrine of evolution. Huxley and Darwin and Tyndall tell us that matter somehow or other once upon a time began to create itself." He is mistaken. He would find it difficult to point to page or paragraph in any scientific writer as authority for any such notion of evolution. Evolution does not undertake to give the cause of phenomena at all; it simply recites their processes. A man may be an atheistic evolutionist, — that is, he may believe that there is no intelligent cause lying back of phenomena. Haeckel is an atheistic evolutionist. Or he may be a theistic evolutionist, — that is, he may believe that the cause lying back of all phenomena is a divine, intelligent, loving Person; Dr. McCosh of Princeton was a theistic evolutionist. The evolutionist is simply one who understands the history of life to be a history of growth. "Evolution," says Mr. Huxley, "or development, is at present employed in biology as a general name for the history of the steps by which any living being has acquired the morphological and physiological characters which distinguish it;" and on that Mr. Henry Drummond, an eminent evolutionist, comments as follows: —

"Evolution is simply history, a history of steps, a general name for the history of the steps by which the world has come to what it is. According to this general definition, the story of evolution is narrative. It may be wrongly told; it may be colored, exaggerated, over or under stated, like the record of any other set of facts; it may be told with a theological bias, or with an anti-theological bias; theories of the process may be added by this thinker or by that, but these are not of the substance of the story. Whether history is told by a Gibbon or a Green, the facts remain; and whether evolution be told by a Haeckel or a Wallace, we accept the narrative so far as it is a rendering of nature, and no more. It is true, before this story can be fully told, centuries still must pass. At present, there is not a chapter of the record that is wholly finished. The manuscript is already worn with erasures, the writing is often blurred, the very language is uncouth and strange. Yet even now the outline of a continuous story is beginning to appear, — a story whose chief credential lies in the fact that no imagination of man could have designed a spectacle so wonderful, or worked out a plot at once so intricate and so transcendently simple."

Evolution, then, — let us understand this at the outset, — is the history of a process, not the explanation of a cause. The evolutionist believes that God's processes are the processes of growth, not of manufacture.

We are all partial evolutionists. Every man believes that to a large extent the divine processes are processes of growth. He believes that the rose grows from a seed or a cutting; that all the vegetable matter in the world has come to its present condition by growth from earlier forms. He believes that this principle of growth applies to the animal as well as to the vegetable kingdom. He believes that every horse was once a colt, and every man was once a babe. He believes, too, in growth as a principle of history: that the American nation has grown from colonial to national greatness; that literature has grown from primitive to sublime forms. He thus believes that most of the processes of God are processes of growth.

The radical evolutionist believes that all divine processes, so far as we are able to understand them, are processes of growth; that as God makes the oak out of the acorn, and the rose out of the cutting, and the man out of the babe, and the nation out of the colony, and the literature out of the alphabet, so God has made all things by the development of higher from lower forms. He believes that, so far as he can see, God is never a manufacturer, but always does His work by growth processes. The best simple definition of this process that I have ever seen is Le Conte's: "Evolution is continuous progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of resident forces."

It is, first, continuous progressive change. The rose the man makes does not go through continuous progressive change. He makes a little to-day, leaves it, begins again to-morrow, leaves it a year, comes back next year. He finds that he is making it wrong, changes his mind, makes it over again. There is no necessary continuity in his work. The work that man does is not done according to certain laws. It is often arbitrary. He makes the rose in one way to-day, in another way to-morrow, simply because the notion so takes him. His work is done by force external to the thing that is made; not by force operating from within, but by force applied from without. God's work, on the contrary, we evolutionists believe, is the work of progressive change, — a change from a lower to a higher condition;[1] from a simpler to a more complex condition. It is a change wrought according to certain laws which are capable of study. It is never arbitrary. Finally, this process of growth is produced by forces that lie within the phenomena themselves. The tools that God uses are in the structure that is being formed, or in its environment. The force that makes the rose what it is inheres in the plant, in the soil, in the sunlight. God dwells in nature, fashioning it according to His will by vital processes from within, not by mechanical processes from without. The former theory of creation was of creation by manufacture. It was that God said to Himself one day, six, eight, or ten thousand years ago, "I will make a world;" that He proceeded to make it, in six successive days; and that when six days were over the world was finished. As science disclosed the history of the past, men changed their conception of the creative days to longer and yet longer epochs. But still the conception of manufacture lingered in the thought of the Church. Some of the old mediæval writers undertook even to state what time of the year the world was made; one of them, I believe, argues that it must have been in the autumn, because apples were ripe. Still many persons conceive of creation as a process of manufacture, and of God as a kind of architect or master-builder, laying foundations, putting up pillars, carving, upholstering, decorating, — constructing the edifice in carpenter fashion.

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[1] This is the object of evolution, though incidental to it are other results, such as moral development or degeneracy.

Over against this conception of creation by manufacture, we are coming to accept the conception of creation by evolution. It would require one far more familiar with scientific detail than I am to give the process with scientific accuracy; but it is possible to indicate the broad outlines, and I am facilitated in doing this by a somewhat vague recollection of an experiment which I saw performed by Dr. R. Ogden Doremus many years ago. On the platform where the chemist was performing his experiments was a great glass box, and in that box a colorless liquid, into which he poured a colored liquid, — red, if my memory serves me right; and running through this box, with little arms extending from it, was a cylinder, with a crank at the top. While we sat there this colored material gathered itself together in a globular form before our eyes. It was of precisely the same specific density as the colorless liquid in which it had been plunged, so that there was no attraction of gravitation to carry it to the bottom. Then gradually, very slowly at first, the lecturer began a movement with this crank, and the globe, following the cylinder which he revolved, began revolving itself very slowly, and gradually more and more rapidly, and, as it revolved, flattened at the poles, and presently, as the cylinder became more and more rapid, flung out from itself, I forget now whether a ring or a single globe.[1]

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[1] Dr. Doremus has kindly furnished me with the following accurate account of this most interesting illustration of the process of "Creation by Evolution." It is an illustration which amounts to demonstration to any one who has ever seen it. Olive oil (colored red that it might be better seen) was poured on water. It floated on the *denser* liquid. Another portion of the oil was poured in alcohol. It sank in this *lighter* liquid.

A third portion of the oil was poured into a carefully prepared mixture of water and alcohol, having exactly the same specific gravity as the oil. The oil assumed the shape of a perfect sphere. The earth is round, the sun, moon, and planets are

So we saw, before our eyes, the nebular hypothesis illustrated. In some far-off epoch, misty matter hung nebulous in the universe. It came together as a globe under the law of attraction of gravitation. It began its revolution, set in motion by that infinite and eternal energy which is an infinite and eternal mystery, and which I believe is God. As it revolved, by the very process of revolution it flattened at the poles. As it revolved it cooled, the mist turned to water, the water to solid. From this revolving globe a ring, like the ring of Saturn, was flung off, and the revolving ring itself was broken by the very process of revolution into separate luminaries. So grew the moons, so the planetary system. In this globe

round, every star that decorates the heavens is round; hence they were once liquid, or are now fluid.

A glass axis inserted through the centre of the sphere of oil was slowly revolved. The globe flattened at its poles and dilated at its equator. Our earth has this shape. The globe of oil was revolved *more* rapidly. It then flattened to a greater extent, or was more oblate, like the planet Jupiter, when the difference between its polar and equatorial diameters is 5000 miles. Its oblateness can be seen with a powerful telescope.

Our earth revolves at its equator at the rate of 1000 miles per hour, Jupiter over 26,000 miles per hour. Jupiter has the density of water, while our earth is five times as dense; — these two causes account for the difference in figures or shapes of these planets.

On turning the oil globe more rapidly, it formed a ring like the rings of Saturn. When the speed of revolution was still more increased the ring broke into many spheres, some large, others small; each of these revolved on its axis, around the common centre. The sun turns from west to east; Mercury, nestling closest to our peerless parent, turns from west to east on its axis and around the central sun; so also Venus, the Earth, Mars, the small planets between Mars and Jupiter (over 200 in number), Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and the remotest, Neptune, all revolve in this same direction, and in the same plane. According to Herschel, Struve, Argelander, and other astronomers, our sun with his princely retinue of planets, satellites, and fiery comets is flying through space towards the star π in the constellation Hercules, with the velocity of half a million miles per diem. Maedler has proved that our whole galaxy of stars is revolving in a mighty circle, the star Alcyone, of the Pleiades, being nearest the central point. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?" (Job xxxviii. 31.) Eighteen million two hundred thousand years must elapse to complete one revolution around this distant centre. In this grand circular movement are minor rotations (like eddies in a stream of water) of double, triple, and multiple stars, joining in the mazy celestial dance.

Dr. Lee, of the Lowell Observatory, while in Mexico discovered, since the 1st of last January, 300,000 double and triple stars in the southern heavens. Thousands of other stellar universes revolve in a manner similar to our own galaxy of suns. Some of the nebulæ have the shape of a ring, others are oval (because of being seen at an angle). Some have a dumb-bell shape, which can be imitated by revolving the oil-globe in the mixture of alcohol and water, when the axis is not exactly in the centre of the oil-sphere. Herschel asserted that some of the nebulæ are so remote that their light (with its velocity of over 186,000 miles per second) has been 3,000,000 of years in reaching our eyes.

was, as still there is, life, — that is, an infinite and eternal energy which is an infinite and eternal mystery, that is, God. Out of this life, manifesting this God, grew, as the rose grows from its seed, the lower forms, and, by successive processes from these lower forms, other higher forms, and from these forms others still higher, until at last the world came to be what it is to-day. There never was a time when the world was done. It is not done to-day. It is in the making. In the belief of the evolutionists, the same processes that were going on in the creative days are going on here and now. Still the nebulæ are gathering together in globes; still globes are beginning their revolution; still they are flattening at the poles; still they are cooling and becoming solid; still in them are springing up the forms of life. In our own globe the same forces that were operative in the past to make the world what it is are operative to-day: still from the seeds are springing the plants; still the mountains are being pushed up by volcanic forces below; still chasms are being made by the earthquake; all the methods and all the processes that went on in those first great days are still proceeding. Creative days! Every day is a creative day. Every spring is a creative spring. God is always creating. Such, briefly and imperfectly outlined, is the doctrine of creation by evolution.

Does this doctrine deny, or imply a denial, that there is intelligence in the universe? Is my correspondent right who thinks that Spencer and Huxley and Tyndall imagine that matter makes itself and governs itself? Is it true that the evolutionist believes, or if he be logical must believe, that there is no intelligence that plans, no wisdom that directs? Paley's famous illustration suggests that a man going along the road finds a watch; picks it up; examines it; sees that it will keep time; knows that there was some intelligence that devised this watch. Suppose this watch which he picks up and puts into his pocket, after he has carried it for a year, produces another watch that will keep time; does that show less intelligence, or more? Suppose this watch which he picks up and carries in his pocket drops from itself in a year's time a little egg, and out of that egg there comes a perfect watch a year later; does that show less intelligence, or more? Is the natural rose, with all its forces within itself, less wonderful than the artificial rose, which the man makes in imitation of it out of wax? The processes of growth are infinitely more wonderful than the processes of manufacture. It is easier by far to comprehend the intelligence that makes the cuckoo which springs from the cuckoo clock to note the time, than to comprehend the intelligence that makes the living bird which springs from his nest and sings his song to the morning sun. Growth is more wonderful than manufacture. Growth has in it more evidence of marvellous intelligence than any manufacture. "In that statement appears the clergyman," says the critic. No! The statement is Professor Huxley's: —

"The student of Nature wonders the more and is astonished the less, the more conversant he becomes with her operations; but of all the perennial miracles she offers to his inspection, perhaps the most worthy of admiration is the development of a plant or of an animal from its embryo. Examine the recently laid egg of some common animal, such as a salamander or a newt. It is a minute spheroid in which the best microscope will reveal nothing but a structureless sac, enclosing a glairy fluid, holding granules in suspension. But strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel, the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism. And then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due salamandrine proportions in so artistic a way that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work."

That is the account of an evolutionary process by an evolutionist who certainly will not be accused of theological prepossessions.

Does this doctrine of creation by evolution take God away from the world? It seems to me that it brings Him a great deal nearer. The Hindu believed that God was too great to stoop to the making of the world, so He hatched out an egg from which issued a number of little gods, and the little gods made the world. Something like that has been our past philosophy. A great First Cause in the remote past set secondary causes at work, and we stand only in the presence of secondary causes. But Herbert Spencer, the typical agnostic evolutionist, affirms that we are ever *in the presence* of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed. True, Herbert Spencer says that He is the Unknown; but the theist who believes with Matthew Arnold that this Infinite and Eternal Energy is an energy that makes for righteousness in human history, and the Christian theist who believes that this Infinite and Eternal Energy has manifested Himself in Jesus Christ, and has purpose and will and love and intelligence, believes no less certainly than Herbert Spencer that we are ever in His presence. There is no chasm of six thousand years between the evolutionist and his Creator. The evolutionist lives in the creative days and sees the creative processes taking place before him.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

Anonymous.

ABÉLARD.

Abélard, Pierre, a noted French scholastic philosopher, teacher, and theologian; born near Nantes, 1079; died April 21, 1142. Lecturing on theology, he attracted students from all parts of Europe. Several of his disciples afterward became famous; for example, Pope Celestin II., Peter Lombard, Berengarius, and Arnold of Brescia. The story of his romantic and tragic love for Héloïse is told in his "Story of My Misfortunes;" in her first "Letter" to him on receipt of the "Story;" and in two "Letters" from her that followed. The poets have taken the loves of this unfortunate pair as the theme of their elegies in every age since the death of the lovers.

Abelard from Heloïse.

A letter of yours sent to a friend, best beloved, to console him in affliction, was lately, almost by a chance, put into my hands. Seeing the superscription, guess how eagerly I seized it! I had lost the reality; I hoped to draw some comfort from this faint image of you. But alas! — for I well remember — every line was written with gall and wormwood.

How you retold our sorrowful history, and dwelt on your incessant afflictions! Well did you fulfil that promise to your friend, that, in comparison with your own, his misfortunes should seem but as trifles. You recalled the persecutions of your masters, the cruelty of my uncle, and the fierce hostility of your fellow-pupils, Albericus of Rheims, and Lotulphus of Lombardy — how through their plottings that glorious book your Theology was burned, and you confined and disgraced — you went on to the machinations of the Abbot of St. Denys and of your false brethren of the convent, and the calumnies of those wretches, Norbert and Bernard, who envy and hate you. It was even, you say, imputed to you as an offence to have given the name of Paraclete, contrary to the common practice, to the Oratory you had founded.

The persecutions of that cruel tyrant of St. Gildas, and of those execrable monks, — monks out of greed only, whom notwithstanding you call your children, — which still harass you, close the miserable history. Nobody could read or hear these things and not be moved to tears. What then must they mean to me?

We all despair of your life, and our trembling hearts dread to hear the tidings of your murder. For Christ's sake, who has thus far protected you, — write to us, as to His handmaids and yours, every circumstance of your present dangers. I and my sisters alone remain of all who were your friends. Let us be sharers of your joys and sorrows. Sympathy brings some relief, and a load laid on many shoulders is lighter. And write the more surely, if your letters may be messengers of joy. Whatever message they bring, at least they will show that you remember us. You can write to comfort your friend: while you soothe his wounds, you inflame mine. Heal, I pray you, those you yourself have made, you who bustle about to cure those for which you are not responsible. You cultivate a vineyard you did not plant, which grows nothing. Give heed to what you owe your own. You who spend so much on the obstinate, consider what you owe the obedient. You who lavish pains on your enemies, reflect on what you owe your daughters. And, counting nothing else, think how you are bound to me! What you owe to all devoted women, pay to her who is most devoted.

You know better than I how many treatises the holy fathers of the Church have written for our instruction; how they have labored to inform, to advise, and to console us. Is my ignorance to suggest knowledge to the learned Abélard? Long ago, indeed, your neglect astonished me. Neither religion, nor love of me, nor the example of the holy fathers moved you to try to fix my struggling soul. Never, even when long grief had worn me down, did you come to see me, or send me one line of comfort, — me, to whom you were bound by marriage, and who clasp you about with a measureless love! And for the sake of this love have I no right to even a thought of yours?

You well know, dearest, how much I lost in losing you, and that the manner of it put me to double torture. You only can comfort me. By you I was wounded, and by you I must be healed. And it is only you on whom the debt rests. I have obeyed the last tittle of your commands; and if you bade me, I would sacrifice my soul.

To please you my love gave up the only thing in the universe it valued — the hope of your presence — and that forever. The instant I received your commands I quitted the habit of the world, and denied all the wishes of my nature. I meant to give up, for your sake, whatever I had once a right to call my own.

God knows it was always you, and you only, that I thought of. I looked for no dowry, no alliance of marriage. And if the name of wife is holier and more exalted, the name of friend always remained sweeter to me, or if you would not be angry, a meaner title; since the more I gave up, the less should I injure your present renown, and the more deserve your love.

Nor had you yourself forgotten this in that letter which I recall. You are ready enough to set forth some of the reasons which I used to you, to persuade you not to fetter your freedom, but you pass over most of the pleas I made to withhold you from our ill-fated wedlock. I call God to witness that if Augustus, ruler of the world, should think me worthy the honor of marriage, and settle the whole globe on me to rule forever, it would seem dearer and prouder to me to be called your mistress than his empress.

Not because a man is rich or powerful is he better: riches and power may come from luck, constancy is from virtue. *I* hold that woman base who weds a rich man rather than a poor one, and takes a husband for her own gain. Whoever marries with such a motive — why, she will follow his prosperity rather than the man, and be willing to sell herself to a richer suitor.

That happiness which others imagine, best beloved, I experienced. Other women might think their husbands perfect, and be happy in the idea; but I knew that you were so, and the universe knew the same. What philosopher, what king, could rival your fame? What village, city, kingdom, was not on fire to see you? When you appeared in public, who did not run to behold you? Wives and maidens alike recognized your beauty and grace. Queens envied Héloïse her Abélard.

Two gifts you had to lead captive the proudest soul, your voice that made all your teaching a delight, and your singing, which was like no other. Do you forget those tender songs you wrote for me, which all the world caught up and sang, — but not like you, — those songs that kept your name ever floating in the air, and made me known through many lands, the envy and the scorn of women?

What gifts of mind, what gifts of person glorified you! Oh, my loss! Who would change places with me now!

And *you* know, Abélard, that though I am the great cause of your misfortunes, I am most innocent. For a consequence is no part of a crime. Justice weighs not the thing done, but the intention. And how pure was my intention toward you, you alone can judge. Judge me! I will submit.

But how happens it, tell me, that since my profession of the life which you alone determined, I have been so neglected and so forgotten that you will neither see me nor write to me? Make me understand it, if you can, or I must tell you what everybody says: that it was not a pure love like mine that held your heart, and that your coarser feeling vanished with absence and ill-report. Would that to me alone this seemed so, best beloved, and not to all the world! Would that I could hear others excuse you, or devise excuses myself!

The things I ask ought to seem very small and easy to you. While I starve for you, do, now and then, by words, bring back your presence to me! How can you be generous in deeds if you are so avaricious in words? I have done everything for your sake. It was not religion that dragged me, a young girl, so fond of life, so ardent, to the harshness of the convent, but only your command. If I deserve nothing from you, how vain is my labor! God will not recompense me, for whose love I have done nothing.

When you resolved to take the vows, I followed, — rather, I ran before. You had the image of Lot's wife before your eyes; you feared I might look back, and therefore you deeded *me* to God by the sacred vestments and irrevocable vows before you took them yourself. For this, I own, I grieved, bitterly ashamed that I could depend on you so little, when I would lead or follow you straight to perdition. For my soul is always with you and no longer mine own. And if it is not with you in these last wretched years, it is nowhere. Do receive it kindly. Oh, if only you had returned favor for favor, even a little for the much, words for things! Would, beloved, that your affection would not take my tenderness and obedience always for granted; that it might be more anxious! But just because I have poured out all I have and am, you give me nothing. Remember, oh, remember how much you owe!

There was a time when people doubted whether I had given you all my heart, asking nothing. But the end shows how I be-

ABÉLARD'S VISIT TO HÉLOÏSE

gan. I have denied myself a life which promised at least peace and work in the world, only to obey your hard exactions. I have kept back nothing for myself, except the comfort of pleasing you. How hard and cruel are you, then, when I ask so little, and that little is so easy for you to give!

In the name of God, to whom you are dedicate, send me some lines of consolation. Help me to learn obedience! When you wooed me because earthly love was beautiful, you sent me letter after letter. With your divine singing every street and house echoed my name! How much more ought you now to persuade to God her whom then you turned from Him! Heed what I ask; think what you owe. I have written a long letter, but the ending shall be short. Farewell, darling!

Abélard's Answer to Héloïse.

To Héloïse, his best beloved Sister in Christ,
Abélard, her Brother in Him:

If, since we resigned the world, I have not written to you, it was because of the high opinion I have ever entertained of your wisdom and prudence. How could I think that she stood in need of help on whom Heaven had showered its best gifts? You were able, I knew, by example as by word, to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the timid, to kindle the lukewarm.

When prioress of Argenteuil, you practised all these duties; and if you give the same attention to your daughters that you then gave to your sisters, it is enough. All my exhortations would be needless. But if, in your humility, you think otherwise, and if my words can avail you anything, tell me on what subjects you would have me write, and as God shall direct me I will instruct you. I thank God that the constant dangers to which I am exposed rouse your sympathies. Thus I may hope, under the divine protection of your prayers, to see Satan bruised under my feet.

Therefore I hasten to send you the form of prayer you beseech of me — you, my sister, once dear to me in the world, but now far dearer in Christ. Offer to God a constant sacrifice of prayer. Urge Him to pardon our great and manifold sins, and to avert the dangers which threaten me. We know how powerful before God and His saints are the prayers of the faithful, but chiefly of faithful women for their friends, and of wives for their husbands. The Apostle admonishes us to pray without ceasing. . . . But I will not insist on the supplications of your sisterhood, day and night devoted to the service of their Maker; to you only do I turn. I well know how powerful your intercession may be. I pray you, exert it in this my need. In your prayers, then, ever remember him who, in a special sense, is yours. Urge your entreaties, for it is just that you should be heard. An equitable judge cannot refuse it.

In former days, you remember, best beloved, how fervently you recommended me to the care of Providence. Often in the day you uttered a special petition. Removed now from the Paraclete, and surrounded by perils, how much greater my need! Convince me of the sincerity of your regard, I entreat, I implore you.

[The Prayer:] "O God, who by Thy servant didst here assemble Thy handmaids in Thy Holy Name, grant, we beseech Thee, that he be protected from all adversity, and be restored safe to us, Thy handmaids."

If Heaven permit my enemies to destroy me, or if I perish by accident, see that my body is conveyed to the Paraclete. There, my daughters, or rather my sisters in Christ, seeing my tomb, will not cease to implore Heaven for me. No resting-place is so safe for the grieving soul, forsaken in the wilderness of its sins, none so full of hope as that which is dedicated to the Paraclete — that is, the Comforter.

Where could a Christian find a more peaceful grave than in the society of holy women, consecrated by God? They, as the Gospel tells us, would not leave their divine Master; they embalmed His body with precious spices; they followed Him to the tomb, and there they held their vigil. In return, it was to them that the angel of the resurrection appeared for their consolation.

Finally, let me entreat you that the solicitude you now too strongly feel for my life you will extend to the repose of my soul. Carry into my grave the love you showed me when alive; that is, never forget to pray Heaven for me.

Long life, farewell! Long life, farewell, to your sisters also! Remember me, but let it be in Christ!

The Vesper Hymn of Abélard.

(Translation of Dr. Samuel W. Duffield.)

Oh, what shall be, oh, when shall be that holy Sabbath day,
Which heavenly care shall ever keep and celebrate alway,
When rest is found for weary limbs, when labor hath reward,
When everything forevermore is joyful in the Lord ?

The true Jerusalem above, the holy town, is there,
Whose duties are so full of joy, whose joy so free from care;
Where disappointment cometh not to check the longing heart,
And where the heart, in ecstasy, hath gained her better part.

O glorious King, O happy state, O palace of the blest!
O sacred place and holy joy, and perfect, heavenly rest!
To thee aspire thy citizens in glory's bright array,
And what they feel and what they know they strive in vain to say.

For while we wait and long for home, it shall be ours to raise
Our songs and chants and vows and prayers in that dear country's praise;
And from these Babylonian streams to lift our weary eyes,
And view the city that we love descending from the skies.

There, there, secure from every ill, in freedom we shall sing
The songs of Zion, hindered here by days of suffering,
And unto Thee, our gracious Lord, our praises shall confess
That all our sorrow hath been good, and Thou by pain canst bless.

There Sabbath day to Sabbath day sheds on a ceaseless light,
Eternal pleasure of the saints who keep that Sabbath bright;
Nor shall the chant ineffable decline, nor ever cease,
Which we with all the angels sing in that sweet realm of peace.

EDMOND ABOUT.

About, Edmond-François-Valentin, a French novelist, journalist, and dramatist; born at Dieuze, department of Meurthe, February 14, 1828; died in Paris, January 17, 1885. In 1848 he won the prize of honor at the Lycée Charlemagne, and in 1851 was sent to the French School at Athens, Greece, where he devoted himself to archæological studies. In 1855 he wrote "La Grèce Contemporaine;" and in the same year published "Tolla," a novel, which was charged with being a plagiarism. He received the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1858; and in the following year he put forth at Brussels the "Roman Question," — which was said to have been inspired by the Emperor Napoleon III., — in which he advocated the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope. In 1866 M. About was commissioned by the Emperor to draw up a report on the state of public opinion in France. Upon the breaking out of the Franco-German war he became war correspondent of the newspaper "Le Soir," and his letters attracted much attention. In 1872 he became editor of the Radical journal "Le XIXe Siècle," and in the autumn of that year was arrested at Strasbourg by the Germans, in consequence of his work entitled "Alsace." The works of M. About cover a wide range of topics, including fiction, the drama, and politics; and many of them have been translated into English.

Desiccating a Frenchman.[1]

(From "The Man with the Broken Ear.")

On this 20th day of January, 1824, being worn down by a cruel malady and feeling the approach of the time when my person shall be absorbed in the Great All;

With my own hand I have written this will, which is the expression of my last wishes.

My nephew Nicholas Meiser, a wealthy brewer in the city of Dantzic, I appoint as executor.

My books, papers, and scientific collections of all kinds, except item 3712, I bequeath to my very estimable and learned friend, Herr von Humboldt.

I bequeath all the rest of my effects, real and personal, valued at 100,000 Prussian thalers, or 375,000 francs, to Colonel Pierre

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[1] Selections used by permission of Henry Holt and Company.

Victor Fougas, at present desiccated, but living, and entered in my catalogue opposite No. 3712 (Zoölogy).

I trust that he will accept this feeble compensation for the trials he has suffered in my laboratory, and the service he has rendered to science.

Finally, in order that my nephew Nicholas Meiser may exactly understand the duties I leave him to perform, I have resolved to inscribe here a detailed account of the desiccation of Colonel Fougas, my sole heir.

On November 11 of that unhappy year 1813, began my relations with this brave young man. I had long since left Dantzic, where the noise of cannon and the danger from bombs had rendered all labor impossible, and retired with my instruments and books under protection of the Allied Armies in the fortified town of Liebenfeld. The French garrisons of Dantzic, Stettin, Custrin, Glogau, Hamburg, and several other German towns could not communicate with each other or with their native land; meanwhile General Rapp was obstinately defending himself against the English fleet and the Russian army. Colonel Fougas was taken by a detachment of the Barclay de Tolly corps, as he was trying to pass the Vistula on the ice, on the way to Dantzic. They brought him prisoner to Liebenfeld on the 11th of November, just at my supper time, and Sergeant Garok, who commanded in the village, forced me to be present at the examination and act as an interpreter.

The unfortunate young man's open countenance, manly voice, proud dignity, and fine carriage won my heart. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His only regret, he said, was having stranded so near port, after passing through four armies; and being unable to carry out the Emperor's orders. He appeared animated by that French fanaticism which has done so much harm to our beloved Germany. Nevertheless, I could not help defending him; and I translated his words less as an interpreter than as an advocate. Unhappily, they found on him a letter from Napoleon to General Rapp, of which I preserved a copy: —

"Abandon Dantzic; break the blockade; unite with the garrisons of Stettin, Custrin, and Glogau; march along the Elbe; arrange with St. Cyr and Davoust to concentrate the forces scattered at Dresden, Forgau, Wittenberg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg; roll up an army like a snowball; cross Westphalia, which is open, and come to defend the line of the Rhine with an army of 170,000 Frenchmen which you will have saved!

"NAPOLEON."

This letter was sent to the headquarters of the Russian army, while a half-dozen illiterate soldiers, drunk with joy and bad brandy, condemned the brave Colonel of the 23d of the line to the death of a spy and a traitor. The execution was fixed for the next day, the 12th, and M. Pierre Victor Fougas, after having thanked and embraced me with the most touching sensibility (he is a husband and a father), was shut up in the little battlemented tower of Liebenfeld, where the wind whistles terribly through all the loopholes.

The night of the 11th and 12th of November was one of the severest of that terrible winter. My self-registering thermometer, which hung outside my window with a southeast exposure, marked nineteen degrees below zero, centigrade. I went early in the morning to bid the Colonel a last farewell, and met Sergeant Garok, who said to me in bad German: —

"We won't have to kill the Frantzuski, he is frozen to death."

I ran to the prison. The Colonel was lying on his back, rigid. But I found after a few minutes' examination that the rigidity of the body was not that of death. The joints, though they had not their ordinary suppleness, could be bent and extended without any great effort. The limbs, the face, and the chest gave my hands a sensation of cold, but very different from that which I had often experienced from contact with corpses.

The Colonel had reached that point of torpor produced by cold, where to revive a man without causing him to die requires numerous and delicate attentions. Some hours after, congelation would supervene, and with it, impossibility of restoration to life.

I was in the greatest perplexity. On the one hand I knew that he was dying on my hands by congelation; on the other, I could not, by myself, bestow upon him the attentions that were indispensable. If I were to administer stimulants without having him, at the same time, rubbed on the trunk and limbs by three or four vigorous assistants, I should revive him only to see him die.

And even if I should succeed in bringing him back to health and strength, was not he condemned by court-martial? Did not humanity forbid my rousing him from this repose akin to death, to deliver him to the horrors of execution?

I must confess that in the presence of this organism where life was suspended, my ideas on reanimation took, as it were, fresh hold upon me. I had so often desiccated and revived beings quite elevated in the animal scale, that I did not doubt the success of the operation, even on a man. By myself alone I could not revive and save the Colonel; but I had in my laboratory all the instruments necessary to desiccate him without assistance.

To sum up, three alternatives offered themselves to me. I. To leave the Colonel in the crenellated tower, where he would have died the same day of congelation. II. To revive him by stimulants, at the risk of killing him. And for what? To give him up, in case of success, to inevitable execution. III. To desiccate him in my laboratory with the *quasi* certainty of resuscitating him after the restoration of peace. All friends of humanity will doubtless comprehend that I could not hesitate long.

I had Sergeant Garok called, and I begged him to sell me the body of the Colonel. It was not the first time that I had bought a corpse for dissection, so my request excited no suspicion. The bargain concluded, I gave him four bottles of kirschwasser, and soon two Russian soldiers brought me Colonel Fougas on a stretcher.

As soon as I was alone with him, I pricked one of his fingers: pressure forced out a drop of blood. To place it under a miscroscope between two plates of glass was the work of a minute. Oh, joy! The fibrin was not coagulated. I was not deceived then, it was a torpid man that I had under my eyes, and not a dead one!

I placed him on a pair of scales. He weighed one hundred and forty pounds, clothing included. I did not care to undress him, for I had noticed that animals desiccated directly in contact with the air died oftener than those which remained covered with moss and other soft materials, during the ordeal of desiccation. . . .

I shut myself up *tête-à-tête* with the Colonel, and took care that even old Gretchen, my housekeeper, now deceased, should not trouble me during my work. I had substituted for the wearisome lever of the old-fashioned air-pumps a wheel arranged with an eccentric, which transformed the circular movement of the axis into the rectilinear movement required by the pistons: the wheel, the eccentric, the connecting rod, and the joints of the apparatus all worked admirably, and enabled me to do everything by myself. The cold did not impede the play of the machine, and the lubricating oil was not gummed: I had refined it myself by a new process founded on the then recent discoveries of the French *savant*, M. Chevreul.

Having extended the body on the platform of the air-pump, lowered the receiver and luted the rim, I undertook to submit it gradually to the influence of a dry vacuum and cold. Capsules filled with chloride of calcium were placed around the Colonel to absorb the water which should evaporate from the body, and to promote the desiccation.

I certainly found myself in the best possible situation for subjecting the human body to a process of gradual desiccation without sudden interruption of the functions, or disorganization of the tissues or fluids. Seldom had my experiments on rotifers and tardigrades been surrounded with equal chances of success, yet they had always succeeded. But the particular nature of the subject, and the special scruples imposed upon my conscience, obliged me to employ a certain number of new conditions, which I had long since, in other connections, foreseen the expediency of. I had taken the pains to arrange an opening at each end of my oval receiver, and fit into it a heavy glass, which enabled me to follow with my eye the effects of the vacuum on the Colonel. I was entirely prevented from shutting the windows of my laboratory, from fear that a too elevated temperature might put an end to the lethargy of the subject, or induce some change in the fluids. If a thaw had come on, all would have been over with my experiment. But the thermometer kept for several days between six and eight degrees below zero, and I was very happy in seeing the lethargic sleep continue, without having to fear congelation of the tissues. . . .

Several times, too rapid a protrusion of the abdomen put me on my guard against the danger which I feared, and I was obliged to let in a little air under the receiver. At last, the cessation of all phenomena of this kind satisfied me that the gases had disappeared by exosmose or had been expelled by the spontaneous contraction of the viscera. It was not until the end of the first day that I could give up these minute precautions, and carry the vacuum a little further.

The next day, the 13th, I pushed the vacuum to a point where the barometer fell to five millimeters. As no change had taken place in the position of the body or limbs, I was sure that no convulsion had been produced. The Colonel had been desiccated, had become immobile, had lost the power of performing the functions of life, without death having supervened, and without the possibility of returning to activity having departed. His life was suspended, not extinguished.

Each time that a surplus of watery vapor caused the barometer to ascend, I pumped. On the 14th, the door of my laboratory was literally broken in by the Russian General, Count Trollohub, who had been sent from headquarters. This distinguished officer had run in all haste to prevent the execution of the Colonel and to conduct him into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief. I loyally confessed to him what I had done under the inspiration of my conscience; I showed him the body through one of the bull's-eyes of the air-pump; I told him that I was happy to have preserved a man who could furnish useful information to the liberators of my country; and I offered to resuscitate him at my own expense if they would promise me to respect his life and liberty. The General, Count Trollohub, unquestionably a distinguished man, but one of an exclusively military education, thought that I was not speaking seriously. He went out slamming the door in my face, and treating me like an old fool.

I set myself to pumping again, and kept the vacuum at a pressure of from three to five millimeters for the space of three months. I knew by experience that animals can revive after being submitted to a dry vacuum and cold for eighty days.

On the 12th of February, 1814, having observed that for a month no modification had taken place in the shrinking of the flesh, I resolved to submit the Colonel to another series of operations, in order to insure more perfect preservation by complete desiccation. I let the air re-enter by the stopcock arranged for the purpose, and, after raising the receiver, proceeded at once to my experiment.

The body did not weigh more than forty-six pounds; I had then reduced it nearly to a third of its original weight. It should be borne in mind that the clothing had not lost as much water as the other parts. Now the human body contains nearly four-fifths of its own weight of water, as is proved by a desiccation thoroughly made in a chemical drying furnace.

I accordingly placed the Colonel on a tray, and, after sliding it into my great furnace, gradually raised the temperature to seventy-five degrees, centigrade. I did not dare to go beyond this heat, from fear of altering the albumen and rendering it insoluble, and also of taking away from the tissues the capacity of reabsorbing the water necessary to a return to their functions.

I had taken care to arrange a convenient apparatus so that the furnace was constantly traversed by a current of dry air. This air was dried in traversing a series of jars filled with sulphuric acid, quicklime, and chloride of calcium.

After a week passed in the furnace, the general appearance of the body had not changed, but its weight was reduced to forty pounds, clothing included. Eight days more brought no new decrease of weight. From this, I concluded that the desiccation was sufficient. I knew very well that corpses mummified in church vaults for a century or more end by weighing no more than a half-score of pounds, but they do not become so light without a material alteration in their tissues.

On the 27th of February, I myself placed the Colonel in the boxes which I had had made for his occupancy. Since that time, that is to say during a space of nine years and eleven months, we have never been separated. I carried him with me to Dantzic. He stays in my house. I have never placed him, according to his number, in my zoölogical collection; he remains by himself, in the chamber of honor. I do not grant any one the pleasure of re-using his chloride of calcium. I will take care of you till my dying day, O Colonel Fougas, dear and unfortunate friend! But I shall not have the joy of witnessing your resurrection. I shall not share the delightful emotions of the warrior returning to life. Your lachrymal glands, inert to-day, but some day to be reanimated, will not pour upon the bosom of your old benefactor the sweet dew of recognition. For you will not recover your life until a day when mine will have long since departed! Perhaps you will be astonished that I, loving you as I do, should have so long delayed to draw you out of this profound slumber. Who knows but that some bitter reproach may come to taint the tenderness of the first offices of gratitude that you will perform over my tomb! Yes! I have prolonged, without any benefit to you, an experiment of general interest to others. I ought to have remained faithful to my first intention, and restored your life, immediately after the signature of peace. But what! Was it well to send you back to France when the sun of your fatherland was obscured by our soldiers and allies? I have spared you that spectacle — one so grievous to such a soul as yours. Without doubt you would have had, in March, 1815, the consolation of again seeing that fatal man to whom you had consecrated your devotion; but are you entirely sure that you would not have been swallowed up with his fortune, in the shipwreck of Waterloo? . . .

Rest content! You will not have long to wait, and, moreover, what do you lose by waiting! You do not grow old, you are always twenty-four years of age; your children are growing up, you will be almost their contemporary when you come to life again. You came to Liebenfeld poor, you are now in my house poor, and my will makes you rich. That you may be happy also, is my dearest wish.

I direct that, the day after my death, my nephew, Nicholas Meiser, shall call together, by letter, the ten physicians most illustrious in the kingdom of Prussia, that he shall read to them my will and the annexed memorandum, and that he shall cause them to proceed without delay, in my own laboratory, to the resuscitation of Colonel Fougas. The expenses of travel, maintenance, etc., etc., shall be deducted from the assets of my estate. The sum of two thousand thalers shall be devoted to the publication of the glorious results of the experiment, in German, French, and Latin. A copy of this pamphlet shall be sent to each of the learned societies then existing in Europe.

In the entirely unexpected event of the efforts of science being unable to reanimate the Colonel, all my effects shall revert to Nicholas Meiser, my sole surviving relative.

JOHN MEISER, M.D.

THE VICTIM, FORTY-SIX YEARS AFTER.

Léon took his bunch of keys and opened the long oak box on which he had been seated. The lid being raised, they saw a great leaden casket which enclosed a magnificent walnut box carefully polished on the outside, lined on the inside with white silk, and padded.

The others brought their lamps and candles near, and the colonel of the Twenty-third of the line appeared as if he were in a chapel illuminated for his lying in state.

One would have said that the man was asleep. The perfect preservation of the body attested the paternal care of the murderer. It was truly a remarkable preparation, and would have borne comparison with the finest European mummies described by Vicq d'Azyr in 1779, and by the younger Puymaurin in 1787. The part best preserved, as is always the case, was the face. All the features had maintained a proud and manly expression. If any old friend of the colonel had been at the opening of the third box, he would have recognized him at first sight. Undoubtedly the point of the nose was a little sharper, the nostrils less expanded and thinner, and the bridge a little more marked, than in the year 1813. The eyelids were thinned, the lips pinched, the corners of the mouth drawn down, the cheek bones too prominent, and the neck visibly shrunken, which exaggerated the prominence of the chin and larynx. But the eyelids were closed without contraction, and the sockets much less hollow than one could have expected; the mouth was not at all distorted, like the mouth of a corpse; the skin was slightly wrinkled, but had not changed color, — it had only become a little more transparent, showing after a fashion the color of the tendons, the fat, and the muscles, wherever it rested directly upon them. It also had a rosy tint which is not ordinarily seen in embalmed corpses. Dr. Martout explained this anomaly by saying that if the colonel had actually been dried alive, the globules of the blood were not decomposed, but simply collected in the capillary vessels of the skin and subjacent tissues, where they still preserved their proper color, and could be seen more easily than otherwise on account of the semi-transparency of the skin.

The uniform had become much too large, as may be readily understood, though it did not seem at a casual glance that the members had become deformed. The hands were dry and angular, but the nails, although a little bent inward toward the root, had preserved all their freshness. The only very noticeable change was the excessive depression of the abdominal walls, which seemed crowded downward to the posterior side; at the right, a slight elevation indicated the place of the liver. A tap of the finger on the various parts of the body produced a sound like that from dry leather. While Léon was pointing out these details to his audience and doing the honors of his mummy, he awkwardly broke off the lower part of the right ear, and a little piece of the colonel remained in his hand. This trifling accident might have passed unnoticed had not Clémentine, who followed with visible emotion all the movements of her lover, dropped her candle and uttered a cry of affright. All gathered around her. Léon took her in his arms and carried her to a chair. M. Renault ran after salts. She was as pale as death, and seemed on the point of fainting. She soon recovered, however, and reassured them all by a charming smile.

"Pardon me," she said, "for such a ridiculous exhibition of terror; but what Monsieur Léon was saying to us — and then — that figure which seemed sleeping — it appeared to me that the poor man was going to open his mouth and cry out, when he was injured."

Léon hastened to close the walnut box, while M. Martout picked up the piece of ear and put it in his pocket. But Clémentine, while continuing to smile and make apologies, was overcome by a fresh access of emotion and melted into tears. The engineer threw himself at her feet, poured forth excuses and tender phrases, and did all he could to console her inexplicable grief.

Clémentine dried her eyes, looked prettier than ever, and sighed fit to break her heart, without knowing why.

"Beast that I am!" muttered Léon, tearing his hair. "On the day when I see her again after three years' absence, I can think of nothing more soul-inspiring than showing her mummies!" He launched a kick at the triple coffin of the Colonel, saying, "I wish the devil had the confounded Colonel!"

"No!" cried Clémentine, with redoubled energy and emotion. "Do not curse him, Monsieur Léon! He has suffered so much! Ah! poor, poor, unfortunate man!"

Mlle. Sambucco felt a little ashamed. She made excuses for her niece, and declared that never, since her tenderest childhood, had she manifested such extreme sensitiveness. . . . Clémentine was no sensitive plant. She was not even a romantic schoolgirl. Her youth had not been nourished by Anne Radcliffe, she did not trouble herself about ghosts, and she would go through the house very tranquilly at ten o'clock at night without a candle. When her mother died, some months before Léon's departure, she did not wish to have any one share with her the sad satisfaction of watching and praying in the death chamber.

"This will teach us," said the aunt, "what staying up after ten o'clock does. What! it is midnight, within a quarter of an hour! Come, my child; you will recover fast enough after you get to bed."

Clémentine arose submissively; but at the moment of leaving the laboratory she retraced her steps, and with a caprice more inexplicable than her grief, she absolutely demanded to see the mummy of the Colonel again. Her aunt scolded in vain; in spite of the remarks of Mlle. Sambucco and all the others present, she reopened the walnut box, knelt down beside the mummy, and kissed it on the forehead.

"Poor man!" said she, rising. "How cold he is! Monsieur Léon, promise me that if he is dead you will have him laid in consecrated ground!"

"As you please, mademoiselle. I intended to send him to the anthropological museum, with my father's permission; but you know that we can refuse you nothing."

THE RESUSCITATION.

On the morning of the 15th of August, M. Karl Nibor presented himself at M. Renault's with Doctor Martout and the committee appointed by the Biological Society of Paris. . . . .

M. Nibor and his colleagues, after the usual compliments, requested to see the subject. They had no time to lose, as the experiment could hardly last less than three days. Léon hastened to conduct them to the laboratory and to open the three boxes containing the Colonel.

They found that the patient presented quite a favorable appearance. M. Nibor took off his clothes, which tore like tinder from having been too much dried in Father Meiser's furnace. The body, when naked, was pronounced entirely free from blemish and in a perfectly healthy condition. No one would yet have guaranteed success, but every one was full of hope.

After this preliminary examination, M. Renault put his laboratory at the service of his guests. He offered them all that he possessed, with a munificence which was not entirely free from vanity. In case the employment of electricity should appear necessary, he had a powerful battery of Leyden jars and forty of Bunsen's elements, which were entirely new. M. Nibor thanked him smilingly.

"Save your riches," said he. "With a bath tub and caldron of boiling water we will have everything we need. The Colonel needs nothing but humidity. The thing is to give him the quantity of water necessary to the play of the organs. If you have a small room where one can introduce a jet of vapor, we shall be more than content."

M. Audret, the architect, had very wisely built a little bathroom near the laboratory, which was convenient and well lighted.

The Colonel was carried into this room, with all the care necessitated by his fragility. It was not intended to break his second ear in the hurry of moving. Léon ran to light the fire under the boiler, and M. Nibor created him Fireman, on the field of battle.

Soon a jet of tepid vapor streamed into the bathroom, creating round the Colonel a humid atmosphere which was elevated by degrees, and without any sudden increase, to the temperature of the human body. These conditions of heat and humidity were maintained with the greatest care for twenty-four hours. No one in the house went to sleep. The members of the Parisian Committee encamped in the laboratory. Léon kept up the fire; M. Nibor, M. Renault, and M. Martout took turns in watching the thermometer. Mme. Renault was making tea and coffee, and punch too. Gothon, who had taken communion in the morning, kept praying to God, in the corner of her kitchen, that this impious miracle might not succeed. A certain excitement already prevailed throughout the town, but one did not know whether it should be attributed to the *fête* of the 15th, or the famous undertaking of the seven wise men of Paris.

By two o'clock on the 16th, encouraging results were obtained. The skin and muscles had recovered nearly all their suppleness, but the joints were still hard to bend. The collapsed condition of the walls of the abdomen and the interval between the ribs, still indicated that the viscera were far from having reabsorbed the quantity of water which they had previously lost with Herr Meiser. A bath was prepared and kept at a temperature of thirty-seven degrees and a half. They left the Colonel in it two hours and a half, taking care to frequently pass over his head a fine sponge soaked with water.

M. Nibor removed him from the bath as soon as the skin, which was filled out sooner than the other tissues, began to assume a whitish tinge and wrinkle slightly. They kept him until the evening of the 16th in this humid room, where an apparatus was arranged which, from time to time, occasioned a fine rain of a temperature of thirty-seven and a half degrees. A new bath was given in the evening. During the night, the body was enveloped in flannel, but kept constantly in the same steaming atmosphere.

On the morning of the 17th, after a third bath of an hour and a half, the general characteristics of the figure and the proportions of the body presented their natural aspect: one would have called it a sleeping man. Five or six curious persons were admitted to see it, among others the colonel of the 23d. In the presence of these witnesses, M. Nibor moved successively all the joints, and demonstrated that they had recovered their flexibility. He gently kneaded the limbs, trunk, and abdomen. He partly opened the lips, and separated the jaws, which were quite firmly closed, and saw that the tongue had returned to its ordinary size and consistency. He also partly opened the eyelids: the eyeballs were firm and bright.

"Gentlemen," said the philosopher, "these are indications which do not deceive; I prophesy success. In a few hours you shall witness the first manifestations of life."

"But," interrupted one of the bystanders, "why not immediately?"

"Because the *conjunctivæ* are still a little paler than they ought to be. But the little veins traversing the whites of the eyes have already assumed a very encouraging appearance. The blood is almost entirely restored. What is the blood? Red globules floating in serum, or a sort of whey. The serum in poor Fougas was dried up in his veins; the water which we have gradually introduced by a slow endosmose has saturated the albumen and fibrin of the serum, which is returned to the liquid state. The red globules which desiccation had agglutinated, had become motionless like ships stranded in shoal water. Now behold them afloat again: they thicken, swell, round out their edges, detach themselves from each other, and prepare to circulate in their proper channels at the first impulse which shall be given them by the contractions of the heart."

"It remains to see," said M. Renault, "whether the heart will put itself in motion. In a living man, the heart moves under the impulse of the brain, transmitted by the nerves. The brain acts under the impulse of the heart, transmitted by the arteries. The whole forms a perfectly exact circle, without which there is no wellbeing. And when neither heart nor brain acts, as in the Colonel's case, I don't see which of the two can set the other in motion. You remember the scene in the 'École des Femmes,' where Arnolphe knocks at his door? The valet and the maid, Alain and Georgette, are both in the house. 'Georgette!' cries Alain. — 'Well?' replies Georgette. — 'Open the door down there!' — 'Go yourself! Go yourself!' — 'Gracious me! I shan't go!' — 'I shan't go either!' — 'Open it right away!' — 'Open it yourself!' And nobody opens it. I am inclined to think, Monsieur, that we are attending a performance of this comedy. The house is the body of the Colonel; Arnolphe, who wants to get in, is the Vital Principle. The heart and brain act the parts of Alain and Georgette. 'Open the door!' says one. — 'Open it yourself!' says the other. And the Vital Principle waits outside."

"Monsieur," replied M. Nibor, smiling, "you forget the ending of the scene. Arnolphe gets angry, and cries out: 'Whichever of you two does n't open the door, shan't have anything to eat for four days!' And forthwith Alain hurries himself, Georgette runs and the door is opened. Now bear in mind that I speak in this way only in order to conform to your own course of reasoning, for the term 'Vital Principle' is at variance with the actual assertions of science. Life will manifest itself as soon as the brain, or the heart, or any one of the organs which have the capacity of working spontaneously, shall have absorbed the quantity of water it needs. Organized matter has inherent properties which manifest themselves without the assistance of any foreign principle, whenever they are surrounded by certain conditions. Why do not M. Fougas' muscles contract yet? Why does not the tissue of the brain enter into action? Because they have not yet the amount of moisture necessary to them. In the fountain of life there is lacking, perhaps, a pint of water. But I shall be in no hurry to refill it: I am too much afraid of breaking it. Before giving this gallant fellow a final bath, it will be necessary to knead all his organs again, to subject his abdomen to regular compressions, in order that the serous membranes of the stomach, chest, and heart may be perfectly disagglutinated and capable of slipping on each other. You are aware that the slightest tear in these parts, or the least resistance, would be enough to kill our subject at the moment of his revival."

Never had the little Rue de la Faisanderie seen such a crowd. An astonished passer-by stopped and inquired: —

"What's the matter here? Is it a funeral?"

'Quite the reverse, Sir."

"A christening, then?"

"With warm water!"

"A birth?"

"A being born again!" . . .

About one o'clock, M. Nibor caused a new and prolonged bath to be given the Colonel, on coming out of which the body was subjected to a kneading harder and more complete than before.

"Now," said the Doctor, "we can carry M. Fougas into the laboratory, in order to give his resuscitation all the publicity desirable. But it will be well to dress him, and his uniform is in tatters."

"I think," answered good M. Renault, "that the Colonel is about my size; so I can lend him some of my clothes. Heaven grant that he may use them! But, between us, I don't hope for it."

Gothon brought in, grumbling, all that was necessary to dress an entirely naked man. But her bad humor did not hold out before the beauty of the Colonel: —

"Poor gentleman!" she exclaimed, "he is young, fresh, and fair as a little chicken. If he does n't revive, it will be a great pity!"

There were about forty people in the laboratory when Fougas was carried thither. M. Nibor, assisted by M. Martout, placed him on a sofa, and begged a few moments of attentive silence. During these proceedings, Mme. Renault sent to inquire if she could come in. She was admitted.

"Madame and gentlemen," said M. Nibor, "life will manifest itself in a few minutes. It is possible that the muscles will act first, and that their action may be convulsive, on account of not yet being regulated by the influence of the nervous system. I ought to apprise you of this fact, in order that you may not be frightened if such a thing occurs." . . .

He again began making systematic compressions of the lower part of the chest, rubbing the skin with his hands, half opening the eyelids, examining the pulse, and auscultating the region of the heart.

The attention of the spectators was diverted an instant by a hubbub outside. A battalion of the 23d was passing, with music at the head, through the Rue de la Faisanderie. While the saxhorns were shaking the windows, a sudden flush mantled on the cheeks of the Colonel. His eyes, which had stood half open, lit up with a brighter sparkle. At the same instant, M. Nibor, who had his ear applied to the chest, cried: —

"I hear the beatings of the heart!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the chest rose with a violent inspiration, the limbs contracted, the body straightened up, and out came a cry: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

Adams, Abigail (Smith), wife of President John Adams, born at Weymouth, Mass., November 11, 1744; died at Quincy, Mass., October 28, 1818. She was married to Mr. Adams in 1764, and was his constant associate during his whole public career. Their correspondence during his long absences on official duty takes almost the form of a journal by both parties. It will naturally be presumed that the letters of an uncommonly sensible woman like Mrs. Adams, who lived in an eventful period of our history, and was personally, and for the most part intimately, acquainted with the great men of her times, must be full of interest and instruction. Some of the most characteristic productions of John Adams, also, were written in letters to his wife. In 1784 Mrs. Adams went to Europe, where her husband was residing in a diplomatic capacity. They took up their residence at Auteuil, a village some miles from Paris. In letters home Mrs. Adams describes their way of life.

To Her Sister.

London, Friday, 24th July, 1784.

My dear Sister:

I am not a little surprised to find dress, unless upon public occasions, so little regarded here. The gentlemen are very plainly dressed, and the ladies much more so than with us. 'T is true, you must put a hoop on and have your hair dressed; but a common straw hat, no cap, with only a ribbon upon the crown, is thought dress sufficient to go into company. Muslins are much in taste; no silks but lutestrings worn; but send not to London for any article you want: you may purchase anything you can name much lower in Boston. I went yesterday into Cheapside to purchase a few articles, but found everything higher than in Boston. Silks are in a particular manner so; they say, when they are exported, there is a drawback upon them, which makes them lower with us. Our country, alas, our country! they are extravagant to astonishment in entertainments compared with what Mr. Smith and Mr. Storer tell me of this. You will not find at a gentleman's table more than two dishes of meat, though invited several days beforehand. Mrs. Atkinson went out with me yesterday, and Mrs. Hay, to the shops. I returned and dined with Mrs. Atkinson, by her invitation the evening before, in company with Mr. Smith, Mrs. Hay, Mr. Appleton. We had a turbot, a soup, and a roast leg of lamb, with a cherry pie. . . .

The wind has prevented the arrival of the post. The city of London is pleasanter than I expected; the buildings more regular, the streets much wider, and more sunshine than I thought to have found: but this, they tell me, is the pleasantest season to be in the city. At my lodgings I am as quiet as at any place in Boston; nor do I feel as if it could be any other place than Boston. Dr. Clark visits us every day; says he cannot feel at home anywhere else: declares he has not seen a handsome woman since he came into the city; that every old woman looks like Mrs. H——, and every young one like — like the D—l. They paint here nearly as much as in France, but with more art. The head-dress disfigures them in the eyes of an American. I have seen many ladies, but not one elegant one since I came; there is not to me that neatness in their appearance which you see in our ladies.

The American ladies are much admired here by the gentlemen, I am told, and in truth I wonder not at it. Oh, my country, my country! preserve, preserve the little purity and simplicity of manners you yet possess. Believe me, they are jewels of inestimable value; the softness, peculiarly characteristic of our sex, and which is so pleasing to the gentlemen, is wholly laid aside here for the masculine attire and manners of Amazonians.

London, Bath Hotel,
Westminster, 24th June, 1785.

My dear Sister:

I have been here a month without writing a single line to my American friends. On or about the twenty-eighth of May we reached London, and expected to have gone into our old quiet lodgings at the Adelphi; but we found every hotel full. The sitting of Parliament, the birthday of the King, and the famous celebration of the music of Handel, at Westminster Abbey, had drawn together such a concourse of people that we were glad to get into lodgings at the moderate price of a guinea per day, for two rooms and two chambers, at the Bath Hotel, Westminster, Piccadilly, where we yet are. This being the Court end of the city, it is the resort of a vast concourse of carriages. It is too public and noisy for pleasure; but necessity is without law. The ceremony of presentation, upon one week to the King, and the next to the Queen, was to take place, after which I was to prepare for mine. It is customary, upon presentation, to receive visits from all the foreign ministers; so that we could not exchange our lodgings for more private ones, as we might and should, had we been only in a private character. The foreign ministers and several English lords and earls have paid their compliments here, and all hitherto is civil and polite. I was a fortnight, all the time I could get, looking at different houses, but could not find any one fit to inhabit under £200, beside the taxes, which mount up to £50 or £60. At last my good genius carried me to one in Grosvenor Square, which was not let, because the person who had the care of it could let it only for the remaining lease, which was one year and three-quarters. The price, which is not quite two hundred pounds, the situation, and all together, induced us to close the bargain, and I have prevailed upon the person who lets it to paint two rooms, which will put it into decent order; so that, as soon as our furniture comes, I shall again commence housekeeping. Living at a hotel is, I think, more expensive than housekeeping, in proportion to what one has for his money. We have never had more than two dishes at a time upon our table, and have not pretended to ask any company, and yet we live at a greater expense than twenty-five guineas per week. The wages of servants, horse hire, house rent, and provisions are much dearer here than in France. Servants of various sorts, and for different departments, are to be procured; their characters are to be inquired into, and this I take upon me, even to the coachman. You can hardly form an idea how much I miss my son on this, as well as on many other accounts; but I cannot bear to trouble Mr. Adams with anything of a domestic kind, who, from morning until evening, has sufficient to occupy all his time. You can have no idea of the petitions, letters, and private applications for assistance, which crowd our doors. Every person represents his case as dismal. Some may really be objects of compassion, and some we assist; but one must have an inexhaustible purse to supply them all. Besides, there are so many gross impositions practised, as we have found in more instances than one, that it would take the whole of a person's time to trace all their stories. Many pretend to have been American soldiers, some have served as officers. A most glaring instance of falsehood, however, Colonel Smith detected in a man of these pretensions, who sent to Mr. Adams from the King's Bench prison, and modestly desired five guineas; a qualified cheat, but evidently a man of letters and abilities: but if it is to continue in this way, a galley slave would have an easier task.

The Tory venom has begun to spit itself forth in the public papers, as I expected, bursting with envy that an American minister should be received here with the same marks of attention, politeness, and civility, which are shown to the ministers of any other power. When a minister delivers his credentials to the King, it is always in his private closet, attended only by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which is called a private audience, and the minister presented makes some little address to his Majesty, and the same ceremony to the Queen, whose reply was in these words: "Sir, I thank you for your civility to me and my family, and I am glad to see you in this country;" then she very politely inquired whether he had got a house yet. The answer of his Majesty was much longer; but I am not at liberty to say more respecting it, than that it was civil and polite, and that his Majesty said he was glad the choice of his country had fallen upon him. The news-liars know nothing of the matter; they represent it just to answer their purpose. Last Thursday, Colonel Smith was presented at Court, and to-morrow, at the Queen's circle, my ladyship and your niece make our compliments. There is no other presentation in Europe in which I should feel as much as in this. Your own reflections will easily suggest the reasons.

I have received a very friendly and polite visit from the Countess of Effingham. She called, and not finding me at home, left a card. I returned her visit, but was obliged to do it by leaving my card too, as she was gone out of town; but when her ladyship returned, she sent her compliments and word that if agreeable she would take a dish of tea with me, and named her day. She accordingly came, and appeared a very polite, sensible woman. She is about forty, a good person, though a little masculine, elegant in her appearance, very easy and social. The Earl of Effingham is too well remembered by America to need any particular recital of his character. His mother is first lady to the Queen. When her ladyship took leave, she desired I would let her know the day I would favor her with a visit, as she should be loath to be absent. She resides, in summer, a little distance from town. The Earl is a member of Parliament, which obliges him now to be in town, and she usually comes with him, and resides at a hotel a little distance from this.

I find a good many ladies belonging to the Southern States here, many of whom have visited me; I have exchanged visits with several, yet neither of us have met. The custom is, however, here much more agreeable than in France, for it is as with us: the stranger is first visited.

The ceremony of presentation here is considered as indispensable. There are four minister-plenipotentiaries' ladies here; but one ambassador, and he has no lady. In France, the ladies of ambassadors only are presented. One is obliged here to attend the circles of the Queen, which are held in summer once a fortnight, but once a week the rest of the year; and what renders it exceedingly expensive is, that you cannot go twice the same season in the same dress, and a Court dress you cannot make use of anywhere else. I directed my mantua-maker to let my dress be elegant, but plain as I could possibly appear, with decency; accordingly, it is white lutestring, covered and full trimmed with white crape, festooned with lilac ribbon and mock point lace, over a hoop of enormous extent; there is only a narrow train of about three yards in length to the gown waist, which is put into a ribbon upon the left side, the Queen only having her train borne. Ruffle cuffs for married ladies, treble lace lappets, two white plumes, and a blond lace handkerchief. This is my rigging. I should have mentioned two pearl pins in my hair, earrings and necklace of the same kind.

THURSDAY MORNING.

My head is dressed for St. James's, and in my opinion looks very tasty. While my daughter's is undergoing the same operation, I set myself down composedly to write you a few lines. "Well," methinks I hear Betsey and Lucy say, "what is cousin's dress?" White, my dear girls, like your aunt's, only differently trimmed and ornamented: her train being wholly of white crape, and trimmed with white ribbon; the petticoat, which is the most showy part of the dress, covered and drawn up in what are called festoons, with light wreaths of beautiful flowers; the sleeves white crape, drawn over the silk, with a row of lace round the sleeve near the shoulder, another half-way down the arm, and a third upon the top of the ruffle, a little flower stuck between; a kind of hat-cap, with three large feathers and a bunch of flowers; a wreath of flowers upon the hair. Thus equipped, we go in our own carriage, and Mr. Adams and Colonel Smith in his. But I must quit my pen to put myself in order for the ceremony, which begins at two o'clock. When I return I will relate to you my reception; but do not let it circulate, as there may be persons eager to catch at everything, and as much given to misrepresentation as here. I would gladly be excused the ceremony.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Congratulate me, my dear sister: it is over. I was too much fatigued to write a line last evening. At two o'clock we went to the circle, which is in the drawing-room of the Queen. We passed through several apartments, lined as usual with spectators upon these occasions. Upon entering the ante-chamber, the Baron de Lynden, the Dutch Minister, who has been often here, came and spoke with me. A Count Sarsfield, a French nobleman, with whom I was acquainted, paid his compliments. As I passed into the drawing-room, Lord Carmarthen and Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer were presented to me. Though they had been several times here, I had never seen them before. The Swedish and the Polish Ministers made their compliments, and several other gentlemen; but not a single lady did I know until the Countess of Effingham came, who was very civil. There were three young ladies, daughters of the Marquis of Lothian, who were to be presented at the same time, and two brides. We were placed in a circle round the drawing-room, which was very full; I believe two hundred persons present. Only think of the task! The royal family have to go round to every person and find small talk enough to speak to them all, though they very prudently speak in a whisper, so that only the person who stands next to you can hear what is said. The King enters the room and goes round to the right; the Queen and Princesses to the left. The lord-in-waiting presents you to the King; and the lady-in-waiting does the same to her Majesty. The King is a personable man; but, my dear sister, he has a certain countenance, which you and I have often remarked: a red face and white eyebrows. The Queen has a similar countenance, and the numerous royal family confirm the observation. Persons are not placed according to their rank in the drawing-room, but promiscuously; and when the King comes in, he takes persons as they stand. When he came to me, Lord Onslow said, "Mrs.

Adams;" upon which I drew off my right-hand glove, and his Majesty saluted my left cheek; then asked me if I had taken a walk to-day. I could have told his Majesty that I had been all the morning preparing to wait upon him; but I replied, "No, Sire." "Why, don't you love walking?" says he. I answered that I was rather indolent in that respect. He then bowed, and passed on. It was more than two hours after this before it came to my turn to be presented to the Queen. The circle was so large that the company were four hours standing. The Queen was evidently embarrassed when I was presented to her. I had disagreeable feelings, too. She, however, said, "Mrs. Adams, have you got into your house? Pray, how do you like the situation of it?" While the Princess Royal looked compassionate, and asked me if I was not much fatigued; and observed, that it was a very full drawing-room. Her sister, who came next, Princess Augusta, after having asked your niece if she was ever in England before, and her answering "Yes," inquired of me how long ago, and supposed it was when she was very young. All this is said with much affability, and the ease and freedom of old acquaintance. The manner in which they make their tour round the room is, first, the Queen, the lady-in-waiting behind her, holding up her train; next to her, the Princess Royal; after her, Princess Augusta, and their lady-in-waiting behind them. They are pretty, rather than beautiful; well-shaped, fair complexions, and a tincture of the King's countenance. The two sisters look much alike; they were both dressed in black and silver silk, with silver netting upon the coat, and their heads full of diamond pins. The Queen was in purple and silver. She is not well shaped nor handsome. As to the ladies of the Court, rank and title may compensate for want of personal charms; but they are, in general, very plain, ill-shaped, and ugly; but don't you tell anybody that I say so. If one wants to see beauty, one must go to Ranelagh; there it is collected, in one bright constellation. There were two ladies very elegant, at Court, — Lady Salisbury and Lady Talbot; but the observation did not in general hold good that fine feathers make fine birds. I saw many who were vastly richer dressed than your friends, but I will venture to say that I saw none neater or more elegant: which praise I ascribe to the taste of Mrs. Temple and my mantua-maker; for, after having declared that I would not have any foil or tinsel about me, they fixed upon the dress I have described.

[Inclosure to her niece.]

MY DEAR BETSEY:

I believe I once promised to give you an account of that kind of visiting called a ladies' rout. There are two kinds: one where a lady sets apart a particular day in the week to see company. These are held only five months in the year, it being quite out of fashion to be seen in London during the summer. When a lady returns from the country she goes round and leaves a card with all her acquaintance, and then sends them an invitation to attend her routs during the season. The other kind is where a lady sends to you for certain evenings, and the cards are always addressed in her own name, both to gentlemen and ladies. The rooms are all set open, and card tables set in each room, the lady of the house receiving her company at the door of the drawing room, where a set number of courtesies are given and received, with as much order as is necessary for a soldier who goes through the different evolutions of his exercise. The visitor then proceeds into the room without appearing to notice any other person, and takes her seat at the card table.

"Nor can the muse her aid impart,
Unskilled in all the terms of art,
Nor in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut.
Go, Tom, and light the ladies up,
It must be one before we sup."

At these parties it is usual for each lady to play a rubber, as it is termed, when you must lose or win a few guineas. To give each a fair chance, the lady then rises and gives her seat to another set. It is no unusual thing to have your rooms so crowded that not more than half the company can sit at once, yet this is called *society and polite life.* They treat their company with coffee, tea, lemonade, orgeat, and cake. I know of but one agreeable circumstance attending these parties, which is, that you may go away when you please without disturbing anybody. I was early in the winter invited to Madame de Pinto's, the Portuguese Minister's. I went accordingly. There were about two hundred persons present. I knew not a single lady but by sight, having met them at Court; and it is an established rule, though you were to meet as often as three nights in the week, never to speak together, or know each other unless particularly introduced. I was, however, at no loss for conversation, Madame de Pinto being very polite, and the foreign ministers being the most of them present, who had dined with us, and to whom I had been early introduced. It being Sunday evening, I declined playing cards; indeed, I always get excused when I can. And Heaven forbid I should

"Catch the manners living as they rise."

Yet I must submit to a party or two of this kind. Having attended several, I must return the compliment in the same way. Yesterday we dined at Mrs. Paradice's. I refer you to Mr. Storer for an account of this family. Mr. Jefferson, Colonel Smith, the Prussian and Venetian ministers, were of the company, and several other persons who were strangers. At eight o'clock we returned home in order to dress ourselves for the ball at the French Ambassador's, to which we had received an invitation a fortnight before. He has been absent ever since our arrival here, till three weeks ago. He has a levee every Sunday evening, at which there are usually several hundred persons. The Hotel de France is beautifully situated, fronting St. James's Park, one end of the house standing upon Hyde Park. It is a most superb building. About half-past nine we went, and found some company collected. Many very brilliant ladies of the first distinction were present. The dancing commenced about ten, and the rooms soon filled. The room which he had built for this purpose is large enough for five or six hundred persons. It is most elegantly decorated, hung with a gold tissue, ornamented with twelve brilliant cut lustres, each containing twenty-four candles. At one end there are two large arches; these were adorned with wreaths and bunches of artificial flowers upon the walls; in the alcoves were cornucopiæ loaded with oranges, sweetmeats, and other trifles. Coffee, tea, lemonade, orgeat, and so forth, were taken here by every person who chose to go for them. There were covered seats all around the room for those who chose to dance. In the other rooms, card tables, and a large faro table, were set; this is a new kind of game, which is much practised here. Many of the company who did not dance retired here to amuse themselves. The whole style of the house and furniture is such as becomes the ambassador from one of the first monarchies in Europe. He had twenty thousand guineas allowed him in the first instance to furnish his house, and an annual salary of ten thousand more. He has agreeably blended the magnificence and splendor of France with the neatness and elegance of England. Your cousin had unfortunately taken a cold a few days before, and was very unfit to go out. She appeared so unwell that about one we retired without staying for supper, the sight of which only I regretted, as it was, in style, no doubt, superior to anything I have seen: The Prince of Wales came about eleven o'clock. Mrs. Fitzherbert was also present, but I could not distinguish her. But who is this lady? methinks I hear you say. She is a lady to whom, against the laws of the realm, the Prince of Wales is privately married, as is universally believed. She appears with him in all public parties, and he avows his marriage wherever he dares. They have been the topic of conversation in all companies for a long time, and it is now said that a young George may be expected in the course of the summer. She was a widow of about thirty-two years of age, whom he a long time persecuted in order to get her upon his own terms; but finding he could not succeed, he quieted her conscience by matrimony, which, however valid in the eye of Heaven, is set aside by the laws of the land, which forbids a prince of the blood to marry a subject. As to dresses, I believe I must leave them to be described to your sister. I am sorry I have nothing better to send you than a sash and a Vandyke ribbon. The narrow is to put round the edge of a hat, or you may trim whatever you please with it.

HENRY ADAMS.

Adams, Henry, an American historian, third son of Charles Francis Adams, was born in Boston, Mass., February 16, 1838. He graduated at Harvard in 1858, and from 1861 to 1868 was private secretary to his father, who was then Minister to England. From 1870 to 1877 he was assistant professor of history at Harvard. He then again spent several years in London, and upon his return to this country settled in Washington, D. C. He has been a frequent contributor to periodicals, and was, for a time, the editor of the "North American Review." He published "Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law" (1876), "Life of Albert Gallatin" (1879), "Writings of Albert Gallatin" (1879), "John Randolph" (1882), "History of the United States," including the first and second administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison (1889–90), "Historical Essays" (1891), "The Tendency of History" (1895).

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIÈRE."[1]

(From "History of the United States.")

As Broke's squadron swept along the coast it seized whatever it met, and on July 16th caught one of President Jefferson's sixteen-gun brigs, the "Nautilus." The next day it came on a richer prize. The American navy seemed ready to outstrip the army in the race for disaster. The "Constitution," the best frigate in the United States service, sailed into the midst of Broke's five ships. Captain Isaac Hull, in command of the "Constitution," had been detained at Annapolis shipping a new crew until July 5th, the day when Broke's squadron left Halifax; then the ship got under way and stood down Chesapeake Bay on her voyage to New York. The wind was ahead and very light. Not until July 10th did the ship anchor off Cape Henry lighthouse, and not till sunrise of July 12th did she stand to the eastward and northward. Light head winds and a strong current delayed her progress till July 17th, when at two o'clock in the afternoon, off Barnegat on the New Jersey coast, the lookout at the masthead discovered four sails to the northward, and two hours later a fifth sail to the northeast. Hull took them for Rodgers's squadrom. The wind was light, and Hull being to windward determined to speak the nearest vessel, the last to come in sight. The afternoon passed without bringing the ships together, and at ten o'clock in the evening, finding that the nearest ship could not answer the night signal, Hull decided to lose no time in escaping.

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Then followed one of the most exciting and sustained chases recorded in naval history. At daybreak the next morning one British frigate was astern within five or six miles, two more were to leeward, and the rest of the fleet some ten miles astern, all making chase. Hull put out his boats to tow the "Constitution;" Broke summoned the boats of the squadron to tow the "Shannon." Hull then bent all his spare rope to the cables, dropped a small anchor half a mile ahead, in twenty-six fathoms of water, and warped his ship along. Broke quickly imitated the device, and slowly gained on the chase. The "Guerrière" crept so near Hull's lee beam as to open fire, but her shot fell short. Fortunately the wind, though slight, favored Hull. All night the British and American crews toiled on, and when morning came the "Belvidera," proving to be the best sailer, got in advance of her consorts, working two kedge anchors, until at two o'clock in the afternoon she tried in her turn to reach the "Constitution" with her bow guns, but in vain. Hull expected capture, but the "Belvidera" could not approach nearer without bringing her boats under the "Constitution's" stern guns; and the wearied crews toiled on, towing and kedging, the ships barely out of gunshot, till another morning came. The breeze, though still light, then allowed Hull to take in his boats, the "Belvidera" being two and a half miles in his wake, the "Shannon" three and a half miles on his lee, and the three other frigates well to leeward. The wind freshened, and the "Constitution" drew ahead, until, toward seven o'clock in the evening of July 19th, a heavy rain-squall struck the ship, and by taking skilful advantage of it Hull left the "Belvidera" and "Shannon" far astern; yet until eight o'clock the next morning they were still in sight, keeping up the chase.

Perhaps nothing during the war tested American seamanship more thoroughly than these three days of combined skill and endurance in the face of the irresistible enemy. The result showed that Hull and the "Constitution" had nothing to fear in these respects. There remained the question whether the superiority extended to his guns; and such was the contempt of the British naval officers for American ships, that with this experience before their eyes they still believed one of their thirty-eight-gun frigates to be more than a match for an American forty-four, although the American, besides the heavier armament, had proved his capacity to outsail and out-manœuvre the Englishman. Both parties became more eager than ever for the test. For once, even the Federalists of New England felt their blood stir; for their own President and their own votes had called these frigates into existence, and a victory won by the "Constitution," which had been built by their hands, was in their eyes a greater victory over their political opponents than over the British. With no half-hearted spirit the seagoing Bostonians showered well-weighed praises on Hull when his ship entered Boston Harbor, July 26th, after its narrow escape, and when he sailed again New England waited with keen interest to learn his fate.

Hull could not expect to keep command of the "Constitution." Bainbridge was much his senior, and had the right to a preference in active service. Bainbridge then held and was ordered to retain command of the "Constellation," fitting out at the Washington Navy Yard; but Secretary Hamilton, July 28th, ordered him to take command also of the "Constitution" on her arrival in port. Doubtless Hull expected this change, and probably the expectation induced him to risk a dangerous experiment; for without bringing his ship to the Charlestown Navy Yard, but remaining in the outer harbor, after obtaining such supplies as he needed, August 2d, he set sail without orders, and stood to the eastward. Having reached Cape Race without meeting an enemy, he turned southward, until on the night of August 18th he spoke a privateer, which told him of a British frigate near at hand. Following the privateersman's directions, the "Constitution" the next day, August 19th, [1812,] at two o'clock in the afternoon, latitude 41 deg. 42 min., longitude 55 deg. 48 min., sighted the "Guerrière."

The meeting was welcome on both sides. Only three days before, Captain Dacres had entered on the log of a merchantman a challenge to any American frigate to meet him off Sandy Hook. Not only had the "Guerrière" for a long time been extremely offensive to every seafaring American, but the mistake which caused the "Little Belt" to suffer so seriously for the misfortune of being taken for the "Guerrière" had caused a corresponding feeling of anger in the officers of the British frigate.

The meeting of August 19th had the character of a preconcerted duel.

The wind was blowing fresh from the northwest, with the sea running high. Dacres backed his main-topsail and waited. Hull shortened sail, and ran down before the wind. For about an hour the two ships wore and wore again, trying to get advantage of position; until at last, a few minutes before six o'clock, they came together side by side, within pistol shot, the wind almost astern, and running before it, they pounded each other with all their strength. As rapidly as the guns could be worked, the "Constitution" poured in broadside after broadside, double-shotted with round and grape; and without exaggeration, the echo of these guns startled the world. "In less than thirty minutes from the time we got alongside of the enemy," reported Hull, "she was left without a spar standing, and the hull cut to pieces in such a manner as to make it difficult to keep her above water."

That Dacres should have been defeated was not surprising; that he should have expected to win was an example of British arrogance that explained and excused the war. The length of the "Constitution" was one hundred and seventy-three feet, that of the "Guerrière" was one hundred and fifty-six feet; the extreme breadth of the "Constitution" was forty-four feet, that of the "Guerrière" was forty feet: or within a few inches in both cases. The "Constitution" carried thirty-two long twenty-four-pounders, the "Guerrière" thirty long eighteen-pounders, and two long twelve-pounders; the "Constitution" carried twenty thirty-two pound carronades, the "Guerrière" sixteen. In every respect, and in proportion of ten to seven, the "Constitution" was the better ship; her crew was more numerous in proportion of ten to six. Dacres knew this very nearly as well as it was known to Hull, yet he sought a duel. What he did not know was that in a still greater proportion the American officers and crew were better and more intelligent seamen than the British, and that their passionate wish to repay old scores gave them extraordinary energy. So much greater was the moral superiority than the physical, that while the "Guerrière's" force counted as seven against ten, her losses counted as though her force were only two against ten.

Dacre's error cost him dear; for among the "Guerrière's" crew of two hundred and seventy-two, seventy-nine were killed or wounded, and the ship was injured beyond saving before Dacres realized his mistake, although he needed only thirty minutes of close fighting for the purpose. He never fully understood the causes of his defeat, and never excused it by pleading, as he might have done, the great superiority of his enemy.

Hull took his prisoners on board the "Constitution," and after blowing up the "Guerrière" sailed for Boston, where he arrived on the morning of August 30th. The Sunday silence of the Puritan city broke into excitement as the news passed through the quiet streets that the "Constitution" was below in the outer harbor with Dacres and his crew prisoners on board. No experience of history ever went to the heart of New England more directly than this victory, so peculiarly its own: but the delight was not confined to New England, and extreme though it seemed, it was still not extravagant; for however small the affair might appear on the general scale of the world's battles, it raised the United States in one half-hour to the rank of a first-class Power in the world.

Of all spells that could be cast on a nation, that of believing itself invincible was perhaps the one most profitably broken; but the process of recovering its senses was agreeable to no nation, and to England, at that moment of distress, it was as painful as Canning described. Certainly the American forty-four was a much heavier ship than the British thirty-eight, but the difference had been as well known in the British navy before these actions as it was afterward; and Captain Dacres himself, the Englishman who best knew the relative force of the ships, told his court of inquiry a different story: — "I am so well aware that the success of my opponent was owing to fortune, that it is my earnest wish, and would be the happiest period of my life, to be once more opposed to the 'Constitution,' with them [the old crew] under my command, in a frigate of similar force with the 'Guerrière.'" After all had been said, the unpleasant result remained that in future, British frigates, like other frigates, could safely fight only their inferiors in force. What applied to the "Guerrière" and "Macedonian" against the "Constitution" and "United States," where the British force was inferior, applied equally to the "Frolic" against the "Wasp," where no inferiority could be shown. The British newspapers thenceforward admitted what America wished to prove, that, ship for ship, British were no more than the equals of Americans.

JOHN ADAMS.

Adams, John, an eminent American statesman and publicist; second President of the United States; born at Braintree (now Quincy), Mass., October 19, 1735; died there, July 4, 1826. In the days preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, he frequently defended in the public prints the right of the colonies to throw off the English yoke. His most important contribution to the literature of the science of government is his "Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States" (1787). The "Familiar Letters" of John Adams and his wife are of great value for the history of the American Revolution.

At the French Court.

(From his Diary, June 7, 1778, with his later comments in brackets.)

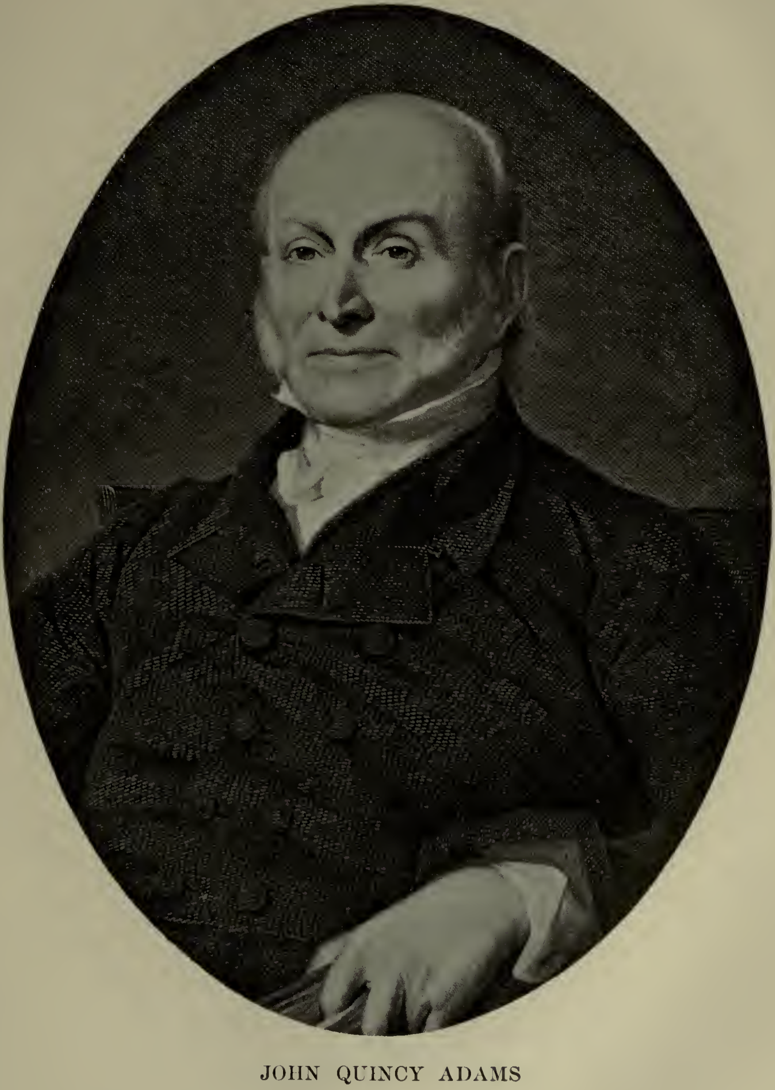
Went to Versailles, in company with Mr. Lee, Mr. Izard and his lady, Mr. Lloyd and his lady, and Mr. François. Saw the grand procession of the Knights *du Saint-Esprit*, or *du Cordon Bleu.* At nine o'clock at night, went to the *grand couvert*, and saw the King, Queen, and royal family, at supper; had a fine seat and situation close by the royal family, and had a distinct and full view of the royal pair.

[Our objects were to see the ceremonies of the knights, and in the evening the public supper of the royal family. The kneelings, the bows, and the courtesies of the knights, the dresses and decorations, the King seated on his throne, his investiture of a new created knight with the badges and ornaments of the order, and his Majesty's profound and reverential bow before the altar as he retired, were novelties and curiosities to me, but surprised me much less than the patience and perseverance with which they all kneeled, for two hours together, upon the hard marble of which the floor of the chapel was made. The distinction of the blue ribbon was very dearly purchased at the price of enduring this painful operation four times in a year. The Count de Vergennes confessed to me that he was almost dead with the pain of it. And the only insinuation I ever heard, that the King was in any degree touched by the philosophy of the age, was, that he never discovered so much impatience, under any of the occurrences of his life, as in going through those tedious ceremonies of religion, to which so many hours of his life were condemned by the Catholic Church.

The Queen was attended by her ladies to the gallery opposite to the altar, placed in the centre of the seat, and there left alone by the other ladies, who all retired. She was an object too sublime and beautiful for my dull pen to describe. I leave this enterprise to Mr. Burke. But in his description, there is more of the orator than of the philosopher. Her dress was everything that art and wealth could make it. One of the maids of honor told me she had diamonds upon her person to the value of eighteen millions of livres; and I always thought her Majesty much beholden to her dress. Mr. Burke saw her probably but once. I have seen her fifty times perhaps, and in all the varieties of her dresses. She had a fine complexion, indicating perfect health, and was a handsome woman in her face and figure. But I have seen beauties much superior, both in countenance and form, in France, England, and America.

After the ceremonies of this institution are over, there is a collection for the poor; and that this closing scene may be as elegant as any of the former, a young lady of some of the first families in France is appointed to present the box to the knights. Her dress must be as rich and elegant, in proportion, as the Queen's, and her hair, motions, and curtsies must have as much dignity and grace as those of the knights. It was a curious entertainment to observe the easy air, the graceful bow, and the conscious dignity of the knight, in presenting his contribution; and the corresponding ease, grace, and dignity of the lady, in receiving it, were not less charming. Every muscle, nerve, and fibre of both seemed perfectly disciplined to perform its functions. The elevation of the arm, the bend of the elbow, and every finger in the hand of the knight, in putting his louis d'ors into the box appeared to be perfectly studied, because it was perfectly natural. How much devotion there was in all this I know not, but it was a consummate school to teach the rising generation the perfection of the French air, and external politeness and good-breeding. I have seen nothing to be compared to it in any other country. . . .

At nine o'clock we went and saw the King, Queen, and royal family, at the *grand couvert.* Whether M. François, a gentleman who undertook upon this occasion to conduct us, had contrived a plot to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, or whether the royal family had a fancy to see the raw American at their leisure, or whether they were willing to gratify him with a convenient seat, in which he might see all the royal family, and all the splendors of the place, I know not; but the scheme could not have been carried into execution, certainly, without the orders of the King. I was selected, and summoned indeed, from all my company, and ordered to a seat close beside the royal family. The seats on both sides of the hall, arranged like the seats in a theatre, were all full of ladies of the first rank and fashion in the kingdom, and there was no room or place for me but in the midst of them. It was not easy to make room for one more person. However, room was made, and I was situated between two ladies, with rows and ranks of ladies above and below me, and on the right hand and on the left, and ladies only. My dress was a decent French dress, becoming the station I held, but not to be compared with the gold, and diamonds, and embroidery, about me. I could neither speak nor understand the language in a manner to support a conversation, but I had soon the satisfaction to find it was a silent meeting, and that nobody spoke a word but the royal family to each other, and they said very little. The eyes of all the assembly were turned upon me, and I felt sufficiently humble and mortified, for I was not a proper object for the criticisms of such a company. I found myself gazed at, as we in America used to gaze at the sachems who came to make speeches to us in Congress; but I thought it very hard if I could not command as much power of face as one of the chiefs of the Six Nations, and therefore determined that I would assume a cheerful countenance, enjoy the scene around me, and observe it as coolly as an astronomer contemplates the stars. Inscriptions of *Fructus Belli* were seen on the ceiling and all about the walls of the room, among paintings of the trophies of war; probably done by the order of Louis XIV., who confessed in his dying hour, as his successor and exemplar Napoleon will probably do, that he had been too fond of war. The King was the royal carver for himself and all his family. His Majesty ate like a king, and made a royal supper of solid beef, and other things in proportion. The Queen took a large spoonful of soup, and displayed her fine person and graceful manners, in alternately looking at the company in various parts of the hall, and ordering several kinds of seasoning to be brought to her, by which she fitted her supper to her taste.]



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Adams, John Quincy, an American statesman and publicist; sixth President of the United States; born at Braintree, Mass., July, 11, 1767; died in Washington, D. C., February 21, 1848. Before he reached the Presidency he had served as his country's representative in England, France, Prussia, and Holland; in his youth, too, he had accompanied his father, John Adams, when he was American Minister at London. He was a frequent contributor to the press, of articles on political topics. He translated Wieland's "Oberon" into English (1797); published "Letters on Silesia," (1803). The "Diary of J. Q. Adams," with his "Memoirs," in 12 vols., was published in 1874–77, edited by his son.

The Wants of Man.

"Man wants but little here below,
  Nor wants that little long."
'T is not with me exactly so,
  But 't is so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told
  Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
  I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
  And canvasbacks, and wine,
And all the realms of nature spread
  Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
  My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside
  To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
  Is elegant attire, —
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
  And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
  My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
  And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
  A dwelling house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
  A massive marble pile,
With halls for banquets and for balls,
  All furnished rich and fine,
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
  And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park
  My dwelling to surround,
A thousand acres (bless the mark!),
  With walls encompassed round,
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
  And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
  All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
  And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
  For comfort and for ease.
But, here as space is somewhat scant
  And acres rather rare,
My house in town I only want
  To occupy — a square.

I want a steward, butler, cooks,
  A coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books,
  And picture-garnished rooms,
Correggios, Magdalen, and Night,
  The Matron of the Chair,
Guido's fleet Coursers in their flight,
  And Claudes at least a pair.

Ay! and to stamp my form and face
  Upon the solid rock,
I want, their lineaments to trace,
  Carrara's milk-white block,
And let the chisel's art sublime
  By Greenough's hand display
Through all the range of future time
  My features to the day.

I want a cabinet profuse
  Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing-press for private use
  Of fifty thousand *ems ;*
And plants and minerals and shells,
  Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
And every beast on earth that dwells
  In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate,
  Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
  With sculpture's richest mold,
Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,
  Plates, dishes all the same,
And porcelain vases with the stamps
  Of Sèvres and Angoulême.

And maples of fair glossy stain
  Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
  Must cover all my floors;
My walls with tapestry bedecked
  Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
  Their colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
  From Venice must be brought;
And sandalwood and bamboo cane
  For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantelpieces, clocks
  Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
  Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want ?) a wife,
  Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
  And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
  Of firm yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
  With sentiments refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano exquisitely wrought
Must open stand apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The civet fragrance shall dispense
And treasured sweets return,
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

And when, at night, my weary head
Begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed
For nature's soft repose,
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattress and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see,
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
  For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
  And bosom armed with steel,
To bear Divine chastisement's rod,
  And mingling in my plan
Submission to the will of God
  With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye,
  An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
  And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need
  In Heaven's sublimest strain,
And lips the cause of Man to plead,
  And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health
  Throughout my long career,
And streams of never-failing wealth
  To scatter far and near, —
The destitute to clothe and feed,
  Free bounty to bestow,
Supply the helpless orphan's need
  And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive,
  The talents to unfold
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
  The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill,
  A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mold the will
  And reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of power and place,
  The ensigns of command,
Charged by the People's unbought grace
  To rule my native land;
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
  But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
  Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The *mercy of my God.*

And, oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,
My soul, in humble hope unscared
Forget not thou to pray
That this thy *want* may be prepared
To meet the Judgment Day.

NULLIFICATION.

(From his Fourth of July Oration at Quincy, 1831.)

NULLIFICATION is the provocation to that brutal and foul contest of force, which has hitherto baffled all the efforts of the European and Southern American nations, to introduce among them constitutional governments of liberty and order. It strips us of that peculiar and unimitated characteristic of all our legislation — free debate; it makes the bayonet the arbiter of law; it has no argument but the thunderbolt. It were senseless to imagine that twenty-three States of the Union would suffer their laws to be trampled upon by the despotic mandate of one. The act of nullification would itself be null and void. Force must be called in to execute the law of the Union. Force must be applied by the nullifying State to resist its execution —

"Ate, hot from Hell,
Cries Havoc! and lets slip the dogs of war."

The blood of brethren is shed by each other. The citizen of the nullifying State is a traitor to his country, by obedience to the law of his State; a traitor to his State, by obedience to the law of his country. The scaffold and the battle-field stream alternately with the blood of their victims. Let this agent but once intrude upon your deliberations, and Freedom will take her flight for heaven. The Declaration of Independence will become a philosophical dream, and uncontrolled, despotic sovereignties will trample with impunity, through a long career of after ages, at interminable or exterminating war with one another, upon the indefeasible and unalienable rights of man.

The event of a conflict of arms, between the Union and one of its members, whether terminating in victory or defeat, would be but an alternative of calamity to all. In the holy records of antiquity, we have two examples of a confederation ruptured by the severance of its members; one of which resulted, after three desperate battles, in the extermination of the seceding tribe. And the victorious people, instead of exulting in shouts of triumph, " came to the House of God, and abode there till even before God; and lifted up their voices, and wept sore, and said, — O Lord God of Israel, *why* is this come to pass in Israel, that there should be to-day one tribe lacking in Israel ?" The other was a successful example of resistance against tyrannical taxation, and severed forever the confederacy, the fragments forming separate kingdoms ; and from that day, their history presents an unbroken series of disastrous alliances and exterminating wars — of assassinations, conspiracies, revolts, and rebellions, until both parts of the confederacy sunk in tributary servitude to the nations around them; till the countrymen of David and Solomon hung their harps upon the willows of Babylon, and were totally lost among the multitudes of the Chaldean and Assyrian monarchies, " the most despised portion of their slaves."

In these mournful memorials of their fate, we may behold the sure, too sure prognostication of our own, from the hour when force shall be substituted for deliberation in the settlement of our Constitutional questions. This is the deplorable alternative — the extirpation of the seceding member, or the never-ceasing struggle of two rival confederacies, ultimately bending the neck of both under the yoke of foreign domination, or the despotic sovereignty of a conqueror at home. May Heaven avert the omen! The destinies of not only our posterity, but of the human race, are at stake.

Let no such melancholy forebodings intrude upon the festivities of this anniversary. Serene skies and balmy breezes are not congenial to the climate of freedom. Progressive improvement in the condition of man is apparently the purpose of a superintending Providence. That purpose will not be disappointed. In no delusion of national vanity, but with a feeling of profound gratitude to the God of our Fathers, let us indulge the cheering hope and belief, that our country and her people have been selected as instruments for preparing and maturing much of the good yet in reserve for the welfare and happiness of the human race. Much good has already been effected by the solemn proclamation of our principles, much more by the illustration of our example. The tempest which threatens desolation, may be destined only to purify the atmosphere. It is not in tranquil ease and enjoyment that the active energies of mankind are displayed. Toils and dangers are the trials of the soul. Doomed to the first by his sentence at the fall, man, by his submisson, converts them into pleasures. The last are since the fall the condition of his existence. To see them in advance, to guard against them by all the suggestions of prudence, to meet them with the composure of unyielding resistance, and to abide with firm resignation the final dispensation of Him who rules the ball, — these are the dictates of philosophy — these are the precepts of religion — these are the principles and consolations of patriotism; these remain when all is lost — and of these is composed the spirit of independence — the spirit embodied in that beautiful personification of the poet, which may each of you, my countrymen, to the last hour of his life, apply to himself: —

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

In the course of nature, the voice which now addresses you must soon cease to be heard upon earth. Life and all which it inherits, lose of their value as it draws toward its close. But for most of you, my friends and neighbors, long and many years of futurity are yet in store. May they be years of freedom — years of prosperity — years of happiness, ripening for immortality! But, were the breath which now gives utterance to my feelings, the last vital air I should draw, my expiring words to you and your children should be, INDEPENDENCE AND UNION FOREVER!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Adams, Sarah Flower, an English hymn-writer; born at Great Harlow, Essex, February 22, 1805; died August, 1848. In 1834 she was married to William Bridges Adams, a noted inventor. She was the author of "Vivia Perpetua," a dramatic poem (London, 1841); and of many lyrics and hymns, the most popular of which is "Nearer, My God, to Thee" (1860).

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

(From "Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief.")

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;

So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be, —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

THE OLIVE BOUGHS.

THEY bear the hero from the fight, dying;
But the foe is flying:
They lay him down beneath the shade
By the olive branches made:
The olive boughs are sighing.

He hears the wind among the leaves, dying;
But the foe is flying:
He hears the voice that used to be
When he sat beneath the tree:
The olive boughs are sighing.

Comes the mist around his brow, dying;
But the foe is flying:
Comes that form of peace so fair, —
Stretch his hands unto the air:
The olive boughs are sighing.

Fadeth life as fadeth day, dying;
But the foe is flying:
There 's an urn beneath the shade
By the olive branches made:
The olive boughs are sighing.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Addison, Joseph, a celebrated English essayist and poet; born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672; died in London, June 17, 1719. He was educated at Oxford. He was Under-Secretary of State in 1706, and in 1709 secretary to Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where he formed a friendship with Swift. In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick; in 1717, was appointed Secretary of State, but resigned in 1718. He wrote 41 original papers in the "Tatler," and 34 with Steele; 274 in the "Spectator," embodying his famous creation, the character of Sir Roger de Coverley; 51 essays in the "Guardian," which succeeded the "Spectator;" 24 to a revived "Spectator," and 2 to Steele's "Lover." His tragedy "Cato" was acted at Drury Lane in 1713; although it is weak and incongruous, it was greatly admired and variously translated. Besides Latin poems, occasional addresses, and political essays, the following works deserve mention: "Letter from Italy," a poem (1703); "The Campaign," a poem on the battle of Blenheim (1705); "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy" (1705); "Fair Rosamond," an opera (1707).

The Vision of Mirza.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows: —

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, says he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me, further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards heaven in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimetars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life.

"I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a pàradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision of which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

ENDEAVORS OF MANKIND TO GET RID OF THEIR BURDENS.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further; he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly feel asleep, when on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after the other, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened, very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length. I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. . . .

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world was very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor humpbacked gentleman who went off a very well shaped person, but with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She, every now and then, cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you (says he), I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know (continued the knight with a smile) I fancied they had a mind to hunt me: for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in

King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out (says he), at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However (says the knight), if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call on me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he had made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned about Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione: and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you cannot imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray (says he), you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer; "Well (says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction), I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!".

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you (says he), though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir

Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that "Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something."

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

HYMN.

(From the "Spectator," No. 465.)

THE Spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue Etherial Sky,
And Spangled Heav'ns, a Shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the list'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
While all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What though, in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
What tho' no real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

The Divine Care.

Now are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
  Now sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
  Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
  Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
  And breathed the tainted air,

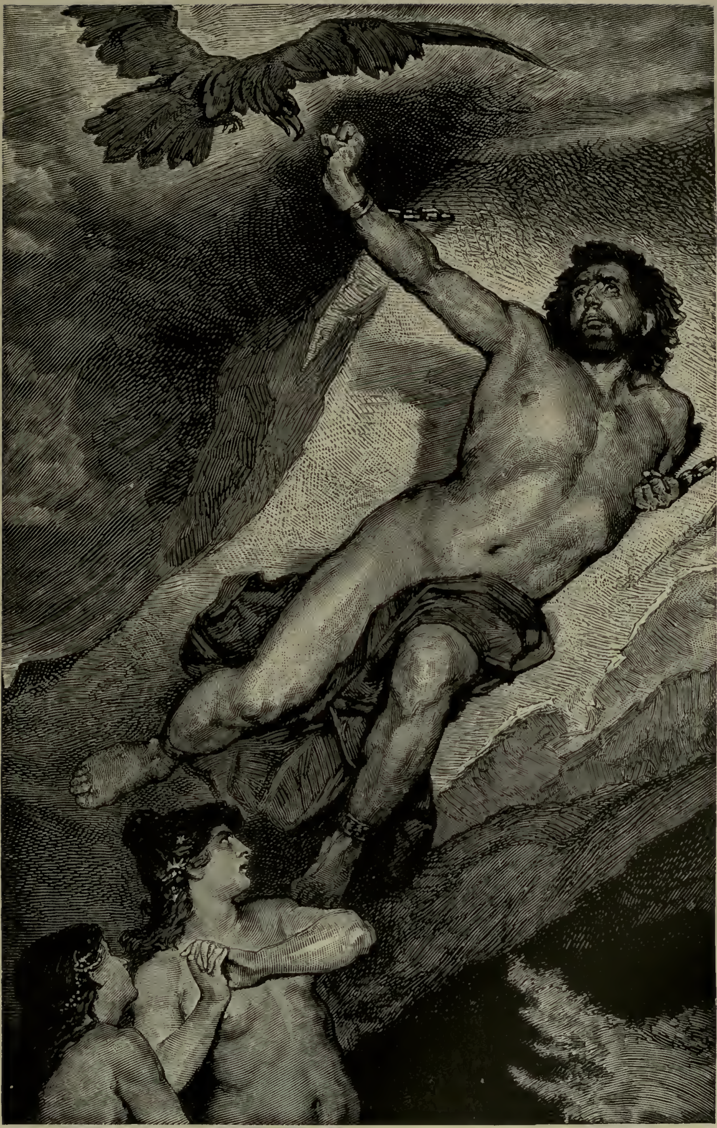
. . . . .

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
  Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
  My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
  High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
  Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
  At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.



PROMETHEUS BOUND

"Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain"

ÆSCHYLUS.

Æschylus, the greatest of the Greek dramatists; born at Eleusis, Attica, 525 B.C.; died at Gela, Sicily, 456 B.C. Of his very numerous works (72 or even 90 dramas), seven tragedies only remain: "The Suppliants," one of his earliest productions; "The Persians," founded on the contemporary triumph of Greece over the invading Persian hosts; "The Seven against Thebes," the only extant member of a tetralogy, the other members of which were "Laius," "Œdipus," and "The Sphinx." The grand tragedy, "Prometheus Bound," is the sole survivor of a trilogy. The other three extant — "Agamemnon," "The Choëphori," and "Eumenides" — form a trilogy.

The Binding of Prometheus.

(From "Prometheus Bound," Translation of Plumptre.)

[Prometheus *is led in by* Hephæstos *and others:* Hephæstos *speaks:*]

O thou, of Themis, wise in Counsel, son,
Full of deep purpose, lo! against my will,
I fetter thee against thy will with bonds
Of bronze that none can loose, to this lone height
Where thou shalt know nor voice nor face of man,
But scorching in the hot blaze of the Sun,
Shalt lose thy skin's fair beauty. Thou shalt long
For starry-mantled night to hide day's sheen,
For sun to melt the rime of early dawn;
And evermore the weight of present ill
Shall wear thee down. Unborn as yet is he
Who shall release thee: this the fate thou gain'st
As due reward for thy philanthropy.
For thou, a god, not fearing wrath of gods,
In thy transgression gav'st their power to men;
And therefore on this rock of little ease
Thou still shalt keep thy watch, nor lying down,
Nor knowing sleep, nor even bending knee;
And many groans and wailing profitless
Thy lips shall utter; for the mind of Zeus
Remains inexorable. Who holds a power
But newly gained is ever stern of mood.

THE WARNING OF HERMES TO PROMETHEUS.

(From "Prometheus Bound," Translation of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.)

I HAVE, methinks, said much in vain;
For still thy heart, beneath my shower of prayers,
Lies dry and hard — nay, leaps like a young horse
Who bites against the new bit in his teeth,
And tugs and struggles against the new-tried rein —
Still fiercest in the feeblest thing of all —
Which sophism is, since absolute Will disjoined
From perfect Mind is worse than weak. Behold,
Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable woe
Must sweep persuasion through thee! For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame,
And hide thy body where a hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm; and when thou hast passed
A long black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun while Zeus's winged hound,
The strong carnivorous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee, self-called to a daily feast,
And set his fierce beak in thee, and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh, and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver. Do not look
For any end moreover to this curse,
Or ere some good appear, to accept thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell
And gloomy abysses around Tartarus.
Then ponder this! — this threat is not a growth
Of vain invention; it is spoken and meant!
King Zeus's mouth is impotent to lie
Consummating the utterance by the act: —
So, look to it, thou! — take heed — and nevermore
Forget good counsel to indulge self-will.

THE COMPLAINT OF PROMETHEUS.

(From "Prometheus Bound," Translation of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.)

PROMETHEUS (alone).

O HOLY Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
    And River-wells, and laughter innumerous
    Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you, —

Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!
Behold, how fast around me
The new King of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan. And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?
And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul — and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate. Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferrule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony,
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky.
Ah, ah me! what a sound,
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,
Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her bound,
To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon obtain —
Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!
The god Zeus hateth sore,
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor,
Because I loved mortals too much evermore.
Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The light stroke of their wings —
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

A Prayer to Artemis.

(From Miss Swanwick's Translation of "The Suppliants.")

STROPHE IV.

Though Zeus plan all things right,
Yet is his heart's desire full hard to trace;
Nathless in every place
Brightly it gleameth, e'en in darkest night,
Fraught with black fate to man's speech-gifted race.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Steadfast, ne'er thrown in fight,
The deed in brow of Zeus to ripeness brought;
For wrapt in shadowy night,
Tangled, unscanned by mortal sight,
Extend the pathways of his secret thought.

STROPHE V.

From towering hopes mortals he hurleth prone
To utter doom: but for their fall
No force arrayeth he; for all
That gods devise is without effort wrought.
A mindful Spirit aloft on holy throne
By inborn energy achieves his thought.

ANTISTROPHE V.

But let him mortal insolence behold: —
How with proud contumacy rife,
Wantons the stem in lusty life
My marriage craving; — frenzy over-bold,
Spur ever-pricking, goads them on to fate,
By ruin taught their folly all too late.

STROPHE VI.

Thus I complain, in piteous strain,
Grief-laden, tear-evoking, shrill;
Ah woe is me! woe! woe!
Dirge-like it sounds; mine own death-trill
I pour, yet breathing vital air.
Hear, hill-crowned Apia, hear my prayer!

Full well, O land,
My voice barbaric thou canst understand;
While oft with rendings I assail
My byssine vesture and Sidonian veil.

ANTISTROPHE VI.

My nuptial right in Heaven's pure sight
Pollution were, death-laden, rude;
Ah woe is me! woe! woe!
Alas for sorrow's murky brood!
Where will this billow hurl me? Where?
Hear, hill-crowned Apia, hear my prayer;
Full well, O land,
My voice barbaric thou canst understand,
While oft with rendings I assail
My byssine vesture and Sidonian veil.

STROPHE VII.

The oar indeed and home with sails
Flax-tissued, swelled with favoring gales,
Stanch to the wave, from spear-storm free,
Have to this shore escorted me,
Not so far blame I destiny.
But may the all-seeing Father send
In fitting time propitious end;
So our dread Mother's mighty brood
The lordly couch may 'scape, ah me,
Unwedded, unsubdued!

ANTISTROPHE VII.

Meeting my will with will divine,
Daughter of Zeus, who here dost hold
Steadfast thy sacred shrine, —
Me, Artemis unstained, behold.
Do thou, who sovereign might dost wield,
Virgin thyself, a virgin shield;
So our dread Mother's mighty brood
The lordly couch may 'scape, ah me,
Unwedded, unsubdued!

The Defiance of Eteocles.

(From Miss Swanwick's Translation of "The Seven Against Thebes.")

MESSENGER.

Now at the Seventh Gate the seventh chief,
Thy proper mother's son, I will announce,
What fortune for this city, for himself,
With curses he invoketh: — on the walls
Ascending, heralded as king, to stand,
With pæans for their capture; then with thee
To fight, and either slaying near thee die,
Or thee, who wronged him, chasing forth alive,
Requite in kind his proper banishment.
Such words he shouts, and calls upon the gods
Who o'er his race preside and Fatherland,
With gracious eye to look upon his prayers.
A well-wrought buckler, newly forged, he bears,
With twofold blazon riveted thereon,
For there a woman leads, with sober mien,
A mailèd warrior, enchased in gold;
Justice her style, and thus the legend speaks: —
"This man I will restore, and he shall hold
The city and his father's palace homes."
Such the devices of the hostile chiefs.
'T is for thyself to choose whom thou wilt send;
But never shalt thou blame my herald-words.
To guide the rudder of the State be thine!

ETEOCLES.

O heaven-demented race of Œdipus,
My race, tear-fraught, detested of the gods!
Alas, our father's curses now bear fruit.
But it beseems not to lament or weep,
Lest lamentations sadder still be born.
For him, too truly Polyneikes named, —
What his device will work we soon shall know;
Whether his braggart words, with madness fraught,
Gold-blazoned on his shield, shall lead him back.
Hath Justice communed with, or claimed him hers,
Guided his deeds and thoughts, this might have been;
But neither when he fled the darksome womb,
Or in his childhood, or in youth's fair prime,
Or when the hair thick gathered on his chin,

Hath Justice communed with, or claimed him hers,
Nor in this outrage on his Fatherland
Deem I she now beside him deigns to stand.
For Justice would in sooth belie her name,
Did she with this all-daring man consort.
In these regards confiding will I go,
Myself will meet him. Who with better right?
Brother to brother, chieftain against chief,
Foeman to foe, I'll stand. Quick, bring my spear,
My greaves, and armor, bulwark against stones.

THE VISION OF CASSANDRA.

(From Edward Fitzgerald's Version of the "Agamemnon.")

CASSANDRA.

PHŒBUS APOLLO!

CHORUS.

Hark!
The lips at last unlocking.

CASSANDRA.

Phœbus! Phœbus!

CHORUS.

Well, what of Phœbus, maiden? though a name
'T is but disparagement to call upon
In misery.

CASSANDRA.

Apollo! Apollo! Again!
Oh, the burning arrow through the brain!
Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!

CHORUS.

Seemingly
Possessed indeed — whether by —

CASSANDRA.

Phœbus! Phœbus!
Through trampled ashes, blood, and fiery rain,
Over water seething, and behind the breathing

War-horse in the darkness — till you rose again,
Took the helm — took the rein —

CHORUS.

As one that half asleep at dawn recalls
A night of Horror!

CASSANDRA.

Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom,
Leading me, lighting me —

CHORUS.

I can answer that —

CASSANDRA.

Down to what slaughter-house!
Foh! the smell of carnage through the door
Scares me from it — drags me toward it —
Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!

CHORUS.

One of the dismal prophet-pack, it seems,
That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault —
This is no den of slaughter, but the house
Of Agamemnon.

CASSANDRA.

Down upon the towers,
Phantoms of two mangled children hover — and a famished man,
At an empty table glaring, seizes and devours!

CHORUS.

Thyestes and his children! Strange enough
For any maiden from abroad to know,
Or, knowing —

CASSANDRA.

And look! in the chamber below
The terrible Woman, listening, watching,
Under a mask, preparing the blow
In the fold of her robe —

CHORUS.

Nay, but again at fault:
For in the tragic story of this House —
Unless, indeed the fatal Helen —
No woman —

CASSANDRA.

No Woman — Tisiphone! Daughter
Of Tartarus — love-grinning Woman above,
Dragon-tailed under — honey-tongued, Harpy-clawed,
Into the glittering meshes of slaughter
She wheedles, entices him into the poisonous
Fold of the serpent —

CHORUS.

Peace, mad woman, peace!
Whose stony lips once open vomit out
Such uncouth horrors.

CASSANDRA.

I tell you the lioness
Slaughters the Lion asleep; and lifting
Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,
Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing,
Bounds hither — Phœbus Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!
Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,
Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,
From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted shrine,
Slave-like to be butchered, the daughter of a royal line!

Dangers of Prosperity.

(From Edward Fitzgerald's Version of the "Agamemnon.")

About the nations runs a saw,
  That Over-good ill fortune breeds;
And true that, by the mortal law,
  Fortune her spoilt children feeds
  To surfeit, such as sows the seeds
Of Insolence, that, as it grows,
The flower of Self-repentance blows.

And true that Virtue often leaves
  The marble walls and roofs of kings,
And underneath the poor man's eaves
  On smoky rafter folds her wings.

Thus the famous city, flown
With insolence, and overgrown,
Is humbled: all her splendor blown
To smoke: her glory laid in dust;
Who shall say by doom unjust?
But should He to whom the wrong
Was done, and Zeus himself made strong
To do the vengeance He decreed —
At last returning with the meed
  He wrought for — should the jealous Eye
  That blights full-blown prosperity
Pursue him — then indeed, indeed,
Man should hoot and scare aloof
Good fortune lighting on the roof;
Yea, even Virtue's self forsake
If Glory followed in the wake;
Seeing bravest, best, and wisest
  But the playthings of a day,
Which a shadow can trip over,
  And a breath can puff away.
Still a muttered and half-blind
Superstition haunts mankind,
  That, by some divine decree
Yet by mortal undivined,
Mortal Fortune must not over-
  Leap the bound he cannot see;
For that even wisest labor
  Lofty-building, builds to fall,
Evermore a jealous neighbor
  Undermining floor and wall.
So that on the smoothest water
  Sailing, in a cloudless sky,
The wary merchant overboard
Flings something of his precious hoard
  To pacify the jealous eye,
That will not suffer man to swell
Over human measure. Well,
As the Gods have ordered we
Must take — I know not — let it be.
But, by rule of retribution,

Hidden, too, from human eyes,
Fortune in her revolution,
If she fall, shall fall to rise:
And the hand of Zeus dispenses
Even measure in the main:
One short harvest recompenses
With a glut of golden grain;
So but men in patience wait
Fortune's counter revolution
Axled on eternal Fate;
And the Sisters three that twine,
Cut not short the vital line.

THE DECREE OF ATHENA.

(From Miss Swanwick's Translation of "The Eumenides.")

HEAR ye my statute, men of Attica —
Ye who of bloodshed judge this primal cause;
Yea, and in future age shall Ægeus's host
Revere this court of jurors. This the hill
Of Ares, seat of Amazons, their tent,
What time 'gainst Theseus, breathing hate, they came,
Waging fierce battle, and their towers upreared,
A counter-fortress to Acropolis; —
To Ares they did sacrifice, and hence
This rock is titled Areopagus.
Here then shall sacred Awe, to Fear allied,
By day and night my lieges hold from wrong,
Save if themselves do innovate my laws,
If thou with mud, or influx base, bedim
The sparkling water, nought thou 'lt find to drink.
Nor Anarchy, nor Tyrant's lawless rule
Commend I to my people's reverence; —
Nor let them banish from their city Fear;
For who 'mong men, uncurbed by fear, is just?
Thus holding Awe in seemly reverence,
A bulwark for your State shall ye possess,
A safeguard to protect your city walls,
Such as no mortals otherwhere can boast,
Neither in Scythia, nor in Pelops's realm.
Behold! This Court august, untouched by bribes,
Sharp to avenge, wakeful for those who sleep,
Establish I, a bulwark to this land.

This charge, extending to all future time,
I give my lieges. Meet it as ye rise,
Assume the pebbles, and decide the cause,
Your oath revering. All hath now been said.

THE DOOM OF CLYTÆMNESTRA.

(From the "Libation-bearers," Translation of Plumptre.)

[*To* CLYTÆMNESTRA *enter* ORESTES, *her son, and* PYLADES: *the* CHORUS *of Captive Women is also present.*]

ORest. 'T is thee I seek; he there has had enough.
CLYT. Ah me! my loved Ægisthos! Art thou dead?
OREST. Loved thou the man? Then on the self-same tomb
Shalt thou now lie, nor in his death desert him.
CLYT. (*Baring her bosom.*) Hold, boy! respect this breast of mine,
Whence thou, my son, full oft, asleep, with toothless gums,
Hast sucked the milk that sweetly fed thy life.
OREST. What shall I do, my Pylades? Shall I
Through this respect forbear to slay my mother?
PYLAD. Where then are Loxia's other oracles,
The Pythian counsels, and the fast-sworn vows?
Have all men hostile rather than the gods.
OREST. My judgment goes with thine; thou speakest well.
[*To* CLYTÆMNESTRA.] Follow; I mean to slay thee where he lies.
For while he lived thou held'st him far above
My father. Sleep thou with him in thy death,
Since thou lov'st him, and whom thou should'st love hatest.
CLYT. I reared thee, and would fain grow old with thee.
OREST. What! thou live with me, who did'st slay my father!
CLYT. Fate, O my son! must share the blame of that.
OREST. This fatal doom, then, it is Fate that sends.
CLYT. Dost thou not fear a parent's curse, my son?
OREST. Thou, though my mother, did'st to ill chance cast me.
CLYT. No outcast thou, so sent to house allied.
OREST. I was sold doubly, though of free sire born.
CLYT. Where is the price, then, that I got for thee!
OREST. I shrink for shame from pressing that charge home.
CLYT. Nay, tell thy father's wantonness as well.
OREST. Blame not the man that toils when thou 'rt at ease.
CLYT. 'T is hard, my son, for wives to miss their husbands.
OREST. The husband's toil keeps her that sits at home.
CLYT. Thou seem'st, my son, about to slay thy mother!

OREST. It is not I that slay thee, but thyself.
CLYT. Take heed, beware a mother's vengeful hounds.
OREST. How, slighting this, shall I escape my father's?
CLYT. I seem, in life, to wail as to a tomb.
OREST. My father's fate ordains this doom for thee.
CLYT. Ah me! the snake is here I bore and nursed.
OREST. An o'er-true prophet was that dread, dream-born.
Thou slewest one thou never should'st have slain;
Now suffer fate should never have been thine.

[*Exit* ORESTES, *leading* CLYTÆMNESTRA *into the palace, and followed by* PYLADES. *The* CHORUS *sing responsively:*]

I.

Late came due vengeance on the sons of Priam;
Just forfeit of sore woe; —
Late came there, too, to Agamemnon's house
Twin lions, twofold Death.
The exile who obeyed the Pythian hest
Hath gained his full desire,
Sped on his way by counsel of the Gods.

. . . .

III.

And so on one who loves the war of guile
Revenge came subtle-souled;
And in the strife of hands the Child of Zeus
In very deed gave help.
(We mortals call her vengeance, hitting well
The meetest name for her,)
Breathing destroying wrath against her foes.

IV.

She it is whom Loxia summons now,
Who dwelleth in Parnassia's cavern vast,
Calling on Her who still
Is guileful without guile,
Halting of foot, and tarrying over-long:
The will of Gods is strangely everruled;
It may not help the vile;
'T is meet to adore the Power that rules in Heaven:
At last we see the Light.

ÆSOP.

Æsop, a fabulist, said to have been born in Phrygia, about 620 B.C. It is said that he was brought to Athens while young and sold as a slave to Iadmon, of Samos, who gave him his freedom. Crœsus, King of Lydia, subsequently invited him to his court and employed him in positions of trust, finally making him Ambassador at Delphi, where he was charged with sacrilege and was put to death by being thrown from a precipice. He visited Athens during the sovereignty of Pisistratus, where he wrote the fable of "Jupiter and the Frogs." His genuine works are supposed to have perished, the collection of fables which goes under his name being either imitations or entirely spurious productions of a later age. So great, however, was his reputation that a statue of him was executed by the famous sculptor Lysippus. The current story that he was a misshapen dwarf is wholly fictitious. He stands, therefore, as a representative of a class of writers, rather than as a distinct individual.

The Fox and the Lion.

The first time the Fox saw the Lion, he fell down at his feet, and was ready to die of fear. The second time, he took courage and could even bear to look upon him. The third time, he had the impudence to come up to him, to salute him, and to enter into familiar conversation with him.

The Ass in the Lion's Skin.

An Ass, finding the skin of a Lion, put it on; and, going into the woods and pastures, threw all the flocks and herds into a terrible consternation. At last, meeting his owner, he would have frightened him also; but the good man, seeing his long ears stick out, presently knew him, and with a good cudgel made him sensible that, notwithstanding his being dressed in a Lion's skin, he was really no more than an Ass.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

A WOLF, clothing himself in the skin of a sheep, and getting in among the flock, by this means took the opportunity to devour many of them. At last the shepherd discovered him, and cunningly fastening a rope about his neck, tied him up to a tree which stood hard by. Some other shepherds happening to pass that way, and observing what he was about, drew near, and expressed their admiration at it. "What!" says one of them, "brother, do you make hanging of a sheep?" "No," replied the other, "but I make hanging of a Wolf whenever I catch him, though in the habit and garb of a sheep." Then he showed them their mistake, and they applauded the justice of the execution.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELLER.

A SATYR, as he was ranging the forest in an exceeding cold, snowy season, met with a Traveller half-starved with the extremity of the weather. He took compassion on him, and kindly invited him home to a warm, comfortable cave he had in the hollow of a rock. As soon as they had entered and sat down, notwithstanding there was a good fire in the place, the chilly Traveller could not forbear blowing his fingers' ends. Upon the Satyr's asking why he did so, he answered, that he did it to warm his hands. The honest sylvan having seen little of the world, admired a man who was master of so valuable a quality as that of blowing heat, and therefore was resolved to entertain him in the best manner he could. He spread the table before him with dried fruits of several sorts; and produced a remnant of cold wine, which as the rigor of the season made very proper, he mulled with some warm spices, infused over the fire, and presented to his shivering guest. But this the Traveller thought fit to blow likewise; and upon the Satyr's demanding a reason why he blowed again, he replied, to cool his dish. This second answer provoked the Satyr's indignation as much as the first had kindled his surprise: so, taking the man by the shoulder, he thrust him out of doors, saying he would have nothing to do with a wretch who had so vile a quality as to blow hot and cold with the same mouth.

THE LION AND THE OTHER BEASTS.

THE Lion and several other beasts entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, and were to live very sociably together in the forest. One day, having made a sort of an excursion by way of hunting, they took a very fine, large, fat deer, which was divided into four parts; there happening to be then present his Majesty the Lion, and only three others. After the division was made, and the parts were set out, his Majesty, advancing forward some steps and pointing to one of the shares, was pleased to declare himself after the following manner:— "This I seize and take possession of as my right, which devolves to me, as I am descended by a true, lineal, hereditary succession from the royal family of Lion. That [pointing to the second] I claim by, I think, no unreasonable demand; considering that all the engagements you have with the enemy turn chiefly upon my courage and conduct, and you very well know that wars are too expensive to be carried on without proper supplies. Then [nodding his head toward the third] that I shall take by virtue of my prerogative; to which, I make no question but so dutiful and loyal a people will pay all the deference and regard that I can desire. Now, as for the remaining part, the necessity of our present affairs is so very urgent, our stock so low, and our credit so impaired and weakened, that I must insist upon your granting that, without any hesitation or demur; and hereof fail not at your peril."

THE ASS AND THE LITTLE DOG.

THE Ass, observing how great a favorite the little Dog was with his Master, how much caressed and fondled, and fed with good bits at every meal; and for no other reason, as he could perceive, but for skipping and frisking about, wagging his tail, and leaping up into his Master's lap: he was resolved to imitate the same, and see whether such a behavior would not procure him the same favors. Accordingly, the Master was no sooner come home from walking about his fields and gardens, and was seated in his easy-chair, but the Ass, who observed him, came gambolling and braying towards him, in a very awkward manner. The Master could not help laughing aloud at the odd sight. But his jest was soon turned into earnest, when he felt the rough salute of the Ass's fore-feet, who, raising himself upon his hinder legs, pawed against his breast with a most loving air, and would fain have jumped into his lap. The good man, terrified at this outrageous behavior, and unable to endure the weight of so heavy a beast, cried out; upon which, one of his servants running in with a good stick, and laying on heartily upon the bones of the poor Ass, soon convinced him that every one who desires it is not qualified to be a favorite.

The Country Mouse and the City Mouse.

An honest, plain, sensible Country Mouse is said to have entertained at his hole one day a fine Mouse of the Town. Having formerly been playfellows together, they were old acquaintances, which served as an apology for the visit. However, as master of the house, he thought himself obliged to do the honors of it in all respects, and to make as great a stranger of his guest as he possibly could. In order to do this he set before him a reserve of delicate gray pease and bacon, a dish of fine oatmeal, some parings of new cheese, and, to crown all with a dessert, a remnant of a charming mellow apple. In good manners, he forebore to eat any himself, lest the stranger should not have enough; but that he might seem to bear the other company, sat and nibbled a piece of a wheaten straw very busily. At last, says the spark of the town: — "Old crony, give me leave to be a little free with you: how can you bear to live in this nasty, dirty, melancholy hole here, with nothing but woods, and meadows, and mountains, and rivulets about you? Do not you prefer the conversation of the world to the chirping of birds, and the splendor of a court to the rude aspect of an uncultivated desert? Come, take my word for it, you will find it a change for the better. Never stand considering, but away this moment. Remember, we are not immortal, and therefore have no time to lose. Make sure of to-day, and spend it as agreeably as you can: you know not what may happen to-morrow." In short, these and such like arguments prevailed, and his Country Acquaintance was resolved to go to town that night. So they both set out upon their journey together, proposing to sneak in after the close of the evening. They did so; and about midnight made their entry into a certain great house, where there had been an extraordinary entertainment the day before, and several tit-bits, which some of the servants had purloined, were hid under the seat of a window. The Country Guest was immediately placed in the midst of a rich Persian carpet: and now it was the Courtier's turn to entertain; who indeed acquitted himself in that capacity with the utmost readiness and address, changing the courses as elegantly, and tasting everything first as judiciously, as any clerk of the kitchen. The other sat and enjoyed himself like a delighted epicure, tickled to the last degree with this new turn of his affairs; when on a sudden, a noise of somebody opening the door made them start from their seats, and scuttle in confusion about the dining-room. Our Country Friend, in particular, was ready to die with fear at the barking of a huge mastiff or two, which opened their throats just about the same time, and made the whole house echo. At last, recovering himself: — "Well," says he, "if this be your town-life, much good may you do with it: give me my poor, quiet hole again, with my homely but comfortable gray pease."

THE EAGLE AND THE ARROW.

An Eagle sat on a lofty rock, watching the movements of a Hare whom he sought to make his prey. An Archer, who saw him from a place of concealment, took an accurate aim, and wounded him mortally. The Eagle gave one look at the arrow that had entered his heart, and saw in that single glance that its feathers had been furnished by himself. "It is a double grief to me," he exclaimed, "that I should perish by an arrow feathered from my own wings!"

THE TREES AND THE AXE.

A man came into the forest, and made a petition to the Trees to provide him a handle for his axe. The Trees consented to his request, and gave him a young ash-tree. No sooner had the man fitted from it a new handle to his axe than he began to use it, and quickly felled with his strokes the noblest giants of the forest. An old Oak, lamenting when too late the destruction of his companions, said to a neighboring Cedar: "The first step has lost us all. If we had not given up the rights of the Ash, we might yet have retained our own privileges, and have stood for ages."

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

AN Old Man that had travelled a long way with a great bundle of fagots, found himself so weary that he flung it down, and called upon Death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. Death came straightway at his call and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good Sir," said the Old Man, "just do me the favor to help me up with my bundle of fagots."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

AS a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling at some distance down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence. "Villain!" said he, running up to her, "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?" — "Indeed," said the Lamb, humbly, "I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you." — "Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names." — "Oh, Sir," said the Lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born." — "Well," replied the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue me out of my supper." And without another word he fell upon the poor helpless Lamb, and tore her to pieces.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF.

A Shepherd-boy, who tended his flock not far from a village, used to amuse himself at times in crying out "Wolf!" Twice or thrice his trick succeeded. The whole village came running out to his assistance; and all the return they got was to be laughed at for their pains. At last, one day the Wolf came indeed; and the Boy cried out in earnest. But the neighbors, supposing him to be at his old sport, paid no heed to his cries, and the Wolf devoured the sheep. So the Boy learned, when it was too late, that Liars are not believed even when they tell the truth.

The Bundle of Sticks.

A husbandman who had a quarrelsome family, after having tried in vain to reconcile them by words, thought he might more readily prevail by an example. So he called his sons and bade them lay a bundle of sticks before him. Then having tied them up into a fagot, he told the lads, one after another, to take it up and break it. They all tried, but tried in vain. Then, untying the fagot, he gave them the sticks to break one by one. This they did with the greatest ease. Then said the father: "Thus, my sons, as long as you remain united, you are a match for all your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone."

THE FOX AND THE HEDGEHOG.

A Fox, swimming across a very rapid river, was carried by the force of the current into a deep ravine, where he lay for a long time very much bruised and sick, and unable to move. A swarm of hungry, blood-sucking Flies settled upon him. A Hedgehog, passing by, compassionated his sufferings, and inquired if he should drive away the Flies that were tormenting him. "By no means," replied the Fox; "pray do not molest them." — "How is that?" said the Hedgehog; "do you not want to be rid of them?" — "No," returned the Fox; "for these Flies which you see are full of blood, and sting me but little; and if you rid me of these which are already satiated, others more hungry will come in their place, and will drink up all the blood I have left."

JEAN LOUIS RODOLPHE AGASSIZ.

Agassiz, Jean Louis Rodolphe, a celebrated Swiss-American naturalist and author, born at Motier, Switzerland, May 28, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., December 14, 1873. Before coming to America, in 1846, he had distinguished himself by his researches in various departments of natural history and science, notably by his great works written in French, upon Fossil Fishes and upon the Glaciers of the Alps. Toward the close of 1847 the Scientific School at Cambridge, Mass., was founded by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and Agassiz accepted the position of Professor of Zoölogy and Geology in the new institution. He subsequently, for a short time, held the chair of Comparative Anatomy in the Medical College at Charleston, S. C., and in 1868 was appointed a non-resident professor in Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y. In 1865 he took charge of a scientific expedition, most liberally provided for by a merchant of Boston, to explore the waters of Brazil. A narrative of this expedition was published, written mainly by Mrs. Agassiz. He subsequently made a scientific excursion to the Rocky Mountains; and in December, 1871, accompanied by several other men of science, he set out on a voyage around Cape Horn, in the United States Coast Survey steamer "Hassler." The results of this voyage, undertaken for deep-sea dredging, were of great importance in the study of oceanic faunæ. — The influence of Agassiz upon the scientific development of the United States was profound and far-reaching. Joined with his great scientific ability, he had the faculty of communicating the results of his investigations, and propounding his theories, in an attractive form. He therefore deservedly holds a high place not only in science, but also in literature.

Formation of Coral Reefs.[1]

(From "Methods of Study in Natural History.")

For a long time it was supposed that the reef-builders inhabited very deep waters; for they were sometimes brought up upon sounding-lines from a depth of many hundreds or even thousands of feet, and it was taken for granted that they must have had their home where they were found: but the facts recently ascertained respecting the subsidence of ocean-bottoms have shown that the foundation of a coral-wall may have sunk far below the place where it was laid. And it is now proved, beyond a doubt, that no reef-building coral can thrive at a depth of more than fifteen fathoms, though corals of other kinds occur far lower, and that the dead reef-corals, sometimes brought to the surface from much greater depths, are only broken fragments of some reef that has subsided with the bottom on which it was growing. But though fifteen fathoms is the maximum depth at which any reef-builder can prosper, there are many which will not sustain even that degree of pressure; and this fact has, as we shall see, an important influence on the structure of the reef.

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[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Imagine now a sloping shore on some tropical coast descending gradually below the surface of the sea. Upon that slope, at a depth of from ten to twelve or fifteen fathoms, and two or three or more miles from the mainland, according to the shelving of the shore, we will suppose that one of those little coral animals, to whom a home in such deep waters is congenial, has established itself. How it happens that such a being, which we know is immovably attached to the ground, and forms the foundation of a solid wall, was ever able to swim freely about in the water till it found a suitable resting-place, I shall explain hereafter, when I say something of the mode of reproduction of these animals. Accept, for the moment, my unsustained assertion, and plant our little coral on this sloping shore, some twelve or fifteen fathoms below the surface of the sea.

The internal structure of such a coral corresponds to that of the sea-anemone. The body is divided by vertical partitions from top to bottom, leaving open chambers between; while in the centre hangs the digestive cavity, connected by an opening in the bottom with all these chambers. At the top is an aperture serving as a mouth, surrounded by a wreath of hollow tentacles, each one of which connects at its base with one of the chambers, so that all parts of the animal communicate freely with each other. But though the structure of the coral is identical in all its parts with the sea-anemone, it nevertheless presents one important difference. The body of the sea-anemone is soft, while that of the coral is hard.

It is well known that all animals and plants have the power of appropriating to themselves and assimilating the materials they need, each selecting from the surrounding elements whatever contributes to its well-being. Now, corals possess in an extraordinary degree the power of assimilating to themselves the lime contained in the salt water around them ; and as soon as our little coral is established on a firm foundation, a lime deposit begins to form in all the walls of its body, so that its base, its partitions, and its outer wall, which in the sea-anemone remain always soft, become perfectly solid in the polyp coral, and form a frame as hard as bone.

It may naturally be asked where the lime comes from in the sea which the corals absorb in such quantities. As far as the living corals are concerned the answer is easy, for an immense deal of lime is brought down to the ocean by rivers that wear away the lime deposits through which they pass. The Mississippi, whose course lies through extensive lime regions, brings down yearly lime enough to supply all the animals living in the Gulf of Mexico. But behind this lies a question, not so easily settled, as to the origin of the extensive deposits of limestone found at the very beginning of life upon earth. This problem brings us to the threshold of astronomy ; for the base of limestone is metallic in character, susceptible therefore of fusion, and may have formed a part of the materials of our earth, even in an incandescent state, when the worlds were forming. But though this investigation as to the origin of lime does not belong either to the naturalist or the geologist, its suggestion reminds us that the time has come when all the sciences and their results are so intimately connected that no one can be carried on independently of the others. Since the study of the rocks has revealed a crowded life whose records are hoarded within them, the work of the geologist and the naturalist has become one and the same ; and at that border-land where the first crust of the earth was condensed out of the igneous mass of materials which formed its earliest condition, their investigation mingles with that of the astronomer, and we cannot trace the limestone in a little coral without going back to the creation of our solar system, when the worlds that compose it were thrown off from a central mass in a gaseous condition.

When the coral has become in this way permeated with lime, all parts of the body are rigid, with the exception of the upper margin, the stomach, and the tentacles. The tentacles are soft and waving, projected or drawn in at will ; they retain their flexible character through life, and decompose when the animal dies. For this reason the dried specimens of corals preserved in museums do not give us the least idea of the living corals, in which every one of the millions of beings composing such a community is crowned by a waving wreath of white or green or rose-colored tentacles.

As soon as the little coral is fairly established and solidly attached to the ground, it begins to bud. This may take place in a variety of ways, dividing at the top or budding from the base or from the sides, till the primitive animal is surrounded by a number of individuals like itself, of which it forms the nucleus, and which now begin to bud in their turn, each one surrounding itself with a numerous progeny, all remaining, however, attached to the parent. Such a community increases till its individuals are numbered by millions, and I have myself counted no less than fourteen millions of individuals in a coral mass of Porites measuring not more than twelve feet in diameter. The so-called coral heads, which make the foundation of a coral wall, and seem by their massive character and regular form especially adapted to give a strong, solid base to the whole structure, are known in our classification as the *Astræans*, so named on account of the little [star-shaped] pits crowded upon their surface, each one of which marks the place of a single more or less isolated individual in such a community.

Metamorphoses of Animals.

(From "Outlines of Comparative Physiology.")

Under the name of "metamorphoses" are included those changes which the body of an animal undergoes after birth, and which are modifications in various degrees of its organization, form, and mode of life. Such changes are not peculiar to certain classes, as has been so long supposed, but are common to all animals without exception. Vegetables also undergo metamorphoses, but with this essential difference, that in vegetables the process consists in an addition of new parts to the old ones. A succession of leaves differing from those which preceded them comes in each season; new branches and roots are added to the old stem, and woody layers to the trunk.

In animals the whole body is transformed, in such a manner that all the existing parts contribute to the formation of the modified body. The chrysalis becomes a butterfly; the frog, after having been herbivorous during its tadpole state, becomes carnivorous, and its stomach is adapted to this new mode of life; at the same time instead of breathing by gills, it becomes an air-breathing animal; its tail and gills disappear, lungs and legs are formed; and finally it lives and moves upon the land.

The nature, the duration, and importance of metamorphoses, and also the epoch at which they take place, are infinitely varied. The most striking changes naturally presenting themselves to the mind, when we speak of metamorphoses, are those occurring in insects. Not merely is there a change of physiognomy and form observable, or an organ more or less formed, but their whole organization is modified. The animal enters into new relations with the external world, while at the same time new instincts are imparted to it. It has lived in water, and respired by gills; it is now furnished with trachæ, and breathes air. It passes by with indifference objects which were before attractive; and its new instincts prompt it to seek conditions which would have been most pernicious during its former period of life. All these changes are brought about without destroying the individuality of the animal. The mosquito, which to-day haunts us with its shrill trumpet, and pierces us for our blood, is the same animal that a few days ago lived obscure and unregarded in stagnant water, under the guise of a little worm. . . .

The different external forms which an insect may assume is well illustrated by the canker-worm. Its eggs are laid upon posts and fences, or upon the branches of the apple, elm, and other trees. They are hatched about the time the tender leaves of these trees begin to unfold. The caterpillar feeds on the leaves, and attains the full growth at the end of about four weeks, being then not quite an inch in length. It then descends into the ground, and enters the earth to the depth of four or five inches, and having excavated a sort of cell, is soon changed into a chrysalis or nymph. At the usual time in the spring it bursts its skin, and appears in its perfect state in the form of a moth. In this species, however, only the male has wings. The perfect insects soon pair; the female crawls up a tree, and, having deposited her eggs, dies.

Transformations no less remarkable are observed among the Crustacea. The *Antifa*, like all Crustacea, is reproduced by eggs. From these eggs little animals issue, which have not the slightest resemblance to the parent. They have an elongated form, a pair of tentacles, and four legs, with which they swim freely in the water. Their freedom, however, is of but short duration. The little animal soon attaches itself by means of its tentacles — having previously become covered with a transparent shell, through which the outlines of the body, and also a very distinct eye, are easily distinguishable. It is plainly seen that the anterior portion of the animal has become considerably enlarged; subsequently the shell becomes completed, and the animal casts its skin, losing with it both its eyes and its tentacles. On the other hand, a thick membrane lining the shell pushes out, and forms a stem, by means of which the animal fixes itself to immersed bodies, after the loss of its tentacles. The stem gradually enlarges, and the animal soon acquires a definite shape. There is, consequently, not only a change of organization in the course of the metamorphoses, but also a change of faculties and mode of life. The animal, at first free, becomes fixed; and its adhesion is effected by totally different organs at different periods of life: first by means of tentacles, which were temporary organs; and afterward by means of a fleshy stem, especially developed for that purpose.

The metamorphoses of the Mollusca, though less striking, are not less worthy of notice. Thus, the oyster is free when young, like the clam, and most other shell-fishes. Others which are at first attached or suspended to the gills of the mother, afterward become free. Some naked gasteropods are born with a shell, which they part with shortly after leaving the egg.

The study of metamorphoses is therefore of the utmost importance for understanding the real affinities of animals, very different in appearance; as is readily shown by the following instances: The butterfly and the earth-worm seem, at the first glance, to have no relation whatever. They differ in their organization no less than in their outward appearance. But on comparing the caterpillar and the worm, these two animals are seen closely to resemble each other. The analogy, however, is only transient; it lasts only during the larva state of the caterpillar, and is effaced as it passes to the chrysalis and butterfly conditions, the latter becoming a more and more perfect animal, whilst the worm remains in its inferior state. . . .

Similar instances are furnished by animals belonging to all types of the animal kingdom. . . . In the type of the Vertebrata the considerations drawn from metamorphoses acquire still greater importance in regard to classification. The sturgeon and the white-fish are two very different fishes; yet, taking into consideration their external form and bearing merely, it might be questioned which of the two should take the highest rank;

whereas the doubt is very easily resolved by an examination of their anatomical structure. The white-fish has a skeleton, and, moreover, a vertebral column composed of firm bone. The sturgeon, on the contrary, has no bone in the vertebral column except the spines, or *apophyses* of the vertebræ ; the middle part or body of the vertebræ is cartilaginous. If, however, we observe the young white-fish just after it has issued from the egg, the contrast will be less striking. At this period the vertebræ are cartilaginous, like those of the sturgeon, its mouth is also transverse, and its tail undivided. At that period the white-fish and the sturgeon are much more alike. But this similarity is only transient. As the white-fish grows its vertebræ become ossified, and its resemblance to the sturgeon is comparatively slight. As the sturgeon has no such transformation of the vertebræ, and is in some sense arrested in its development, while the white-fish undergoes subsequent transformation, we conclude that, compared with the white-fish, it is really inferior in rank. . . .

Nevertheless, the metamorphoses which occur in animals after birth will, in many instances, present but trifling modifications of the relative rank of animals, compared with those which may be derived from the study of changes previous to that period ; as there are many animals which undergo no changes of great importance after their escape from the egg, and occupy, nevertheless, a high rank in the zoölogical series; as, for example, birds and mammals. The question is, whether such animals are developed according to different plans, or whether their peculiarity in that respect is merely apparent. To answer this question, let us go back to the period anterior to birth, and see if some parallel may not be made out between the embryonic changes of these animals, and the metamorphoses which take place subsequently to birth in others.

We have already shown that embryonic development consists in a series of transformations; the young animal enclosed in the egg differing in each period of its development from what it was before. But because these transformations precede birth, and are not therefore generally observed, they are not less important. To be satisfied that these transformations are in every respect similar to those which follow birth, we have only to compare the changes which immediately precede birth with those which immediately follow it, and we shall readily perceive that the latter are simply a continuation of the former, till all are completed.

The young white-fish, as we have seen, is far from having acquired its complete development when born; much remains to be changed before its development is complete. But the fact that it has been born does not prevent its future evolution, which goes on without interruption. Similar inferences may be drawn from the development of the chick. The only difference is that the young chicken is born in a more mature state, the most important transformations having taking place during the embryonic period, while those to be undergone after birth are less considerable, though they complete the process begun in the embryo.

In certain mammals, known under the name of *Marsupials* (the opossum and kangaroo), the link between the transformations which take place before birth, and those occurring at a later period, is especially remarkable. These animals are brought into the world so weak and undeveloped that they have to undergo a second gestation, in a pouch with which the mother is furnished, and in which the young remain, each one fixed to a teat, until they are entirely developed. Even those animals which are born nearest to the complete states undergo, nevertheless, embryonic transformations. Ruminants acquire the horns and the lion his mane. Most mammals, at their birth, are destitute of teeth, and incapable of using their limbs; and all are dependent on the mother, and the milk secreted by her, until the stomach is capable of digesting other aliment.

If it be thus shown that the transformations which take place in the embryo are of the same nature and of the same importance as those which occur afterward, the circumstance that some precede and others succeed birth cannot mark any radical difference between them. Both are processes of the life of the individual. Now, as life does not commence at birth, but goes still further back, it is quite clear that the modifications which supervene during the former period are essentially the same as the later ones. And hence that metamorphoses, far from being exceptional in the case of insects, are one of the general features of the animal kingdom. We are therefore perfectly entitled to say that all animals, without exception, undergo metamorphoses. . . .

It is only by connecting the two kinds of transformation — namely, those which take place before and those after birth — that we are furnished with the means of ascertaining the relative perfection of an animal. In other words, these transformations become, under such circumstances, a natural key to the gradation of types. At the same time they force upon us the conviction that there is an immutable law presiding over all these changes, and regulating them in a peculiar manner to each animal. . . . From the facts observed in the study of fossils, we may conclude that the oldest fossil fishes did not pass through all the metamorphoses which our osseous fishes undergo; and consequently that they were inferior to analogous species of the present epoch, which have bony vertebræ. Similar considerations apply to the fossil crustacea and to the fossil echinoderms, when compared with their living types; and it will probably be found true of all classes of the animal kingdom, when they are fully studied as to their geological succession.

VOICES.

(From "Methods of Study in Natural History.")

THERE is a chapter in the Natural History of animals that has hardly been touched upon as yet, and that will be especially interesting with reference to families. The voices of animals have a family character not to be mistaken. All the *Canidæ* bark and howl! — the fox, the wolf, the dog, have the same kind of utterance, though on a somewhat different pitch. All the bears growl, from the white bear of the Arctic snows to the small black bear of the Andes. All the cats meow, from our quiet fireside companion to the lions and tigers and panthers of the forests and jungle. This last may seem a strange assertion; but to any one who has listened critically to their sounds and analyzed their voices, the roar of the lion is but a gigantic meow, bearing about the same proportion to that of a cat as its stately and majestic form does to the smaller, softer, more peaceful aspect of the cat. Yet notwithstanding the difference in their size, who can look at the lion, whether in his more sleepy mood, as he lies curled up in a corner of his cage, or in his fiercer moments of hunger or of rage, without being reminded of a cat? And this is not merely the resemblance of one carnivorous animal to another; for no one was ever reminded of a dog or wolf by a lion.

GRACE AGUILAR.

Aguilar, Grace, an English writer, mainly of religious fiction, was born at Hackney, near London, June, 1816; died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, September 16, 1847. She was of Spanish-Hebrew descent, and remained true to the faith of her fathers. She became deaf and dumb some time before her death, and was obliged to converse with her fingers in the sign-language used by deaf-mutes. She wrote "The Magic Wreath," a small volume of poems; "Records of Israel," "Jewish Faith, its Consolations," "Women of Israel," "Vale of Cedars," "Days of Bruce," "Woman's Friendship," "Home Scenes and Heart Studies," and "Home Influence," which is the most popular of all her works. Leslie Stephen's "National Biography" says: "All her novels are of a highly sentimental character, and mainly deal with the ordinary incidents of domestic life. Like the rest of her writings, they evince an intensely religious temperament, but one free from sectarian prejudice."

The Fate of Nigel.

(From "The Days of Bruce.")

Perplexed with many sad thoughts, Nigel Bruce was one day slowly traversing a long gallery leading to some uninhabited chambers in the west wing of the building; it was of different architecture, and ruder, heavier aspect, than the remainder of the castle. Tradition said that those rooms had been the original building inhabited by an ancestor of the line of Bruce, and the remainder had been gradually added to them; that some dark deed of blood had been there committed, and consequently they were generally kept locked, none of the vassals in the castle choosing to run the risk of meeting the spirits which they declared abode there. We have before said that Nigel was not superstitious, though his mind being of a cast which, adopting and embodying the ideal, he was likely to be supposed such. The particulars of the tradition he had never heard, and constantly it was always with a smile of disbelief he listened to the oft-repeated injunction not to walk at dusk in the western turret. This warning came across him

Grace Aguilar

now, but his mind was far otherwise engrossed, too much so indeed for him even to give more than a casual glance to the rude portraits which hung on either side the gallery.

He mistrusted the Earl of Ross, and there came a fear upon his noble spirit that, in permitting the departure of the queen and her attendants, he might be liable to the censure of his sovereign, that he was failing in his trust; yet how was he to act, how put a restraint upon his charge? Had he indeed believed that the defence of the castle would be successful, that he should be enabled to force the besiegers to raise the siege, he might perhaps have felt justified in restraining the queen — but he did not feel this. He had observed there were many discontented and seditious spirits in the castle, not indeed in the three hundred of his immediate followers; but what were they compared to the immense force now pouring over the country, and whose goal he knew was Kildrummie? The increase of inmates, also, from the number of small villages which had emptied their inhabitants into his walls till he was compelled to prevent further ingress, must inevitably diminish his stores, and when once blockaded, to replenish them would be impossible. No personal fears, no weakness of purpose, entered the high soul of Nigel Bruce amid these painful cogitations. He well knew no shade of dishonor *could* fall on him; he thought not one moment of his own fate, although if the castle were taken he knew death awaited him, either by the besieger's sword or the hangman's cord, for he would make no condition; he thought only that this was well-nigh the last castle in his brother's keeping, which, if lost, would in the present depressed state of his affairs be indeed a fatal blow, and a still greater triumph to England.

These thoughts naturally engrossed his mind to the exclusion of all imaginative whisperings, and therefore was it that he drew back the bolt of a door which closed the passage, without any of those peculiar feelings that at a less anxious time might have possessed him; for souls less gifted than that of Nigel Bruce can seldom enter a spot hallowed by tradition without the electric thrill which so strangely unites the present with the past.

It was a chamber of moderate dimensions to which the oaken door admitted him, hung with coarse and faded tapestry, which, disturbed by the wind, disclosed an opening into another passage, through which he pursued his way. In the apartment on which the dark and narrow passage ended, however, his steps were irresistibly arrested. It was panelled with black oak, of which the floor also was composed, giving the whole an aspect calculated to infect the most thoughtless spirit with gloom. Two high and very narrow windows, the small panes of which were quite incrusted with dust, were the only conductors of light, with the exception of a loophole — for it could scarcely be dignified by the name of casement — on the western side. Through this loophole the red light of a declining winter sun sent its rays, which were caught and stayed on what seemed at the distance an antique picture-frame. Wondering to perceive a picture out of its place in the gallery, Nigel hastily advanced towards it, pausing, however, on his way to examine, with some surprise, one of the planks in the floor, which, instead of the beautiful black polish which age had rather heightened than marred in the rest, was rough and white, with all the appearance of having been hewn and scraped by some sharp instrument.

It is curious to mark how trifling a thing will sometimes connect, arrange, and render clear as day to the mind all that has before been vague, imperfect, and indistinct. It is like the touch of lightning on an electric chain, link after link starts up till we see the illumined whole. We have said Nigel had never heard the particulars of the tradition; but he looked on that misshapen plank, and in an instant a tale of blood and terror weaved itself in his mind; in that room the deed, whatever it was, had been done, and from that plank the sanguine evidence of murder had been with difficulty erased. A cold shuddering passed over him, and he turned instinctively away, and strode hastily to examine the frame which had attracted him. It did contain a picture, — we should rather say a portrait, — for it comprised but one figure, the half-length of a youthful warrior, clad in steel, save the beautifully formed head, which was covered only by his own luxuriant raven curls. In a better light it could not have been placed, particularly in the evening; the rays, condensed and softened, seemed to gather up their power into one focus, and throw such an almost supernatural glow on the half-face, give such an extraordinary appearance of life to the whole figure, that a casual visitant to that chamber might well fancy it was no picture, but reality on which he gazed. But no such emotion was at work in the bosom of Nigel Bruce, though his first glance upon that face occasioned an almost convulsive start, and then a gaze of such intense, such almost fearful interest, that he stood as if fascinated by some overpowering spell. His features, worked with internal emotions, flushed and paled alternately. It was no weak-minded terror which bound him there, no mood in which a step or sound could chill and startle, for so wrapt was he in his own strange dreams that he heard not a slow and measured step approach him; he did not even start when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and the melodious voice of the seer caused him to turn slowly around.

"The warnings thou hast heard have no power on thee, young lord," he said, slightly smiling, "or I should not see thee here at this hour alone. Yet thou wert strangely wrapt."

"Knowest thou aught of *him*, good father?" answered Nigel, in a voice that to his own ears sounded hoarse and unnatural, and turning his glance once again to the portrait. "My thoughts are busy with that face and yon tale-telling plank; there are wild, feverish, incongruous dreams within me, and I would have them solved. Thou of all others art best fitted to the task, for amid the records of the past, where thou hast loved to linger, thou hast surely found the tradition of this tower. I shame not to confess there is in my heart a deep yearning to learn the truth. Wherefore, when thy harp and song have so pleasantly whiled the evening hours, did not this tale find voice, good father?"

"Alas! my son, 't is too fraught with horror, too sad for gentle ears. A few stern, rugged words will best repeat it. I love not to linger on the theme; listen then now, and it shall be told thee.

"In the reign of Malcolm the Second, the districts now called Aberdeen and Forfar were possessed, and had been so, so tradition saith, since Kenneth MacAlpine, by the Lords of Brus or Bris, a family originally from the North. They were largely and nobly connected, particularly with Norway and Gaul. It is generally supposed the first possessions in Scotland held in fief by the line of Bruce can be traced back only to the time of David I., in the person of Robert de Bruce, an Anglo-Norman baron, whose father came over to England with the Conqueror. The cause of this supposition my tale will presently explain.

"Haco Brus or Bris was the Lord of Aberdeen in the reign of Malcolm the Second. He spent many years abroad, indeed, was supposed to have married and settled there, when, to the surprise of his vassals, he suddenly returned unmarried, and soon after uniting himself with a beautiful and accomplished girl, nearly related to the blood royal of Scotland, settled quietly in this tower, which was the stronghold of his possessions. Years passed; the only child of the baron, a son, born in the first year of his marriage, grew up in strength and beauty, the idol not only of his mother, but of his father, a man stern and cold in seeming, even morose, but with passions fearful alike in their influence and extent. Your eye glances to that pictured face: he was not the baron's son of whom I speak. The affections, nay, the very passions of the baron were centred in this boy. It is supposed pride and ambition were their origin, for he looked, through his near connection with the sovereign, for further aggrandizement for himself. There were some who declared ambition was not the master passion, that a deeper, sterner, fiercer emotion dwelt within. Whether they spoke thus from the sequel, I know not, but that sequel proved their truth.

"There was a gathering of all the knightly and noble in King Malcolm's court, not perchance for trials at arms resembling the tourneys of the present day, but very similar in their motive and bearing, though ruder and more dangerous. The wreath of glory and victory was ever given by the gentle hand of beauty. Bright eyes and lovely forms presided at the sports even as now, and the king and his highest nobles joined in the revels.

"The wife of the Baron of Brus and his son, now a fine boy of thirteen, were of course amongst the royal guests. Though matron grace and dignified demeanor had taken the place of the blushing charms of early girlhood, the Lady Helen Brus was still very beautiful, and as the niece of the king and wife of such a distinguished baron, commanded and received universal homage. Among the combatants was a youthful knight, of an exterior and bearing so much more polished and graceful than the sons of the soil or their more northern visitors, that he was instantly recognized as coming from Gaul, then as now the most polished kingdom of the south. Delighted with his bravery, his modesty, and most chivalric bearing, the king treated him with most distinguished honor, invited him to his palace, spoke with him as friend with friend on the kingdoms of Normandy and France, to the former of which he was subject. There was a mystery, too, about the young knight, which heightened the interest he excited; he bore no device on his shield, no cognizance whatever to mark his name and birth; and his countenance, beautiful as it was, often when in repose expressed sadness and care unusual to his years, for he was still very young, though in reply to the king's solicitations that he would choose one of Scotland's fairest maidens (her dower should be princely) and make the Scottish court his home, he had smilingly avowed that he was already a husband and father.

"The notice of the king, of course, inspired the nobles with similar feelings of hospitality. Attention and kindness were lavished on the stranger from all, and nothing was talked of but the nameless knight. The Lord of Brus, who had been absent on a mission to a distant court during the continuance of the martial games, was on his return presented by the king himself to the young warrior. It is said that both were so much moved by this meeting, that all present were mystified still more. The baron, with that deep subtlety for which he was remarkable, recovered himself the first, and accounted for his emotion to the satisfaction of his hearers, though not apparently to that of the stranger, who, though his cheek was blanched, still kept his bright searching eyes upon him, till the baron's quailed 'neath his gaze. The hundred tongues of rumor chose to speak of relationship, that there was a likeness between them, yet I know not how that could be. There is no impress of the fiendish passion at work in the baron's soul on those bright, beautiful features."

"Ha! Is it of him you speak?" involuntarily escaped from Nigel, as the old man for a moment paused; "of him? Methought yon portrait was of an ancestor of Bruce, or wherefore is it here?"

"Be patient, good my son. My narrative wanders, for my lips shrink from its tale. That the baron and the knight met, not in warlike joust but in peaceful converse, and at the request of the latter, is known, but of what passed in that interview even tradition is silent — it can only be imagined by the sequel; they appeared, however, less reserved than at first. The baron treated him with the same distinction as his fellow-nobles, and the stranger's manner towards him was even more respectful than the mere difference of age appeared to demand. Important business with the Lord of Brus was alleged as the cause of his accepting that nobleman's invitation to the tower of Kildrummie, in preference to others earlier given and more eagerly enforced. They departed together, the knight accompanied but by two of his followers, and the baron leaving the greater number of his in attendance on his wife and child, who, for some frivolous reason, he left with the court. It was a strange thing for him to do, men said, as he had never before been known to lose sight of his boy even for a day. For some days all seemed peace and hospitality within the tower. The stranger was too noble himself, and too kindly disposed towards all his fellow-creatures, to suspect aught of treachery, or he might have remarked the retainers of the baron were changed; that ruder forms and darker visages than at first were gathering around him. How the baron might have intended to make use of them — almost all robbers and murderers by trade — cannot be known, though it may be suspected. In this room the last interview between them took place, and here, on this silent witness of the deed, the hand of the father was bathed in the blood of the son!"

"God in heaven!" burst from Nigel's parched lips, as he sprang up. "The son — how could that be? how known?"

"Fearfully, most fearfully!" shudderingly answered the old man; "through the dying ravings of the maniac Lord of Brus himself. Had not heaven, in its all-seeing justice, thus revealed it the crime would ever have remained concealed. His bandit hirelings were at hand to remove and bury, many fathoms deep in moat and earth, all traces of the deed. One of the unfortunate knight's followers was supposed to have shared the fate of his master, and to the other, who escaped almost miraculously, you owe the preservation of your royal line.

"But there was one witness of the deed neither time nor the most cunning art could efface. The blood lay in a pool on the oaken floor, and the voice of tradition whispers that day after day it was supernaturally renewed; that vain were the efforts to absorb it, it ever seemed moist and red; and that to remove the plank and re-floor the apartment was attempted again and again in vain. However this may be, it is evident that *erasing it* was attended with extreme difficulty; that the blood had penetrated well-nigh through the immense thickness of the wood."

Nigel stooped down over the crumbling fragment; years, aye, centuries, had rolled away, yet there it still stood, arrested it seemed even in its decay, not permitted to crumble into dust, but to remain an everlasting monument of crime and its retribution. After a brief pause Nigel resumed his seat, and pushing the hair from his brow, which was damp with some untold emotion, signed to the old man to proceed.

"That the stranger warrior returned not to Malcolm's court, and had failed in his promises to various friends, was a matter of disappointment, and, for a time, of conjecture to the king and his court. That his followers, in obedience, it was said, to their master's signet, set off instantly to join him either in England or Normandy, for both of which places they had received directions, satisfied the greater number. If others suspected foul play, it was speedily hushed up; for the baron was too powerful, too closely related to the throne, and justice then too weak in Scotland to permit accusation or hope for conviction. Time passed, and the only change observable in the baron was that he became more gloomy, more abstracted, wrapt up, as it were, in one dark remembrance, one all-engrossing thought. Towards his wife he was changed — harsh, cold, bitterly sarcastic, as if her caresses had turned to gall. Her gentle spirit sank beneath the withering blight, and he was heard to laugh, the mocking laugh of a fiend, as he followed her to the grave; her child, indeed, he still idolized, but it was a fearful affection, and a just heaven permitted not its continuance. The child, to whom many had looked as likely to ascend the Scottish throne, from the failure of all direct heirs, the beautiful and innocent child of a most guilty father, faded like a lovely flower before him, so softly, so gradually, that there came no suspicion of death till the cold hand was on his heart, and he lay lifeless before him who had plunged his soul in deadliest crime through that child to aggrandize himself. Then was it that remorse, torturing before, took the form of partial madness, and there was not one who had power to restrain, or guide, or soothe.

"Then it was the fearful tale was told, freezing the blood, not so much with the wild madness of the tone, but that the words were too collected, too stamped with truth, to admit of aught like doubt. The couch of the baron was, at his own command, placed here, where we now stand, covering the spot where his firstborn fell, and that portrait, obtained from Normandy, hung where it now is, ever in his sight. The dark tale which those wild ravings revealed was simply this: —

"He had married, as was suspected, during his wanderings, but soon tired of the yoke, more particularly as his wife possessed a spirit proud and haughty as his own; and all efforts to mould her to his will being useless, he plunged anew into his reckless career. He had never loved his wife, marrying her simply because it suited his convenience, and brought him increase of wealth and station; and her ill-disguised abhorrence of many of his actions, her beautiful adherence to virtue, however tempted, occasioned all former feelings to concentrate in hatred the most deadly. More than one attempt to rid himself of her by poison she had discovered and frustrated, and at last removed herself and her child, under a feigned name, to Normandy, and ably eluded all pursuit and inquiry.

"The baron's search continued some time, in the hope of silencing her forever, as he feared she might prove a dangerous enemy; but failing in his wishes, he travelled some time over different countries, returned at length to Scotland, and acted as we have seen. The young knight had been informed of his birthright by his mother, at her death, which took place two years before he made his appearance in Scotland; that she had concealed from him the fearful character of his father, being unable so completely to divest herself of all feeling towards the father of her child, as to make him an object of aversion to his son. She had long told him his real name, and urged him to demand from his father an acknowledgment of his being heir to the proud barony of the Bruce. His likeness to herself was so strong, that she knew it must carry conviction to his father; but to make his identity still more certain, she furnished him with certain jewels and papers, none but herself could produce. She had done this in the presence of two faithful witnesses, the father and brother of her son's betrothed bride, high lords of Normandy, the former of which made it a condition annexed to his consent to the marriage, that as soon as possible afterwards he should urge and claim his rights. Sir Walter, of course, willingly complied; they were married by the name of Brus, and their child so baptized. A war, which retained Sir Walter in arms with his sovereign, prevented his seeing Scotland till his boy was a year old, and then for his sake, far more than for his own, the young father determined on asserting his birthright, — his child should not be nameless, as he had been; but to spare his unknown parent all public mortification, he joined the martial games without any cognizance or bearing on his shield.

"Terrible were the ravings in which the baron alluded to the interview he had had with his murdered child; the angelic mildness and generosity of the youthful warrior; that, amid all his firmness never to depart from his claim — as it was not alone himself but his child he would irreparably injure — he never wavered in his respectful deference to his parent. He quitted the court in the belief that the baron sought Kildrummie to collect the necessary papers for substantiating his claim; but ere he died, it appeared his eyes were opened. The fierce passions of the baron had been too long restrained in the last interview; they burst even his politic control, and he had flung the papers received from the hand of his too confiding son on the blazing hearth, and with dreadful oaths swore that if he would not instantly retract his claim, and bind himself by the most sacred promise never to breathe the foul tale again, death should be its silent keeper. He would not bring his own head low, and avow that he had dishonored a scion of the blood royal.

"Appalled far more at the dark, fiendish passions he beheld than the threat held out to himself, Sir Walter stood silent awhile, and then mildly demanded to be heard; that if so much public mortification to his parent would attend the pursuance of his claims at the present time, he would consent to forego them, on condition of his father's solemnly promising on his deathbed to reveal the truth, and do him tardy justice then, but forego them altogether he would not, were his life the forfeit. The calm firmness of his tone, it is supposed, lashed his father into greater madness, and thus the dark deed was done.

"That the baron several times endeavored to possess himself of the infant child of Sir Walter also came to light in his dying moments; that he had determined to exterminate root and branch, fearful he should still possess some clew to his birth, he had frantically avowed, but in his last hour he would have given all his amassed treasure, his greatness, his power, but for one little moment of assurance that his grandson lived. He left him all his possessions, his lordship, his name, but as there were none came forth to claim, they of necessity passed to the crown."

"But the child, the son of Sir Walter, — if from him our line descends, he must have lived to manhood, — why did not he demand his rights?"

"He lived, aye, and had a goodly progeny; but the fearful tale of his father's fate related to him again and again by the faithful Edric, who had fled from his master's murdered corse to watch over the safety of that master's child, and warn all who had the charge of him of the fiend in human shape who would probably seek the boy's life as he had his father's, caused him to shun the idea of his Scottish possessions with a loathing horror which he could not conquer; they were associated with the loss of both his parents, for his father's murder killed his devoted mother. He was contented to feel himself Norman in possessions as well as in name. He received lands and honors from the Dukes of Normandy, and at the advanced age of seventy and five, accompanied Duke William to England. The third generation from him obtained anew Scottish possessions, and gradually Kildrummie and its feudal tenures returned to its original lords; but the tower had been altered and enlarged, and except the tradition of these chambers, the fearful fate of the second of the line has faded from the minds of his descendants, unless casually or supernaturally recalled."

"Ha! supernaturally, sayest thou?" interrupted Nigel, in a tone so peculiar it almost startled his companion. "Are there those who assert they have seen his semblance — good, gifted, beautiful as thou hast described him? why not at once deem him the guardian spirit of our house?"

"And there are those who deem him so, young lord," answered the seer. "It is said that until the Lords of Bruce again obtained possession of these lands, in the visions of the night the form of the murdered warrior, clad as in yon portrait, save with the addition of a scarf across his breast bearing the crest and cognizance of the Bruce, appeared once in his lifetime to each lineal descendant. Such visitations are said to have ceased, and he is now only seen by those destined like himself to an early and bloody death, cut off in the prime of manhood, nobleness, and joy."

"And where — sleeping or waking?" demanded the young nobleman, in a low, deep tone, laying his hand on the minstrel's arm, and looking fixedly on his now strangely agitated face.

"Sleeping or waking? it hath been both," he answered, and his voice faltered. "If it be in the front of the war, amid the press, the crush, the glory of the battle, he hath come, circled with bright forms and brighter dreams, to the sleeping warrior on the eve of his last fight; if" — and his voice grew lower and huskier yet — "if by the red hand of the foe, by the captive's chain and headsman's axe, as the noble Wallace, there have been those who say — I vouch not for its truth — he hath been seen in the vigils of the night on the eve of knighthood, when the young, aspiring warrior hath watched and prayed beside his arms. Boy! boy! why dost thou look upon me thus?"

"Because thine eye hath read my doom," he said, in a firm, sweet tone; "and if there be aught of truth in thy tale, thou knowest, feelest, I have seen him. God of mercy, the captive's chain, the headsman's axe! Yet 't is Thy will, and for my country — let it come."

The Greatness of Friendship.

(From "Woman's Friendship.")

It is the fashion to deride woman's influence over woman, to laugh at female friendship, to look with scorn on all those who profess it; but perhaps the world at large little knows the effect of this influence, — how often the unformed character of a young, timid, and gentle girl may be influenced for good or evil by the power of an intimate female friend. There is always to me a doubt of the warmth, the strength, and purity of her feelings, when a young girl merges into womanhood, passing over the threshold of actual life, seeking only the admiration of the other sex; watching, pining, for a husband, or lovers, perhaps, and looking down on all female friendship as romance and folly. No young spirit was ever yet satisfied with the love of nature.

Friendship, or love, gratifies self-love; for it tacitly acknowledges that we must possess some good qualities to attract beyond the mere love of nature. Coleridge justly observes, "that it is well ordered that the amiable and estimable should have a fainter perception of their own qualities than their friends have, otherwise they would love themselves." Now, friendship, or love, permits their doing this unconsciously: mutual affection is a tacit avowal and appreciation of mutual good qualities, — perhaps friendship yet more than love, for the latter is far more an aspiration, a passion, than the former, and influences the permanent character much less. Under the magic of love a girl is generally in a feverish state of excitement, often in a wrong position, deeming herself the goddess, her lover the adorer; whereas it is her will that must bend to his, herself be abnegated for him. Friendship neither permits the former nor demands the latter. It influences silently, often unconsciously; perhaps its power is never known till years afterwards. A girl who stands alone, without acting or feeling friendship, is generally a cold unamiable being, so wrapt in self as to have no room for any person else, except perhaps a lover, whom she only seeks and values as offering his devotion to that same idol, self. Female friendship may be abused, may be but a name for gossip, letter-writing, romance, nay worse, for absolute evil: but that Shakespeare, the mighty wizard of human hearts, thought highly and beautifully of female friendship, we have his exquisite portraits of Rosalind and Celia, Helen and the Countess, undeniably to prove; and if he, who could portray every human passion, every subtle feeling of humanity, from the whelming tempest of love to the fiendish influences of envy and jealousy and hate; from the incomprehensible mystery of Hamlet's wondrous spirit to the simplicity of the gentle Miranda, the dove-like innocence of Ophelia, who could be crushed by her weight of love, but not reveal it; — if Shakespeare scorned not to picture the sweet influences of female friendship, shall women pass by it as a theme too tame, too idle for their pens?

MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE DOTH SHOW HER WIT.

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
  It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
  For winter, spring, and summer.
  No beauty she doth miss,
    When all her robes are on;
  But Beauty's self she is
    When all her robes are gone.

Anonymous.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Ainsworth, William Harrison, an English novelist; born at Manchester, February 4, 1805; died at Reigate, January 3, 1882. He was the son of a solicitor, and was designed for the legal profession, but while quite young embraced the profession of literature and acquired great notoriety as a writer of sensational novels founded mainly upon historical or semi-historical themes. He was for some time the editor of "Bentley's Miscellany," and about 1842 started "Ainsworth's Magazine," a periodical which he conducted for many years, and in which most of his writings originally appeared. Among the best-known of his tales, which gained a great though not a wholly reputable popularity, are: "Sir John Chiverton" (1825), which was praised by Sir Walter Scott; "Rookwood," "Crichton," "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," "Windsor Castle," "St. James's Palace," "The Lancashire Witches," "The Star Chamber," "The Flitch of Bacon," "The Spanish Match," "John Law, the Projector," "Constable de Bourbon," "Old Court," "Merrie England," "Hilary St. Ives," "Myddleton Pomfret," and "The Leaguer of Latham," the last being issued in 1876; so that Mr. Ainsworth's career as a popular novelist extended over more than half a century, and the works of few of his contemporaries enjoyed so wide a popularity among the less cultivated class of readers.

The Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

(From "The Tower of London.")

Monday, the 12th of February, 1554, the fatal day destined to terminate Jane's earthly sufferings, at length arrived. Excepting a couple of hours which she allowed to rest, at the urgent entreaty of her companion, she had passed the whole of the night in prayer. Angela kept watch over the lovely sleeper, and the effect produced by the contemplation of her features during this her last slumber was never afterwards effaced. The repose of an infant could not be more calm and holy. A celestial smile irradiated her countenance; her lips moved as if in prayer; and if good angels are ever permitted to visit the dreams of those they love on earth, they hovered that night over the couch of Jane. Thinking it cruelty to disturb her from such a blissful state, Angela let an hour pass beyond the appointed time. But observing a change come over her countenance — seeing her bosom heave, and tears gather beneath her eyelashes, she touched her, and Jane instantly arose.

"Is it four o'clock ?" she inquired.

"It has just struck five, madam," replied Angela. "I have disobeyed you for the first and last time. But you seemed so happy, that I could not find in my heart to waken you."

"I *was* happy," replied Jane, "for I dreamed that all was over — without pain to me — and that my soul was borne to regions of celestial bliss by a troop of angels who had hovered above the scaffold."

"It will be so, madam," replied Angela, fervently. "You will quit this earth immediately for heaven, where you will rejoin your husband in everlasting happiness."

"I trust so," replied Jane, in an altered tone; "but in that blessed place I searched in vain for him. Angela, you let me sleep too long, or not long enough."

"Your pardon, dearest madam," cried the other fearfully.

"Nay, you have given me no offence," returned Jane, kindly. "What I meant was that I had not time to find my husband."

"Oh, you *will* find him, dearest madam," returned Angela, "doubt it not. Your prayers would wash out his offences, even if his own could not."

"I trust so," replied Jane. "And I will now pray for him, and do you pray, too."

Jane then retired to the recess, and in the gloom, for it was yet dark, continued her devotions until the clock struck seven. She then arose, and assisted by Angela, attired herself with great care.

"I pay more attention to the decoration of my body now I am about to part with it," she observed, "than I would do if it was to serve me longer. So joyful is the occasion to me, that were I to consult my own feelings, I would put on my richest apparel, to indicate my contentment of heart. I will not, however, so brave my fate, but array myself in these weeds." And she put on a gown of black velvet, without ornament of any kind; tying round her slender throat (so soon, alas! to be severed) a simple white falling collar. Her hair was left purposely unbraided, and was confined by a caul of black velvet. As Angela performed those sad services she sobbed audibly.

"Nay, cheer thee, child," observed Jane. "When I was clothed in the robes of royalty, and had the crown placed upon my brow, — nay, when arrayed on my wedding day, — I felt not half so joyful as now."

"Ah! madam!" exclaimed Angela, in a paroxysm of grief, "my condition is more pitiable than yours. You go to certain happiness. But I lose you."

"Only for a while, dear Angela," returned Jane. "Comfort yourself with that thought. Let my fate be a warning to you. Be not dazzled by ambition. Had I not once yielded, I had never thus perished. Discharge your duty strictly to your eternal and your temporal rulers, and rest assured we shall meet again, — never to part."

"Your counsel shall be graven on my heart, madam," returned Angela. "And oh! may my end be as happy as yours!"

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Jane, fervently. "And now," she added, as her toilette was ended, "I am ready to die."

"Will you not take some refreshment, madam?" asked Angela.

"No," replied Jane. "I have done with the body!"

The morning was damp and dark. A thaw came on a little before daybreak, and a drizzling shower of rain fell. This was succeeded by a thick mist, and the whole of the fortress was for a while enveloped in vapor. It brought to Jane's mind the day on which she was taken to trial. But a moral gloom likewise overspread the fortress. Every one within it, save her few enemies (and they were few indeed), lamented Jane's approaching fate. Her youth, her innocence, her piety, touched the sternest breast, and moved the pity even of her persecutors. All felt that morning as if some dire calamity was at hand, and instead of looking forward to the execution as an exciting spectacle (for so such revolting exhibitions were then considered), they wished it over. Many a prayer was breathed for the speedy release of the sufferer — many a sigh heaved — many a groan uttered: and if ever soul was wafted to heaven by the fervent wishes of those on earth, Jane's was so.

It was late before there were any signs of stir and bustle within the fortress. Even the soldiers gathered together reluctantly — and those who conversed spoke in whispers. Dudley, who it has been stated was imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, had passed the greater part of the night in devotion. But towards morning, he became restless and uneasy, and unable to compose himself, resorted to the customary employment of captives in such cases, and with a nail which he had found carved his wife's name in two places on the walls of his prison. These inscriptions still remain.

At nine o'clock the bell of the chapel began to toll, and an escort of halberdiers and arquebusiers drew up before the Beauchamp Tower, while Sir Thomas Brydges and Feckenham entered the chamber of the prisoner, who received them with an unmoved countenance.

"Before you set out upon a journey from which you will never return, my lord," said Feckenham, "I would ask you for the last time, if any change has taken place in your religious sentiments — and whether you are yet alive to the welfare of your soul?"

"Why not promise me pardon if I will recant on the scaffold, and silence me as you silenced the duke my father, by the axe!" replied Dudley, sternly. "No, sir, I will have naught to do with your false and idolatrous creed. I shall die a firm believer in the gospel, and trust to be saved by it."

"Then perish, body and soul," replied Feckenham, harshly. "Sir Thomas Brydges, I commit him to your hands."

"Am I to be allowed no parting with my wife?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

"You have parted with her forever, — heretic and unbeliever!" rejoined Feckenham.

"That speech will haunt your deathbed, sir," retorted Dudley, sternly. And he turned to the lieutenant, and signified that he was ready.

The first object that met Dudley's gaze, as he issued from his prison, was the scaffold on the green. He looked at it for a moment wistfully.

"It is for Lady Jane," observed the lieutenant.

"I know it," replied Dudley, in a voice of intense emotion. "I thank you for letting me die first."

"You must thank the queen, my lord," returned Brydges. "It was her order."

"Shall you see my wife, sir?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

The lieutenant answered in the affirmative.

"Tell her I will be with her on the scaffold," said Dudley.

As he was about to set forward, a young man pushed through the lines of halberdiers, and threw himself at his feet. It was Cholmondeley. Dudley instantly raised and embraced him. "At least I see one whom I love," he cried.

"My lord, this interruption must not be," observed the lieutenant. "If you do not retire," he added, to Cholmondeley, "I shall place you in arrest."

"Farewell, my dear lord," cried the weeping esquire — "farewell!"

"Farewell forever!" returned Dudley, as Cholmondeley was forced back by the guard.

The escort then moved forward, and the lieutenant accompanied the prisoner to the gateway of the Middle Tower, where he delivered him to the sheriffs and their officers, who were waiting there for him with a Franciscan friar, and then returned to fulfil his more painful duty. A vast crowd was collected on Tower Hill, and the strongest commiseration was expressed for Dudley, as he was led to the scaffold, on which Mauger had already taken his station.

On quitting the Beauchamp Tower, Feckenham proceeded to Jane's prison. He found her on her knees, but she immediately arose.

"Is it time?" she asked.

"It is, madam, to repent," replied Feckenham, sternly. "A few minutes are all that now remain to you of life — nay, at this moment, perhaps, your husband is called before his Eternal Judge. There is yet time. Do not perish like him in your sins."

"Heaven have mercy upon him!" cried Jane, falling on her knees.

And notwithstanding the importunities of the confessor, she continued in fervent prayer, till the appearance of Sir Thomas Brydges. She instantly understood why he came, and rising, prepared for departure. Almost blinded by tears, Angela rendered her the last services she required. This done, the lieutenant, who was likewise greatly affected, begged some slight remembrance of her.

"I have nothing to give you but this book of prayers, sir," she answered — "but you shall have that, when I have done with it, and may it profit you."

"You will receive it only to cast it into the flames, my son," remarked Feckenham.

"On the contrary, I shall treasure it like a priceless gem," replied Brydges.

"You will find a prayer written in it in my own hand," said Jane. "And again I say, may it profit you."

Brydges then passed through the door, and Jane followed him. A band of halberdiers were without. At the sight of her, a deep and general sympathy was manifested; not an eye was dry; and tears trickled down cheeks unaccustomed to such moisture. The melancholy train proceeded at a slow pace. Jane fixed her eyes upon the prayer book, which she read aloud to drown the importunities of the confessor, who walked on her right, while Angela kept near her on the other side. And so they reached the green.

By this time, the fog had cleared off, and the rain had ceased; but the atmosphere was humid, and the day lowering and gloomy. Very few spectators were assembled — for it required firm nerves to witness such a tragedy. A flock of carrion crows and ravens, attracted by their fearful instinct, wheeled around overhead, or settled on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, and by their croaking added to the dismal character of the scene. The bell continued tolling all the time.

The sole person on the scaffold was Wolfytt. He was occupied in scattering straw near the block. Among the bystanders was Sorrocold leaning on his staff; and as Jane for a moment raised her eyes as she passed along, she perceived Roger Ascham. Her old preceptor had obeyed her, and she repaid him with a look of gratitude.

By the lieutenant's directions she was conducted for a short time into the Beauchamp Tower, and here Feckenham continued his persecutions, until a deep groan arose among those without, and an officer abruptly entered the room.

"Madam," said Sir John Brydges, after the newcomer had delivered his message, "we must set forth."

Jane made a motion of assent, and the party issued from the Beauchamp Tower, in front of which a band of halberdiers was drawn up. A wide open space was kept clear around the scaffold. Jane seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Preceded by the lieutenant, who took his way towards the north of the scaffold, and attended on either side by Feckenham and Angela as before, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her prayer book.

Arrived within a short distance of the fatal spot, she was startled by a scream from Angela, and looking up, beheld four soldiers carrying a litter covered with a cloth, and advancing towards her. She knew it was the body of her husband, and unprepared for so terrible an encounter, uttered a cry of horror. The bearers of the litter passed on and entered the porch of the chapel.

While this took place, Mauger, who had limped back as fast as he could after his bloody work on Tower Hill — only tarrying a moment to change his axe — ascended the steps of the scaffold, and ordered Wolfytt to get down. Sir Thomas Brydges, who was greatly shocked at what had just occurred, and would have prevented it if it had been possible, returned to Jane and offered her his assistance. But she did not require it. The force of the shock had passed away, and she firmly mounted the scaffold.

When she was seen there, a groan of compassion arose from the spectators, and prayers were audibly uttered. She then advanced to the rail, and, in a clear distinct voice, spoke as follows: —

"I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means except the mercy of God, and the merits of the blood of his only Son Jesus Christ. I confess when I knew the word of God I neglected it, and loved myself and the world, and therefore this punishment is a just return for my sins. But I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers."

Many fervent responses followed, and several of the bystanders imitated Jane's example, as, on the conclusion of her speech, she fell on her knees and recited the *Miserere.*

At its close, Feckenham said in a loud voice, "I ask you, madam, for the last time, will you repent?"

"I pray you, sir, to desist," replied Jane, meekly. "I am now at peace with all the world, and would die so."

She then arose, and giving the prayer book to Angela, said, "When all is over, deliver this to the lieutenant. These," she added, taking off her gloves and collar, "I give to you."

"And to me," cried Mauger, advancing and prostrating himself before her according to custom, "you give grace."

"And also my head," replied Jane. "I forgive thee heartily, fellow. Thou art my best friend."

"What ails you, madam?" remarked the lieutenant, observing Jane suddenly start and tremble.

"Not much," she replied, "but I thought I saw my husband pale and bleeding."

"Where?" demanded the lieutenant, recalling Dudley's speech.

"There, near the block," replied Jane. "I see the figure still. But it must be mere phantasy."

Whatever his thoughts were, the lieutenant made no reply; and Jane turned to Angela, who now began, with trembling hands, to remove her attire, and was trying to take off her velvet robe, when Mauger offered to assist her, but was instantly repulsed.

He then withdrew and stationing himself by the block, assumed his hideous black mask, and shouldered his axe.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head, while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over her head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside, and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands, and cried, "What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment, there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold, and amongst others Sorrocold and Wolfytt. The latter caught hold of the boards to obtain a better view. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being, if she could; and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe. Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on.

By this time, Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The axe then fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders fell likewise.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PESTILENCE.

(From "Old St. Paul's.")

August had now arrived, but the distemper knew no cessation. On the contrary, it manifestly increased in violence and malignity. The deaths rose a thousand in each week, and in

"'Where is it? where is it?' Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it"

the last week in this fatal month amounted to upwards of sixty thousand!

But, terrible as this was, the pestilence had not yet reached its height. Hopes were entertained that when the weather became cooler, its fury would abate; but these anticipations were fearfully disappointed. The bills of mortality rose the first week in September to seven thousand, and though they slightly decreased during the second week — awakening a momentary hope — on the third they advanced to twelve thousand! In less than ten days, upwards of two thousand persons perished in the parish of Aldgate alone; while Whitechapel suffered equally severely. Out of the hundred parishes in and about the city, one only, that of Saint John the Evangelist in Watling Street, remained uninfected, and this merely because there was scarcely a soul left within it, the greater part of the inhabitants having quitted their houses, and fled into the country.

The deepest despair now seized upon all the survivors. Scarcely a family but had lost half of its number — many, more than half — while those who were left felt assured that their turn would speedily arrive. Even the reckless were appalled, and abandoned their evil courses. Not only were the dead lying in the passages and alleys, but even in the main thoroughfares, and none would remove them. The awful prediction of Solomon Eagle that "grass would grow in the streets, and that the living should not be able to bury the dead," had come to pass. London had become one vast lazar-house, and seemed in a fair way of becoming a mighty sepulchre.

During all this time, Saint Paul's continued to be used as a pesthouse, but it was not so crowded as heretofore, because, as not one in fifty of the infected recovered when placed under medical care, it was not thought worth while to remove them from their own abodes. The number of attendants, too, had diminished. Some had died, but the greater part had abandoned their offices from a fear of sharing the fate of their patients. . . .

On the tenth of September, which was afterwards accounted the most fatal day of this fatal month, a young man of a very dejected appearance, and wearing the traces of severe suffering in his countenance, entered the west end of London, and took his way slowly towards the city. He had passed Saint Giles' without seeing a single living creature, or the sign of one in any of the houses. The broad thoroughfare was completely grown over with grass, and the habitations had the most melancholy and deserted air imaginable. Some doors and windows were wide open, discovering rooms with goods and furniture scattered about, having been left in this state by their inmates; but most part of them were closely fastened up.

As he proceeded along Holborn, the ravages of the scourge were yet more apparent. Every house, on either side of the way, had a red cross, with the fatal inscription above it, upon the door. Here and there, a watchman might be seen, looking more like a phantom than a living thing. Formerly, the dead were conveyed away at night, but now the carts went about in the daytime. On reaching Saint Andrew's, Holborn, several persons were seen wheeling hand barrows filled with corpses, scarcely covered with clothing, and revealing the blue and white stripes of the pestilence, towards a cart which was standing near the church gates. The driver of the vehicle, a tall, cadaverous-looking man, was ringing his bell, and jesting with another person, whom the young man recognized, with a shudder, as Chowles. The coffin-maker also recognized him at the same moment, and called to him, but the other paid no attention to the summons and passed on.

Crossing Holborn Bridge, he toiled faintly up the opposite hill, for he was evidently suffering from extreme debility, and on gaining the summit was obliged to support himself against a wall for a few minutes, before he could proceed. The same frightful evidences of the ravages of the pestilence were observable here, as elsewhere. The houses were all marked with the fatal cross, and shut up. Another dead-cart was heard rumbling along, accompanied by the harsh cries of the driver and the doleful ringing of the bell. The next moment the loathly vehicle was seen coming along the Old Bailey. It paused before a house, from which four bodies were brought, and then passed on towards Smithfield. Watching its progress with fearful curiosity, the young man noted how often it paused to increase its load. His thoughts, colored by the scene, were of the saddest and dreariest complexion. All around wore the aspect of death. The few figures in sight seemed staggering towards the grave, and the houses appeared to be plague-stricken like the inhabitants. The heat was intolerably oppressive, and the air tainted with noisome exhalations. Ever and anon, a window would be opened, and a ghastly face thrust from it, while a piercing shriek, or lamentable cry, was uttered. No business seemed going on — there were no passengers — no vehicles in the streets. The mighty city was completely laid prostrate. . . .

Arrived in Great Knightrider Street, he was greatly shocked at finding the door of the doctor's habitation fastened, nor could he make any one hear, though he knocked loudly and repeatedly against it. The shutters of the lower windows were closed, and the place looked completely deserted. All the adjoining houses were shut up, and not a living being could be discerned in the street from whom information could be obtained relative to the physician. Here, as elsewhere, the pavement was overgrown with grass, and the very houses had a strange and melancholy look, as if sharing in the general desolation. On looking down a narrow street leading to the river, Leonard perceived a flock of poultry scratching among the staves in search of food, and instinctively calling them, they flew towards him, as if delighted at the unwonted sound of a human voice. These, and a half-starved cat, were the only things living that he could perceive. At the further end of the street he caught sight of the river, speeding in its course towards the bridge, and scarcely knowing whither he was going, sauntered to its edge. The tide had just turned, and the stream was sparkling in the sunshine, but no craft could be discovered upon its bosom; and except a few barges moored to its sides, all vestiges of the numberless vessels with which it was once crowded were gone. Its quays were completely deserted. Boxes and bales of goods lay untouched on the wharves; the cheering cries with which the workmen formerly animated their labor were hushed. There was no sound of creaking cords, no rattle of heavy chains — none of the busy hum ordinarily attending the discharge of freight from a vessel, or the packing of goods and stores on board. All traffic was at an end; and this scene, usually one of the liveliest possible, was now forlorn and desolate. On the opposite shore of the river it appeared to be the same — indeed, the borough of Southwark was now suffering the utmost rigor of the scourge, and except for the rows of houses on its banks, and the noble bridge by which it was spanned, the Thames appeared as undisturbed as it must have been before the great city was built upon its banks.

The apprentice viewed this scene with a singular kind of interest. He had become so accustomed to melancholy sights, that his feelings had lost their acuteness, and the contemplation of the deserted buildings and neglected wharves around him harmonized with his own gloomy thoughts. Pursuing his walk along the side of the river, he was checked by a horrible smell, and looking downward, he perceived a carcass in the last stage of decomposition lying in the mud. It had been washed ashore by the tide, and a large bird of prey was contending for the possession of it with a legion of water rats. Sickened by the sight, he turned up a narrow thoroughfare near Baynard's Castle, and crossing Thames Street, was about to ascend Addle Hill, when he perceived a man wheeling a hand-barrow, containing a couple of corpses, in the direction of the river, with the intention, doubtless, of throwing them into it, as the readiest means of disposing of them. Both bodies were stripped of their clothing, and the blue tint of the nails, as well as the blotches with which they were covered, left no doubt as to the disease of which they had died. Averting his gaze from the spectacle, Leonard turned off on the right along Carter Lane, and threading a short passage, approached the southern boundary of the cathedral; and proceeding towards the great door opposite him, passed through it. The mighty lazar-house was less crowded than he expected to find it, but its terrible condition far exceeded his worst conceptions. Not more than half the pallets were occupied; but as the sick were in a great measure left to themselves, the utmost disorder prevailed. A troop of lazars, with sheets folded around them, glided, like phantoms, along Paul's Walk, and mimicked in a ghastly manner the air and deportment of the gallants who had formerly thronged the place. No attempt being made to maintain silence, the noise was perfectly stunning; some of the sick were shrieking — some laughing in a wild unearthly manner — some praying — some uttering loud execrations — others groaning and lamenting. The holy building seemed to have become the abode of evil and tormented spirits. Many dead were lying in the beds — the few attendants who were present not caring to remove them; and Leonard had little doubt that before another sun went down the whole of the ghastly assemblage before him would share their fate. If the habitations he had recently gazed upon had appeared plague-stricken, the sacred structure in which he was now standing seemed yet more horribly contaminated. Ill-kept and ill-ventilated, the air was loaded with noxious effluvia, while the various abominations that met the eye at every turn would have been sufficient to produce the distemper in any one who had come in contact with them. They were, however, utterly disregarded by the miserable sufferers and their attendants. The magnificent painted windows were dimmed by a thick clammy steam, which could scarcely be washed off — while the carved oak screens, the sculptured tombs, the pillars, the walls, and the flagged floors were covered with impurities.

Dick Turpin's Escape.

(From "Rookwood.")

I.

Arrived at the brow of the hill, whence such a beautiful view of the country surrounding the metropolis is obtained, Turpin turned for an instant to reconnoitre his pursuers. Coates and Titus he utterly disregarded; but Paterson was a more formidable foe, and he well knew that he had to deal with a man of experience and resolution. It was then, for the first time, that the thoughts of executing his extraordinary ride to York first flashed across him; his bosom throbbed high with rapture, and he involuntarily exclaimed aloud, as he raised himself in the saddle, "By God! I will do it!"

He took one last look at the great Babel that lay buried in a world of trees beneath him; and as his quick eye ranged over the magnificent prospect, lit up by that gorgeous sunset, he could not help thinking of Tom King's last words. "Poor fellow!" thought Dick, "he said truly. He will never see another sunset." Aroused by the approaching clatter of his pursuers, Dick struck into a lane which lies on the right of the road, now called Shoot-up-hill Lane, and set off at a good pace in the direction of Hampstead.

"Now," cried Paterson, "put your tits to it, my boys. We must not lose sight of him for a second in these lanes."

Accordingly, as Turpin was by no means desirous of inconveniencing his mare in this early stage of the business, and as the ground was still upon an ascent, the parties preserved their relative distances.

At length, after various twistings and turnings in that deep and devious lane; after scaring one or two farmers, and riding over a brood or two of ducks; dipping into the verdant valley of West End, and ascending another hill, Turpin burst upon the gorsy, sandy, and beautiful heath of Hampstead. Shaping his course to the left, Dick then made for the lower part of the heath, and skirted a part that leads towards North End, passing the furze-crowned summit, which is now crested by a clump of lofty pines.

It was here that the chase first assumed a character of interest. Being open ground, the pursued and pursuers were in full view of each other; and as Dick rode swiftly across the heath, with the shouting trio hard at his heels, the scene had a very animated appearance. He crossed the hill — the Hendon road — passed Crackskull Common — and dashed along the crossroad to Highgate.

Hitherto no advantage had been gained by the pursuers; they had not lost ground, but still they had not gained an inch, and much spurring was required to maintain their position. As they approached Highgate, Dick slackened his pace, and the other party redoubled their efforts. To avoid the town, Dick struck into a narrow path at the right, and rode easily down the hill.

His pursuers were now within a hundred yards, and shouted to him to stand. Pointing to a gate which seemed to bar their further progress, Dick unhesitatingly charged it, clearing it in beautiful style. Not so with Coates' party; and the time they lost in unfastening the gate, which none of them chose to leap, enabled Dick to put additional space betwixt them. It did not, however, appear to be his intention altogether to outstrip his pursuers; the chase seemed to give him excitement, which he was willing to prolong, as much as was consistent with his safety. Scudding rapidly past Highgate, like a swift-sailing schooner, with three lumbering Indiamen in her wake, Dick now took the lead along a narrow lane that threads the fields in the direction of Hornsey. The shouts of his followers had brought others to join them, and as he neared Crouch End, traversing the lane which takes its name from Du Val, and in which a house, frequented by that gayest of robbers, stands, or stood, "A highwayman! a highwayman!" rang in his ears, in a discordant chorus of many voices.

The whole neighborhood was alarmed by the cries, and by the tramp of horses; the men of Hornsey rushed into the road to seize the fugitive; and women held up their babes to catch a glimpse of the flying cavalcade, which seemed to gain number and animation as it advanced. Suddenly three horsemen appear in the road; they hear the uproar and the din. "A highwayman! a highwayman!" cry the voices: "stop him, stop him!" But it is no such easy matter. With a pistol in each hand, and his bridle in his teeth, Turpin passed boldly on. His fierce looks — his furious steed — the impetus with which he pressed forward, bore down all before him. The horsemen gave way, and only served to swell the list of his pursuers.

"We have him now! we have him now!" cried Paterson, exultingly. "Shout for your lives. The turnpike man will hear us. Shout again — again! The fellow has heard it. The gate is shut. We have him. Ha! ha!"

The old Hornsey toll bar was a high gate, with *chevaux-de-frise* in the upper rail. It may be so still. The gate was swung into its lock, and like a tiger in his lair, the prompt custodian of the turnpike trusts, ensconced within his doorway, held himself in readiness to spring upon the runaway. But Dick kept steadily on. He coolly calculated the height of the gate; he looked to the right and to the left; nothing better offered; he spoke a few words of encouragement to Bess; gently patted her neck; then struck spurs into her sides, and cleared the spikes by an inch. Out rushed the amazed turnpike man, thus unmercifully bilked, and was nearly trampled to death under the feet of Paterson's horse.

"Open the gate, fellow, and be expeditious," shouted the chief constable.

"Not I," said the man, sturdily, "unless I get my dues. I've been done once already. But strike me stupid if I'm done a second time."

"Don't you perceive that's a highwayman? Don't you know that I'm chief constable of Westminster?" said Paterson, showing his staff. "How dare you oppose me in the discharge of my duty?"

"That may be, or it may not be," said the man, doggedly. "But you don't pass, unless I gets the blunt, and that's the long and short on it."

Amidst a storm of oaths Coates flung down a crown piece, and the gate was thrown open.

Turpin took advantage of this delay to breathe his mare; and, striking into a by-lane at Duckett's Green, cantered easily along in the direction of Tottenham. Little repose was allowed him. Yelling like a pack of hounds in full cry, his pursuers were again at his heels. He had now to run the gantlet of the long straggling town of Tottenham, and various were the devices of the populace to entrap him. The whole place was up in arms, shouting, screaming, running, dancing, and hurling every possible description of missile at the horse and her rider. Dick merrily responded to their clamor as he flew past, and laughed at the brickbats that were showered thick as hail, and quite as harmlessly, around him.

A few more miles' hard riding tired the volunteers, and before the chase reached Edmonton most of them were "*nowhere*." Here fresh relays were gathered, and a strong field was again mustered. John Gilpin himself could not have excited more astonishment among the good folks of Edmonton, than did our highwayman as he galloped through their town. Unlike the men of Tottenham, the mob received him with acclamations, thinking, no doubt, that, like "the citizen of famous London Town," he rode for a wager. Presently, however, borne on the wings of the blast, came the cries of "Turpin! Dick Turpin!" and the hurrahs were changed to hootings; but such was the rate at which our highwayman rode, that no serious opposition could be offered to him.

A man in a donkey cart, unable to get out of the way, drew himself up in the middle of the road. Turpin treated him as he had done the *dub* at the *knapping jigger*, and cleared the driver and his little wain with ease. This was a capital stroke, and well adapted to please the multitude, who are ever taken with a brilliant action. "Hark away, Dick!" resounded on all hands, while hisses were as liberally bestowed upon his pursuers.

II.

Away they fly past scattered cottages, swiftly and skimmingly, like eagles on the wing, along the Enfield highway. All were well mounted, and the horses, now thoroughly warmed, had got into their paces, and did their work beautifully. None of Coates' party lost ground; but they maintained it at the expense of their steeds, which were streaming like water carts, while Black Bess had scarcely turned a hair.

Turpin, the reader already knows, was a crack rider; he was *the* crack rider of England of his time, and, perhaps, of any time. The craft and mystery of jockeyship was not then so well understood in the eighteenth as it is in the nineteenth century; men treated their horses differently; and few rode then as well as many ride now, when every youngster takes to the field as naturally as if he had been bred a Guacho. Dick Turpin was a glorious exception to the rule, and anticipated a later age. He rode wonderfully lightly, yet sat his saddle to perfection; distributing the weight so exquisitely, that his horse scarcely felt his pressure; he yielded to every movement made by the animal, and became, as it were, part and parcel of itself; he took care Bess should be neither strained nor wrung. Freely, and as lightly as a feather, was she borne along; beautiful was it to see her action: to watch her style and temper of covering the ground; and many a first-rate Meltonian might have got a wrinkle from Turpin's seat and conduct.

We have before stated that it was not Dick's object to *ride away* from his pursuers; he could have done that at any moment. He liked the fun of the chase, and would have been sorry to put a period to his own excitement. Confident in his mare, he just kept her at such speed as should put his pursuers completely *to it*, without in the slightest degree inconveniencing himself. Some judgment of the speed at which they went may be formed when we state that little better than an hour had elapsed, and nearly twenty miles had been ridden over. "Not bad travelling that," methinks we hear the reader exclaim.

"By the mother that bore me," said Titus, as they went along in this slapping style — Titus, by the bye, rode a big, Roman-nosed, powerful horse, well adapted to his weight, but which required a plentiful exercise both of leg and arm to call forth all his action, and keep his rider alongside his companions — "by the mother that bore me," said he, almost thumping the wind out of his flea-bitten Bucephalus with his calves, after the Irish fashion, "if the fellow is n't lighting his pipe! I saw the sparks fly on each side of him, and there he goes like a smoky chimney on a frosty morning! See, he turns his impudent phiz, with the pipe in his mouth! Are we to stand that, Mr. Coates?"

"Wait awhile, sir; wait awhile," said Coates: "we'll smoke *him* by and by."

Pæans have been sung in honor of the Peons of the Pampas by the *Head*long Sir Francis; but what the gallant major extols so loudly in the South American horseman, viz., the lighting of a cigar when in mid career, was accomplished with equal ease by our English highwayman a hundred years ago, nor was it esteemed by him any extravagant feat either. Flint, steel, and tinder were bestowed within Dick's ample pouch; the short pipe was at hand; and within a few seconds there was a stream of vapor exhaling from his lips, like the smoke from a steamboat shooting down the river, and tracking his still rapid course through the air.

"I'll let 'em see what I think of 'em!" said Dick, coolly, as he turned his head.

It was now gray twilight. The mists of coming night were weaving a thin curtain over the rich surrounding landscape. All the sounds and hum of that delicious hour were heard, broken only by the regular clatter of the horses' hoofs. Tired of shouting, the chasers now kept on their way in deep silence. Each man held his breath, and plunged his spurs rowel-deep into his horse; but the animals were already at the top of their speed, and incapable of greater exertion. Paterson, who was a hard rider, and perhaps a thought better mounted, kept the lead. The rest followed as they might.

Had it been undisturbed by the rush of the cavalcade, the scene would have been still and soothing. Overhead, a cloud of rooks were winging their garrulous flight to the ancestral avenue of an ancient mansion to the right; the bat was on the wing; the distant lowing of a herd of kine saluted the ear at intervals; the blithe whistle of the rustic herdsman, and the merry chime of wagon bells, rang pleasantly from afar. But these cheerful sounds, which make the still twilight hour delightful, were lost in the tramp of the horsemen, now three abreast. The hind fled to the hedge for shelter; and the wagoner pricked up his ears, and fancied he heard the distant rumbling of an earthquake.

On rushed the pack, whipping, spurring, tugging, for very life. Again they gave voice, in hopes the wagoner might succeed in stopping the fugitive. But Dick was already by his side. "Harkee, my tulip," cried he, taking the pipe from his mouth as he passed, "tell my friends behind they will hear of me at York."

"What did he say?" asked Paterson, coming up the next moment.

"That you'll find him at York," replied the wagoner.

"At York!" echoed Coates, in amaze.

Turpin was now out of sight; and although our trio flogged with might and main, they could never catch a glimpse of him until, within a short distance of Ware, they beheld him at the door of a little public house, standing with his bridle in his hand, coolly quaffing a tankard of ale. No sooner were they in sight than Dick vaulted into the saddle, and rode off.

"Devil seize you, sir! why did n't you stop him?" exclaimed Paterson, as he rode up. "My horse is dead lame. I cannot go any further. Do you know what a prize you have missed? Do you know who that was?"

"No sir, I don't," said the publican. "But I know he gave his mare more ale than he took himself, and he has given me a guinea instead of a shilling. He 's a regular good 'un."

"A good 'un!" said Paterson; "it was Turpin, the notorious highwayman. We are in pursuit of him. Have you any horses? Our cattle are all blown."

"You'll find the posthouse in the town, gentlemen. I 'm sorry I can't accommodate you. But I keeps no stabling. I wish you a very good evening, sir." Saying which the publican retreated to his domicile.

"That 's a flash crib, I 'll be bound," said Paterson. "I 'll chalk you down, my friend, you may rely upon it. Thus far we 're done, Mr. Coates. But curse me if I give it in. I'll follow him to the world's end first."

"Right, sir; right," said the attorney. "A very proper spirit, Mr. Constable. You would be guilty of neglecting your duty were you to act otherwise. You must recollect my father, Mr. Paterson; Christopher, or Kit Coates; a name as well known at the Old Bailey as Jonathan Wild's. You recollect him — eh?"

"Perfectly well, sir," replied the chief constable.

"The greatest thief taker, though I say it," continued Coates, "on record. I inherit all his zeal — all his ardor. Come along, sir. We shall have a fine moon in an hour — bright as day. To the posthouse! to the posthouse!"

Accordingly to the posthouse they went; and, with as little delay as circumstances admitted, fresh hacks being procured, accompanied by a postilion, the party again pursued their onward course, encouraged to believe they were still in the right scent.

Night had now spread her mantle over the earth; still it was not wholly dark. A few stars were twinkling in the deep, cloudless heavens, and a pearly radiance in the eastern horizon heralded the rising of the orb of night. A gentle breeze was stirring; the dews of evening had already fallen; and the air felt bland and dry. It was just the night one would have chosen for a ride, if one ever rode by choice at such an hour; and to Turpin, whose chief excursions were conducted by night, it appeared little less than heavenly.

Full of ardor and excitement, determined to execute what he had mentally undertaken, Turpin held on his solitary course. Everything was favorable to his project: the roads were in admirable condition, his mare was in like order; she was inured to hard work, had rested sufficiently in town to recover from the fatigue of her recent journey, and had never been in more perfect training. "She has now got her wind in her," said Dick; "I 'll see what she can do — hark away, lass, hark away! I wish they could see her now," added he, as he felt her almost fly away with him.

Encouraged by her master's voice and hand, Black Bess started forward at a pace which few horses could have equalled, and scarcely any have sustained so long. Even Dick, accustomed as he was to her magnificent action, felt electrified at the speed with which he was borne along. "Bravo! bravo! shouted he; "hark away, Bess!"

The deep and solemn woods through which they were rushing rang with his shouts and the sharp rattle of Bess' hoofs; and thus he held his way, while, in the words of the ballad: —

"Fled past, on right and left, how fast,
Each forest, grove, and bower;
On right and left, fled past, how fast,
Each city, town, and tower."

III.

Black Bess being undoubtedly the heroine of Book Four of this romance, we may, perhaps, be pardoned for here expatiating a little in this place upon her birth, parentage, breeding, appearance, and attractions. And first as to her pedigree; for in the horse, unlike the human species, nature has strongly impressed the noble or ignoble caste. He is the real aristocrat, and the pure blood that flows in the veins of the gallant steed will infallibly be transmitted, if his mate be suitable, throughout all his line. Bess was no *cocktail.* She was thoroughbred; she boasted blood in every bright and branching vein:

"If blood can give nobility
A noble steed was she;
Her sire was blood, and blood her dam,
And all her pedigree."

As to her pedigree. Her sire was a desert Arab, renowned in his day, and brought to this country by a wealthy traveller; her dam was an English racer, coal black as her child. Bess united all the fire and gentleness, the strength and hardihood, the abstinence and endurance of fatigue of the one, with the spirit and extraordinary fleetness of the other. How Turpin became possessed of her is of little consequence. We never heard that he paid a heavy price for her, though we doubt if any sum would have induced him to part with her. In color, she was perfectly black, with a skin smooth on the surface as polished jet; not a single white hair could be detected in her satin coat. In make, she was magnificent. Every point was perfect, beautiful, compact; modelled, in little, for strength and speed. Arched was her neck, as that of the swan; clean and fine were her lower limbs, as those of the gazelle; round and sound as a drum was her carcass, and as broad as a cloth-yard shaft her width of chest. Hers were the "*pulchræ clunes, breve caput, arduaque cervix,*" of the Roman bard. There was no redundancy of flesh, 't is true; her flanks might, to please some tastes, have been rounder, and her shoulder fuller; but look at the nerve and sinew, palpable through the veined limbs! She was built more for strength than beauty, and yet she *was* beautiful. Look at that elegant little head; those thin tapering ears, closely placed together; that broad snorting nostril, which seems to snuff the gale with disdain; that eye, glowing and large as the diamond of Giamschid! Is she not beautiful? Behold her paces! how gracefully she moves! She is off! — no eagle on the wing could skim the air more swiftly. Is she not superb? As to her temper, the lamb is not more gentle. A child might guide her.

But hark back to Turpin. We left him rattling along in superb style, and in the highest possible glee. He could not, in fact, be otherwise than exhilarated, nothing being so wildly intoxicating as a mad gallop. We seem to start out of ourselves — to be endued, for the time, with new energies. Our thoughts take wings rapid as our steed. We feel as if his fleetness and boundless impulses were for the moment our own. We laugh; we exult; we shout for very joy. We cry out with Mephistopheles, but in anything but a sardonic mood. "What I enjoy with spirit, is it the less my own on that account? If I can pay for six horses, are not their powers mine? I drive along, and am a proper man, as if I had four and twenty legs!" These were Turpin's sentiments precisely. Give him four legs and a wide plain, and he needed no Mephistopheles to bid him ride to perdition as fast as his nag could carry him. Away, away! — the road is level, the path is clear. Press on, thou gallant steed, no obstacle is in thy way! — and, lo! the moon breaks forth! Her silvery light is thrown over the woody landscape. Dark shadows are cast athwart the road, and the flying figures of thy rider and thyself are traced, like giant phantoms in the dust!

Away, away! our breath is gone, in keeping up with this tremendous run. Yet Dick Turpin has not lost his wind, for we hear his cheering cry — hark! he sings. . . . .

"Egad," soliloquized Dick, as he concluded his song, looking up at the moon. "Old Noll's no bad fellow either. I would n't be without his white face to-night for a trifle. He's as good as a lamp to guide one, and let Bess only hold on as she goes now, and I'll do it with ease. Softly, wench, softly; dost not see it's a hill we're rising. The devil's in the mare, she cares for nothing." And as they ascended the hill, Dick's voice once more awoke the echoes of night. . . . .

"Well," mused Turpin, "I suppose one day it will be with me like the rest of 'em, and that I shall dance a long lavolta to the music of the four whistling winds, as my betters have done before me; but I trust, whenever the chanter culls and last-speech scribblers get hold of me, they'll at least put no cursed nonsense into my mouth, but make me speak, as I have ever felt, like a man who never either feared death, or turned his back upon his friend. In the mean time I'll give them something to talk about. This ride of mine shall ring in their ears long after I'm done for — put to bed with a mattock, and tucked up with a spade.

"And when I am gone, boys, each huntsman shall say,
None rode like Dick Turpin so far in a day.

And thou, too, brave Bess! thy name shall be linked with mine, and we'll go down to posterity together; and what," added he, despondingly, "if it should be too much for thee? what if — but no matter. Better die now, while I am with thee, than fall into the knacker's hands. Better die with all thy honors upon thy head, than drag out thy old age at the sand cart. Hark forward, lass — hark forward!"

By what peculiar instinct is it that this noble animal, the horse, will at once perceive the slightest change in his rider's physical temperament, and allow himself so to be influenced by it, that, according as his master's spirits fluctuate, will his own energies rise and fall, wavering

"From walk to trot, from canter to full speed"?

How is it, we ask of those more intimately acquainted with the metaphysics of the Huoyhnymn than we pretend to be? Do the saddle or the rein convey, like metallic tractors, vibrations of the spirit betwixt the two? We know not; but this much is certain, that no servant partakes so much of the character of his master as the horse. The steed we are wont to ride becomes a portion of ourselves. He thinks and feels with us. As we are lively he is sprightly; as we are depressed, his courage droops. In proof of this, let the reader see what horses some men make — *make* we say, because in such hands their character is wholly altered. Partaking, in a measure, of the courage and the firmness of the hand that guides them, and of the resolution of the frame that sways them — what their rider wills they do, or strive to do. When that governing power is relaxed, their energies are relaxed likewise; and their fine sensibilities supply them with an instant knowledge of the disposition and capacity of the rider. A gift of the gods is the gallant steed, which like any other faculty we possess, to use or to abuse — to command or to neglect — rests with ourselves; he is the best general test of our own self-government.

Black Bess' action amply verified what we have just asserted; for during Turpin's momentary despondency, her pace was perceptibly diminished, and her force retarded; but as he revived, she rallied instantly, and, seized apparently with a kindred enthusiasm, snorted joyously, as she recovered her speed. Now was it that the child of the desert showed herself the undoubted offspring of the hardy loins from whence she sprung. Full fifty miles had she sped, yet she showed no symptom of distress. If possible, she appeared fresher than when she started. She had breathed; her limbs were suppler; her action was freer, easier, lighter. Her sire, who, upon his trackless wilds, could have outstripped the pestilent simoom, and with throat unslacked, and hunger unappeased, could thrice have seen the scorching sun go down, had not greater powers of endurance. His vigor was her heritage. Her dam, who upon the velvet sod was of almost unapproachable swiftness, and who had often brought her owner golden assurances of her worth, could scarce have kept pace with her, and would have sunk under a third of her fatigue. But Bess was a paragon. We ne'er shall look upon her like again, unless we can prevail upon some Bedouin chief to present us with a brood mare, and then the racing world shall see what a breed we will introduce into this country. Eclipse, Childers, or Hambletonian shall be nothing to our colts, and even the railroad slow travelling compared with the speed of our new nags!

But to return to Bess, or rather to go along with her, for there is no halting now; we are going at the rate of twenty knots an hour — sailing before the wind; and the reader must either keep pace with us, or drop astern. Bess is now in her speed, and Dick happy. Happy! he is enraptured — maddened — furious — intoxicated as with wine. Pshaw! wine could never throw him into such a burning delirium. Its choicest juices have no inspiration like this. Its fumes are slow and heady. This is ethereal, transporting. His blood spins through his veins; winds round his heart; mounts to his brain. Away! away! He is wild with joy. Hall, cot, tree, tower, glade, mead, waste, or woodland are seen, passed, left behind, and vanish as in a dream. Motion is scarcely perceptible — it is impetus! volition! The horse and her rider are driven forward, as it were, by self-accelerated speed. A hamlet is visible in the moonlight. It is scarcely discovered ere the flints sparkle beneath the mare's hoofs. A moment's clatter upon the stones, and it is left behind. Again, it is the silent, smiling country. Now they are buried in the darkness of woods; now sweeping along on the wide plain; now clearing the unopened toll bar, now trampling over the hollow-sounding bridge, their shadows momently reflected in the placid mirror of the stream; now scaling the hillside a thought more slowly; now plunging, as the horses of Phœbus into the ocean, down its precipitous sides.

The limits of two shires are already past. They are within the confines of a third. They have entered the merry county of Huntingdon; they have surmounted the gentle hill that slips into Godmanchester. They are by the banks of the rapid Ouse.

The bridge is past; and as Turpin rode through the deserted streets of Huntingdon, he heard the eleventh hour given from the iron tongue of St. Mary's spire. In four hours (it was about seven when he started), Dick had accomplished full sixty miles!

A few reeling topers in the streets saw the horseman flit past, and one or two windows were thrown open; but Peeping Tom of Coventry would have had small chance of beholding the unveiled beauties of Queen Godiva had she ridden at the rate of Dick Turpin. He was gone, like a meteor, almost as soon as he appeared.

Huntingdon is left behind, and he is once more surrounded by dew-gemmed hedges and silent slumbering trees. Broad meadows, or pasture land, with drowsy cattle, or low bleating sheep, lie on either side. But what to Turpin, at that moment, is nature, animate or inanimate? He thinks only of his mare — his future fame. None are by to see him ride; no stimulating plaudits ring in his ears; no thousand hands are clapping; no thousand voices huzzaing; no handkerchiefs are waved; no necks strained; no bright eyes rain influence upon him; no eagle orbs watch his motions; no bells are rung; no cup awaits his achievement; no sweepstakes — no plate. But his will be renown — everlasting renown; his will be fame which will not die with him — which will keep his reputation, albeit a tarnished one, still in the mouths of men. He wants all these adventitious excitements, but he has that within which is a greater excitement than all these. He is conscious that he is doing a deed to live by. If not riding for *life*, he is riding for *immortality;* and as the hero may perchance feel (for even a highwayman may feel like a hero) when he willingly throws away his existence in the hope of earning a glorious name, Turpin cared not what might befall himself, so he could proudly signalize himself as the first of his land,

> "And witch the world with noble horsemanship!"

What need had he of spectators? *The eye of posterity* was upon him; he felt the influence of that Argus glance which has made many a poor wight spur on his Pegasus with not half so good a chance of reaching the goal as Dick Turpin. Multitudes, yet unborn, he knew would hear and laud his deeds. He trembled with excitement, and Bess trembled under him. But the emotion was transient — on, on they fly! The torrent leaping from the crag — the bolt from the bow — the air-cleaving eagle — thoughts themselves are scarce more winged in their flight!

IV.

The night had hitherto been balmy and beautiful, with a bright array of stars, and a golden harvest moon, which seemed to diffuse even warmth with its radiance; but now Turpin was approaching the region of fog and fen, and he began to feel the influence of that dank atmosphere. The intersecting dikes, yawners, gullies, or whatever they are called, began to send forth their steaming vapors, and chilled the soft and wholesome air, obscuring the void, and in some instances, as it were, choking up the road itself with vapor. But fog or fen was the same to Bess; her hoofs rattled merrily along the road, and she burst from a cloud, like Eöus at the break of dawn.

It chanced, as he issued from a fog of this kind, that Turpin burst upon the York stage-coach. It was no uncommon thing for the coach to be stopped; and so furious was the career of our highwayman, that the man involuntarily drew up his horses. Turpin had also to draw in the rein, a task of no little difficulty, as charging a huge lumbering coach, with its full complement of passengers, was more than even Bess could accomplish. The moon shone brightly on Turpin and his mare. He was unmasked, and his features were distinctly visible. An exclamation was uttered by a gentleman on the box, who it appeared instantly recognized him.

"Pull up — draw your horses across the road!" cried the gentleman; "that's Dick Turpin, the highwayman. His capture would be worth three hundred pounds to you," added he, addressing the coachman, and is of equal importance to me. Stand!" shouted he, presenting a cocked pistol.

This resolution of the gentleman was not apparently agreeable, either to the coachman or the majority of the passengers, the name of Turpin acting like magic upon them. One man jumped off behind, and was with difficulty afterwards recovered, having tumbled into a deep ditch at the roadside. An old gentleman with a cotton nightcap, who had popped out his head to swear at the coachman, drew it suddenly back. A faint scream in a female key issued from within, and there was a considerable hubbub on the roof. Amongst other ominous sounds, the guard was heard to click his long horse-pistols. "Stop the York four-day stage!" said he, forcing his smoky voice through a world of throat-embracing shawl; "the fastest coach in the kingdom: vos ever sich atrocity heard of? I say, Joe, keep them ere leaders steady; we shall all be in the ditch. Don't you see where the hind wheels are? Who — whoop, I say."

The gentleman on the box now discharged his pistol, and the confusion within was redoubled. The white nightcap was popped out like a rabbit's head, and as quickly popped back on hearing the highwayman's voice. Owing to the plunging of the horses, the gentleman had missed his aim.

Prepared for such emergences as the present, and seldom at any time taken aback, Dick received the fire without flinching. He then lashed the horses out of his course, and rode up, pistol in hand, to the gentleman who had fired.

"Major Mowbray," said he, in a stern tone, "I know you. I meant not either to assault you or these gentlemen. Yet you have attempted my life, sir, a second time. But you are now in my power, and by hell! if you do not answer the questions I put to you, nothing earthly shall save you."

"If you ask aught I may not answer, fire!" said the major; "I will never ask life from such as you."

"Have you seen aught of Sir Luke Rookwood?" asked Dick.

"The villain you mean is not yet secured," replied the major, "but we have traces of him. 'Tis with the view of procuring more efficient assistance that I ride to town."

"They have not met then since?" said Dick, carelessly.

"Met! whom do you mean?"

"Your sister and Sir Luke," said Dick.

"My sister meet him!" cried the major, angrily; "think you he dare show himself at Rookwood?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Dick; "she *is* at Rookwood, then? A thousand thanks, major. Good night to you, gentlemen."

"Take that with you, and remember the guard," cried the fellow, who, unable to take aim from where he sat, had crept along the coach roof, and discharged thence one of his large horse pistols at what he took to be the highwayman's head, but which, luckily for Dick, was his hat, which he had raised to salute the passengers.

"Remember you?" said Dick, coolly replacing his perforated beaver on his brow; "you may rely upon it, my fine fellow, I'll not forget you the next time we meet."

And off he went like the breath of the whirlwind.

V.

We will now make inquiries after Mr. Coates and his party, of whom both we and Dick Turpin have for some time lost sight. With unabated ardor the vindictive man of law and his myrmidons pressed forward. A tacit compact seemed to have been entered into between the highwayman and his pursuers, that he was to fly while they were to follow. Like bloodhounds, they kept steadily upon his trail; nor were they so far behind as Dick imagined. At each posthouse they passed they obtained fresh horses, and, while these were saddling, a postboy was dispatched *en courier* to order relays at the next station. In this manner they proceeded after the first stoppage without interruption. Horses were in waiting for them, as they, "bloody with spurring, fiery hot with haste," and their jaded hacks arrived. Turpin had been heard or seen in all quarters. Turnpike men, wagoners, carters, trampers, all had seen him. Besides, strange as it may sound, they placed some faith in his word. York they believed would be his destination.

At length the coach which Dick had encountered hove in sight. There was another stoppage and another hubbub. The old gentleman's nightcap was again manifested, and suffered a sudden occultation, as upon the former occasion. The postboy, who was in advance, had halted, and given up his horse to Major Mowbray, who exchanged his seat on the box for one on the saddle, deeming it more expedient, after his interview with Turpin, to return to Rookwood, rather than to proceed to town. The postboy was placed behind Coates, as being the lightest weight; and, thus reënforced, the party pushed forward as rapidly as heretofore.

Eighty and odd miles had now been traversed — the boundary of another county, Northampton, passed; yet no rest nor respite had Dick Turpin or his unflinching mare enjoyed. But here he deemed it fitting to make a brief halt.

Bordering the beautiful domains of Burleigh House stood a little retired hostelry of some antiquity, which bore the great Lord Treasurer's arms. With this house Dick was not altogether unacquainted. The lad who acted as hostler was known to him. It was now midnight, but a bright and beaming night. To the door of the stable then did he ride, and knocked in a peculiar manner. Reconnoitering Dick through a broken pane of glass in the lintel, and apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, the lad thrust forth a head of hair as full of straw as Mad Tom's is represented to be upon the stage. A chuckle of welcome followed his sleepy salutation. "Glad to see you, Captain Turpin," said he; "can I do anything for you?"

"Get me a couple of bottles of brandy and a beefsteak," said Dick.

"As to the brandy, you can have that in a jiffy; but the steak, Lord love ye, the old 'ooman won't stand it at this time; but there's a cold round, — mayhap a slice of that might do, or a knuckle of ham?"

"D——n your knuckles, Ralph," cried Dick; "have you any raw meat in the house?"

"Raw meat?" echoed Ralph, in surprise. "Oh, yes, there's a rare rump of beef. You can have a cut off that, if you like."

"That's the thing I want," said Dick, ungirthing his mare. "Give me the scraper. There, I can get a wisp of straw from your head. Now run and get the brandy. Better bring three bottles. Uncork 'em, and let me have half a pail of water to mix with the spirit."

"A pailful of brandy and water to wash down a raw steak! My eyes!" exclaimed Ralph, opening wide his sleepy peepers, adding, as he went about the execution of his task, "I always thought them Rum-padders, as they call themselves, rum fellows, but now I'm sartin sure on it."

The most sedulous groom could not have bestowed more attention upon the horse of his heart than Dick Turpin now paid to his mare. He scraped, chafed, and dried her, sounded each muscle, traced each sinew, pulled her ears, examined the state of her feet, and, ascertaining that her "withers were unwrung," finally washed her from head to foot in the diluted spirit, not, however, before he had conveyed a thimbleful of the liquid to his own parched throat, and replenished what Falstaff calls a "pocket pistol," which he had about him. While Ralph was engaged in rubbing her down after her bath, Dick occupied himself, not in dressing the raw steak in the manner the stableboy had anticipated, but in rolling it round the bit of his bridle.

"She will go as long as there's breath in her body," said he, putting the flesh covered iron within her mouth.

The saddle being once more replaced, after champing a moment or two at the bit, Bess began to snort and paw the earth, as if impatient of delay; and, acquainted as he was with her indomitable spirit and power, her condition was a surprise even to Dick himself. Her vigor seemed inexhaustible, her vivacity was not a whit diminished, but, as she was led into the open space, her step became as light and free as when she started on her ride, and her sense of sound as quick as ever. Suddenly she pricked her ears, and uttered a low neigh. A dull tramp was audible.

"Ha!" exclaimed Dick, springing into his saddle, "they come."

"Who come, captain?" asked Ralph.

"The road takes a turn here, don't it?" asked Dick — "sweeps round to the right by the plantations in the hollow?"

"Ay, ay, captain," answered Ralph; "it's plain you knows the ground."

"What lies behind yon shed?"

"A stiff fence, captain — a reg'lar rasper. Beyond that a hillside steep as a house: no oss as was ever shoed can go down it."

"Indeed!" laughed Dick.

A loud halloo from Major Mowbray, who seemed advancing upon the wings of the wind, told Dick that he was discovered. The major was a superb horseman, and took the lead of his party. Striking his spurs deeply into his horse, and giving him bridle enough, the major seemed to shoot forward like a shell through the air. The Burleigh Arms retired some hundred yards from the road, the space in front being occupied by a neat garden with low clipped hedges. No tall timber intervened between Dick and his pursuers, so that the motions of both parties were visible to each other. Dick saw in an instant that if he now started he should come into collision with the major exactly at the angle of the road, and he was by no means desirous of hazarding such a rencontre. He looked wistfully back at the double fence.

"Come into the stable. Quick, captain, quick!" exclaimed Ralph.

"The stable?" echoed Dick, hesitating.

"Ay, the stable; it's your only chance. Don't you see he's turning the corner, and they are all coming. Quick, sir, quick!"

Dick, lowering his head, rode into the tenement, the door of which was most unceremoniously slapped in the major's face, and bolted on the other side.

"Villain!" cried Major Mowbray, thundering at the door, "come forth. You are now fairly trapped at last — caught like the woodcock, in your own springe. We have you. Open the door, I say, and save us the trouble of forcing it. You cannot escape us. We will burn the building down but we will have you."

"What do you want, measter?" cried Ralph, from the lintel, whence he reconnoitered the major, and kept the door fast. "You 're clean mistaken. There be no one here."

"We 'll soon see that," said Paterson, who had now arrived; and leaping from his horse, the chief constable took a short run, to give himself impetus, and with his foot burst open the door. This being accomplished, in dashed the major and Paterson, but the stable was vacant. A door was open at the back; they rushed to it. The sharply sloping sides of a hill slipped abruptly downwards, within a yard of the door. It was a perilous descent to the horseman, yet the print of a horse's heels was visible in the dislodged turf and scattered soil.

"Confusion!" cried the major, "he has escaped us."

"He is yonder," said Paterson, pointing out Turpin moving swiftly through the steaming meadow. "See, he makes again for the road — he clears the fence. A regular throw he has given us, by the Lord!"

"Nobly done, by Heaven!" cried the major. "With all his faults, I honor the fellow's courage, and admire his prowess. He 's already ridden to-night as I believe never man rode before. I would not have ventured to slide down that wall, for it 's nothing else, with the enemy at my heels. What say you, gentlemen, have you had enough? Shall we let him go, or ——"

"As far as chase goes, I don't care if we bring the matter to a conclusion," said Titus. "I don't think, as it is, that I shall have a *sate* to sit on this week to come. I 've lost leather most confoundedly."

"What says Mr. Coates?" asked Paterson. "I look to him."

"Then mount and off," cried Coates. "Public duty requires that we should take him."

"And *private pique*," returned the major. "No matter! The end is the same. Justice shall be satisfied. To your steeds, my merry men all. Hark, and away."

Once more upon the move, Titus forgot his distress, and addressed himself to the attorney, by whose side he rode.

"What place is that we're coming to?" asked he, pointing to a cluster of moonlit spires belonging to a town they were rapidly approaching.

"Stamford," replied Coates.

"Stamford!" exclaimed Titus; "by the powers! then we've ridden a matter of ninety miles. Why, the great deeds of Redmond O'Hanlon were nothing to this! I'll remember it to my dying day, and with reason," added he, uneasily shifting his position on the saddle.

VI.

Dick Turpin, meanwhile, held bravely on his course. Bess was neither strained by her gliding passage down the slippery hillside, nor shaken by *larking* the fence in the meadow. As Dick said, "It took a devilish deal to take it out of her." On regaining the highroad she resumed her old pace, and once more they were distancing Time's swift chariot in its whirling passage o'er the earth. Stamford, and the tongue of Lincoln's fenny shire, upon which it is situated, are passed almost in a breath. Rutland is won and passed, and Lincolnshire once more entered. The road now verged within a bowshot of that sporting Athens (Corinth, perhaps, we should say), Melton Mowbray. Melton was then unknown to fame, but, as if inspired by that *furor venaticus* which now inspires all who come within twenty miles of this Charybdis of the chase, Bess here *let out* in a style with which it would have puzzled the best Leicestershire squire's best prad to have kept pace. The spirit she imbibed through the pores of her skin, and the juices of the meat she had champed, seemed to have communicated preternatural excitement to her. Her pace was absolutely terrific. Her eyeballs were dilated, and glowed like flaming carbuncles; while her widely distended nostrils seemed, in the cold moonshine, to snort forth smoke, as from a hidden fire. Fain would Turpin have controlled her; but, without bringing into play all his tremendous nerve, no check could be given her headlong course, and for once, and the only time in her submissive career, Bess resolved to have her own way — and she had it. Like a sensible fellow, Dick conceded the point. There was something even of conjugal philosophy in his self-communion upon the occasion. "E 'en let her take her own way, and be hanged to her, for an obstinate, self-willed jade as she is," said he: "now her back is up there 'll be no stopping her, I 'm sure: she rattles away like a woman's tongue, and when that once begins, we all know what chance the curb has. Best to let her have it out, or rather to lend her a lift. 'Twill be over the sooner. Tantivy, lass! tantivy! I know which of us will tire first."

We have before said that the vehement excitement of continued swift riding produces a paroxysm in the sensorium amounting to delirium. Dick's blood was again on fire. He was first giddy, as after a deep draught of kindling spirit; this passed off, but the spirit was still in his veins — the *estro* was working in his brain. All his ardor, his eagerness, his fury, returned. He rode like one insane, and his courser partook of his frenzy. She bounded; she leaped; she tore up the ground beneath her; while Dick gave vent to his exultation in one wild, prolonged halloo. More than half his race is run. He has triumphed over every difficulty. He will have no further occasion to halt. Bess carries her forage along with her. The course is straightforward — success seems certain — the goal already reached — the path of glory won. Another wild halloo, to which the echoing woods reply, and away!

Away! away! thou matchless steed! yet brace fast thy sinews — hold, hold thy breath, for, alas, the goal is not yet attained!

But forward! forward, on they go,
  High snorts the straining steed,
Thick pants the rider's laboring breath,
  As headlong on they speed!

VII.

As the eddying currents sweep over its plains in howling bleak December, the horse and her rider passed over what remained of Lincolnshire. Grantham is gone, and they are now more slowly looking up the ascent of Gonerby Hill, a path well known to Turpin; where often, in bygone nights, many a purse had changed its owner. With that feeling of independence and exhilaration which every one feels, we believe, on having climbed the hillside, Turpin turned to gaze around. There was triumph in his eye. But the triumph was checked as his glance fell upon a gibbet near him to the right, on the round point of hill which is a landmark to the wide vale of Belvoir. Pressed as he was for time, Dick immediately struck out of the road and approached the spot where it stood. Two scarecrow objects, covered with rags and rusty links of chains, depended from the tree. A night crow screaming around the carcasses added to the hideous effect of the scene. Nothing but the living highwayman and his skeleton brethren were visible upon the solitary spot. Around him was the lonesome waste of hill, o'erlooking the moonlit valley: beneath his feet, a patch of bare and lightning-blasted sod; above, the wan declining moon and skies, flaked with ghostly clouds: before him, the bleached bodies of the murderers, for such they were.

"Will this be my lot, I marvel?" said Dick, looking upwards, with an involuntary shudder.

"Ay, marry will it," rejoined a crouching figure, suddenly springing from beside a tuft of briers that skirted the blasted ground.

Dick started in his saddle, while Bess reared and plunged at the sight of this unexpected apparition.

"What ho! thou devil's dam, Barbara, is it thou?" exclaimed Dick, reassured upon discovering it was the gypsy queen, and no specter whom he beheld. "Stand still, Bess — stand, lass. What dost thou here, mother of darkness? Art gathering mandrakes for thy poisonous messes, or pilfering flesh from the dead? Meddle not with their bones, or I will drive thee hence. What dost thou here, I say, old dam of the gibbet?"

"I came to die here," replied Barbara, in a feeble tone; and, throwing back her hood, she displayed features well-nigh as ghastly as those of the skeletons above her.

"Indeed," replied Dick. "You've made choice of a pleasant spot, it must be owned. But you 'll not die yet."

"Do you know whose bodies these are?" asked Barbara, pointing upwards.

"Two of your race," replied Dick; "right brethren of the blade."

"Two of my sons," returned Barbara; "my twin children. I am come to lay my bones beneath their bones: my sepulcher shall be their sepulcher; my body shall feed the fowls of the air as theirs have fed them. And if ghosts can walk, we 'll scour this heath together. I tell you what, Dick Turpin," said the hag, drawing as near to the highwayman as Bess would permit her; "dead men walk and ride — ay, *ride!* — there 's a comfort for you. I 've seen these do it. I have seen them fling off their chains, and dance — ay, dance with me — with their mother. No revels like dead men's revels, Dick. I shall soon join 'em."

"You will not lay violent hands upon yourself, mother?" said Dick, with difficulty mastering his terror.

"No," replied Barbara, in an altered tone. "But I will let nature do her task. Would she could do it more quickly. Such a life as mine won't go out without a long struggle. What have I to live for now? All are gone — *she and her child!* But what is this to you? You have no child; and if you had, you could not feel like a father. No matter. I rave. Listen to me. I have crawled hither to die. 'T is five days since I beheld you, and during that time food has not passed these lips, nor aught of moisture, save Heaven's dew, cooled this parched throat, nor shall they to the last. That time cannot be far off; and now can you not guess *how* I mean to die? Begone, and leave me, your presence troubles me. I would breathe my last breath alone, with none to witness the parting pang."

"I will not trouble you longer, mother," said Dick, turning his mare; "nor will I ask your blessing."

"My blessing!" scornfully ejaculated Barbara. "You shall have it if you will, but you will find it a curse. Stay! a thought strikes me. Whither are you going?"

"To seek Sir Luke Rookwood," replied Dick; "know you aught of him?"

"Sir Luke Rookwood! You seek him, and would find him?" screamed Barbara.

"I would," said Dick.

"And you *will* find him," said Barbara; "and that erelong. I shall ne'er again behold him. Would I could. I have a message for him — one of life and death. Will you convey it to him?"

"I will," said the highwayman.

"Swear by those bones to do so," cried Barbara, pointing with her skinny fingers to the gibbet; "that you will do my bidding."

"I swear," cried Dick.

"Fail not, or *we* will haunt thee to thy life's end," cried Barbara; adding, as she handed a sealed package to the highwayman, "Give this to Sir Luke — to him alone. I would have sent it to him by other hands ere this, but my people have deserted me — have pillaged my stores — have rifled me of all, save this. Give this, I say, to Sir Luke, with your own hands. You have sworn it, and will obey. Give it to him, and bid him think of Sibyl as he opens it. But this must not be till Eleanor is in his power; and she must be present when the seal is broken. It relates to both. Dare not to tamper with it, or my curse shall pursue you. That packet is guarded with a triple spell, which to you were fatal. Obey me, and my dying breath shall bless thee."

"Never fear," said Dick, taking the packet; "I'll not disappoint you, mother, depend upon it."

"Hence!" cried the crone; and as she watched Dick's figure lessening upon the waste, and at length beheld him finally disappear down the hillside, she sank to the ground, her frail strength being entirely exhausted. "Body and soul may now part in peace," gasped she. "All I live for is accomplished." And ere one hour had elapsed, the night crow was perched upon her still breathing frame.

Long pondering upon this singular interview, Dick pursued his way. At length he thought fit to examine the packet with which the old gypsy had intrusted him.

"It feels like a casket," thought he. "It can't be gold. But then it may be jewels, though they don't rattle, and it ain't quite heavy enough. What can it be? I should like to know. There is some mystery, that 's certain, about it; but I will not break the seal, not I. As to her spell, that I don't value a rush; but I 've sworn to give it to Sir Luke, and deliver her message, and I 'll keep my word if I can. He shall have it." Saying which he replaced it in his pocket.

VIII.

Time presses. We may not linger in our course. We must fly on before our flying highwayman. Full forty miles shall we pass over in a breath. Two more hours have elapsed, and he still urges his headlong career, with heart resolute as ever, and purpose yet unchanged. Fair Newark and the dashing Trent, "most loved of England's streams," are gathered to his laurels. Broad Notts, and its heavy paths and sweeping glades; its waste (forest no more) of Sherwood past; bold Robin Hood and his merry men, his Marian and his moonlight rides, recalled, forgotten, left behind. Hurrah! hurrah! That wild halloo, that wavering arm, that enlivening shout — what means it? He is once more upon Yorkshire ground; his horse's hoof beats once more the soil of that noble shire. So transported was Dick that he could almost have flung himself from the saddle to kiss the dust beneath his feet. Thrice fifty miles has he run, nor has the morn yet dawned upon his labors. Hurrah! the end draws nigh; the goal is in view. Halloo! halloo! on!

Bawtrey is past. He takes the lower road by Thorne and Selby. He is skirting the waters of the deep-channeled Don.

Bess now began to manifest some slight symptoms of distress. There was a strain in the carriage of her throat, a dullness in her eye, a laxity in her ear, and a slight stagger in her gait, which Turpin noticed with apprehension. Still she went on, though not at the same gallant pace as heretofore. But, as the tired bird still battles with the blast upon the ocean, as the swimmer still stems the stream, though spent, on went she; nor did Turpin dare to check her, fearing that, if she stopped, she might lose her force, or, if she fell, she would rise no more.

It was now that gray and grimly hour ere one flicker of orange or rose has gemmed the east, and when unwearying nature herself seems to snatch brief repose. In the roar of restless cities, this is the only time when the strife is hushed. Midnight is awake — alive; the streets ring with laughter and with rattling wheels. At the third hour, a dead, deep silence prevails; the loud-voiced streets grow dumb. They are deserted of all, save the few guardians of the night and the skulking robber. But even far removed from the haunts of men and hum of towns it is the same. "Nature's best nurse" seems to weigh nature down, and stillness reigns throughout. Our feelings are in a great measure, influenced by the hour. Exposed to the raw, crude atmosphere, which has neither the nipping, wholesome shrewdness of morn, nor the profound chillness of night, the frame vainly struggles against the dull, miserable sensations engendered by the damps, and at once communicates them to the spirits. Hope forsakes us. We are weary, exhausted. Our energy is dispirited. Sleep does "not weigh our eyelids down." We stare upon the vacancy. We conjure up a thousand restless, disheartening images. We abandon projects we have formed, and which, viewed through this medium, appear fantastical, chimerical, absurd. We want rest, refreshment, energy.

We will not say that Turpin had all these misgivings. But he had to struggle hard with himself to set sleep and exhaustion at defiance.

The moon had set. The stars,

> Pinnacled deep in the intense inane,

had all — save one, the herald of the dawn — withdrawn their luster. A dull mist lay on the stream, and the air became piercing cold. Turpin's chilled fingers could scarcely grasp the slackening rein, while his eyes, irritated by the keen atmosphere, hardly enabled him to distinguish surrounding objects, or even to guide his steed. It was owing, probably, to this latter circumstance, that Bess suddenly floundered and fell, throwing her master over her head.

Turpin instantly recovered himself. His first thought was for his horse. But Bess was instantly upon her legs — covered with dust and foam, sides and cheeks — and with her large eyes glaring wildly, almost piteously, upon her master.

"Art hurt, lass?" asked Dick, as she shook herself, and slightly shivered. And he proceeded to the horseman's scrutiny. "Nothing but a shake; though that dull eye — those quivering flanks ——" added he, looking earnestly at her. "She won't go much further, and I must give it up — what! give up the race just when it's won? No, that can't be. Ha! well thought on. I've a bottle of liquid given me by an old fellow, who was a knowing cove and famous jockey in his day, which he swore would make a horse go as long as he'd a leg to carry him, and bade me keep it for some great occasion. I've never used it: but I'll try it now. It should be in this pocket. Ah! Bess, wench, I fear I'm using thee, after all, as Sir Luke did his mistress, that I thought so like thee. No matter! It will be a glorious end."

Raising her head upon his shoulder, Dick poured the contents of the bottle down the throat of his mare. Nor had he to wait long before its invigorating effects were instantaneous. The fire was kindled in the glassy orb; her crest was once more erected; her flank ceased to quiver; and she neighed loud and joyously.

"Egad, the old fellow was right," cried Dick. "The drink has worked wonders. "What the devil could it have been? It smells like spirit," added he, examining the bottle. "I wish I'd left a taste for myself. But here's that will do as well." And he drained his flask of the last drop of brandy.

Dick's limbs were now become so excessively stiff that it was with difficulty he could remount his horse. But this necessary preliminary being achieved by the help of a stile, he found no difficulty in resuming his accustomed position upon the saddle. We know not whether there was any likeness between our Turpin and that modern Hercules of the sporting world, Mr. Osbaldeston. Far be it from us to institute any comparison, though we cannot help thinking that, in one particular, he resembled that famous "copper-bottomed" squire. This we will leave to our reader's discrimination. Dick bore his fatigues wonderfully. He suffered somewhat of that martyrdom which, according to Tom Moore, occurs "to weavers and M. P.'s from sitting too long;" but again on his courser's back, he cared not for anything.

Once more, at a gallant pace he traversed the banks of the Don, skirting the fields of flax that bound its sides, and hurried far more swiftly than its current to its confluence with the Aire.

Snaith was past. He was on the road to Selby when dawn first began to break. Here and there a twitter was heard in the hedge; a hare ran across his path, gray-looking as the morning's self; and the mists began to rise from the earth. A bar of gold was drawn against the east, like the roof of a gorgeous palace. But the mists were heavy in this world of rivers, and their tributary streams. The Ouse was before him, the Trent and Aire behind; the Don and Derwent on either hand, all in their way to commingle their currents ere they formed the giant Humber. Amid a region so prodigal of water, no wonder the dews fell thick as rain. Here and there the ground was clear; but then again came a volley of vapor, dim and palpable as smoke.

While involved in one of these fogs, Turpin became aware of another horseman by his side. It was impossible to discern the features of the rider, but his figure in the mist seemed gigantic; neither was the color of his steed distinguishable. Nothing was visible except the meager-looking phantomlike outline of a horse and his rider, and, as the unknown rode upon the turf that edged the way, even the sound of his horse's hoofs was scarce audible. Turpin gazed, not without superstitious awe.

Once or twice he essayed to address the strange horseman, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He fancied he discovered in the mist-exaggerated lineaments of the stranger a wild and fantastic resemblance to his friend Tom King. "It must be Tom," thought Turpin; "he is come to warn me of my approaching end. I will speak to him."

But terror o'ermastered his speech. He could not force out a word, and thus side by side they rode in silence. Quaking with fears he would scarcely acknowledge to himself, Dick watched every motion of his companion. He was still, stern, specterlike, erect; and looked for all the world like a demon on his phantom steed. His courser seemed, in the indistinct outline, to be huge and bony, and, as he snorted furiously in the fog, Dick's heated imagination supplied his breath with a due proportion of flame. Not a word was spoken — not a sound heard, save the sullen dead beat of his hoof upon the grass. It was intolerable to ride thus cheek by jowl with a goblin. Dick could stand it no longer. He put spurs to his horse, and endeavored to escape. But it might not be. The stranger, apparently without effort, was still by his side, and Bess' feet, in her master's apprehensions, were nailed to the ground. By and by, however, the atmosphere became clearer. Bright quivering beams burst through the vaporous shroud, and then it was that Dick discovered that the apparition of Tom King was no other than Luke Rookwood. He was mounted on his old horse, Rook, and looked grim and haggard as a ghost vanishing at the crowing of the cock.

"Sir Luke Rookwood, by this light!" exclaimed Dick, in astonishment. "Why, I took you for ——"

"The devil, no doubt," returned Luke, smiling sternly, "and were sorry to find yourself so hard pressed. Don't disquiet yourself; I am still flesh and blood."

"Had I taken you for one of mortal mold," said Dick, "you should have soon seen where I'd have put you in the race. That confounded fog deceived me, and Bess acted the fool as well as myself. However, now I know you, Sir Luke, you must spur alongside, for the hawks are on the wing; and though I've much to say, I've not a second to lose." And Dick briefly detailed the particulars of his ride, concluding with his rencontre with Barbara. "Here's the packet," said he, "just as I got it. You must keep it till the proper moment. And here," added he, fumbling in his pocket for another paper, "is the marriage document. You are now your fathers's lawful son, let who will say you nay. Take it and welcome. If you are ever master of Miss Mowbray's hand, you will not forget Dick Turpin."

"I will not," said Luke, eagerly grasping the certificate, "but she never may be mine."

"You have her oath?"

"I have."

"What more is needed?"

"Her hand."

"That will follow."

"It *shall* follow," replied Sir Luke, wildly. "You are right. She is my affianced bride — affianced before hell, if not before heaven. I have sealed the contract with blood — with Sibyl's blood — and it shall be fulfilled. I have her oath — her oath — ha, ha! Though I perish in the attempt, I will wrest her from Ranulph's grasp. She shall never be his. I would stab her first. Twice have I failed in my endeavors to bear her off. I am from Rookwood even now. To-morrow night I shall renew the attack. Will you assist me?"

"To-morrow night!" interrupted Dick.

"Nay, I should say to-night. A new day has already dawned," replied Luke.

"I will: she is at Rookwood?"

"She languishes there at present, attended by her mother and her lover. The hall is watched and guarded. Ranulph is ever on the alert. But we will storm their garrison. I have a spy within its walls — a gypsy girl, faithful to my interests. From her I have learnt that there is a plot to wed Eleanor to Ranulph, and that the marriage is to take place privately to-morrow. This must be prevented."

"It must. But why not boldly appear in person at the hall and claim her?"

"Why not? I am a proscribed felon. A price is set upon my head. I am hunted through the country — driven to concealment, and dare not show myself for fear of capture. What could I do now? They would load me with fetters, bury me in a dungeon, and wed Eleanor to Ranulph. What would my rights avail? What would her oath signify to them? No; she must be mine by force. *His* she shall never be. Again, I ask you, will you aid me?"

"I have said — I will. Where is Alan Rookwood?"

"Concealed within the hut on Thorne Waste. You know it — it was one of your haunts."

"I know it well," said Dick, "and Conkey Jem, its keeper, into the bargain: he is a knowing file. I'll join you at the hut at midnight, if all goes well. We'll bring off the wench, in spite of them all — just the thing I like. But in case of a break-down on my part, suppose you take charge of my purse in the mean time."

Luke would have declined this offer.

"Pshaw!" said Dick. "Who knows what may happen? and it's not ill lined, either. You'll find an odd hundred or so in that silken bag — it's not often your highwayman gives away a purse. Take it, man — we'll settle all to-night; and if I don't come, keep it — it will help you to your bride. And now off with you to the hut, for you are only hindering me. Adieu! My love to old Alan. We'll do the trick to-night. Away with you to the hut. Keep yourself snug there till midnight, and we'll ride over to Rookwood."

"At midnight," replied Sir Luke, wheeling off, "I shall expect you."

"'Ware hawks!" hallooed Dick.

But Luke had vanished. In another instant Dick was scouring the plain as rapidly as ever. In the mean time, as Dick has casually alluded to the hawks, it may not be amiss to inquire how they had flown throughout the night, and whether they were still in chase of their quarry.

With the exception of Titus, who was completely done up at Grantham, "having got," as he said, "a complete bellyful of it," they were still on the wing, and resolved sooner or later to pounce upon their prey, pursuing the same system as heretofore in regard to the post horses. Major Mowbray and Paterson took the lead, but the irascible and invincible attorney was not far in their rear, his wrath having been by no means allayed by the fatigue he had undergone. At Bawtrey they held a council of war for a few minutes, being doubtful which course he had taken. Their incertitude was relieved by a foot traveler, who had heard Dick's loud halloo on passing the boundary of Nottinghamshire, and had seen him take the lower road. They struck, therefore, into the path to Thorne, at a hazard, and were soon satisfied they were right. Furiously did they now spur on. They reached Selby, changed horses at the inn in front of the venerable cathedral church, and learned from the postboy that a toil-worn horseman, on a jaded steed, had ridden through the town about five minutes before them, and could not be more than a quarter of a mile in advance. "His horse was so dead beat," said the lad, "that I 'm sure he cannot have got far; and, if you look sharp, I 'll be bound you 'll overtake him before he reaches Cawood Ferry."

Mr. Coates was transported. "We 'll lodge him snug in York Castle before an hour, Paterson," cried he, rubbing his hands.

"I hope so, sir," said the chief constable, "but I begin to have some qualms."

"Now, gentlemen," shouted the postboy, "come along. I 'll soon bring you to him."

IX.

The sun had just o'ertopped the "high eastern hill," as Turpin reached the Ferry of Cawood, and his beams were reflected upon the deep and sluggish waters of the Ouse. Wearily had he dragged his course thither — wearily and slow. The powers of his gallant steed were spent, and he could scarcely keep her from sinking. It was now midway 'twixt the hours of five and six. Nine miles only lay before him, and that thought again revived him. He reached the water's edge, and hailed the ferryboat, which was then on the other side of the river. At that instant a loud shout smote his ear; it was the halloo of his pursuers. Despair was in his look. He shouted to the boatman, and bade him pull fast. The man obeyed; but he had to breast a strong stream, and had a lazy bark and heavy sculls to contend with. He had scarcely left the shore, when another shout was raised from the pursuers.

The tramp of their steeds grew louder and louder.

The boat had scarcely reached the middle of the stream. His captors were at hand. Quietly did he walk down the bank, and as cautiously enter the water. There was a plunge, and steed and rider were swimming down the river.

Major Mowbray was at the brink of the stream. He hesitated an instant, and stemmed the tide. Seized, as it were, by a mania for equestrian distinction, Mr. Coates braved the torrent. Not so Paterson. He very coolly took out his bulldogs, and, watching Turpin, cast up in his own mind the *pros* and *cons* of shooting him as he was crossing. "I could certainly hit him," thought, or said, the constable; "but what of that? A dead highwayman is worth nothing — alive, he *weighs* 300*l.* I won't shoot him, but I'll make a pretense." And he fired accordingly.

The shot skimmed over the water, but did not, as it was intended, do much mischief. It, however, occasioned a mishap, which had nearly proved fatal to our aquatic attorney. Alarmed at the report of the pistol, in the nervous agitation of the moment Coates drew in his rein so tightly that his steed instantly sank. A moment or two afterwards he rose, shaking his ears, and floundering heavily towards the shore; and such was the chilling effect of this sudden immersion, that Mr. Coates now thought much more of saving himself than of capturing Turpin. Dick, meanwhile, had reached the opposite bank, and, refreshed by her bath, Bess scrambled up the sides of the stream, and speedily regained the road. "I shall do it yet," shouted Dick; "that stream has saved her. Hark away, lass! Hark away!"

Bess heard the cheering cry, and she answered to the call. She roused all her energies; strained every sinew; and put forth all her remaining strength. Once more, on wings of swiftness, she bore him away from his pursuers, and Major Mowbray, who had now gained the shore, and made certain of securing him, beheld him spring, like a wounded hare, from beneath his very hand.

"It cannot hold out," said the major; "it is but an expiring flash; that gallant steed must soon drop."

"She be regularly booked, that's certain," said the postboy. "We shall find her on the road."

Contrary to all expectation, however, Bess held on, and set pursuit at defiance. Her pace was swift as when she started. But it was unconscious and mechanical action. It wanted the ease, the lightness, the life, of her former riding. She seemed screwed up to a task which she must execute. There was no flogging, no gory heel; but the heart was throbbing, tugging at the sides within. Her spirit spurred her onwards. Her eye was glazing; her chest heaving; her flank quivering; her crest fallen again. Yet she held on. "She is dying, by God!" said Dick. "I feel it —— " No, she held on.

Fulford is past. The towers and pinnacles of York burst upon him in all the freshness, the beauty, and the glory of a bright, clear, autumnal morn. The ancient city seemed to smile a welcome — a greeting. The noble Minster and its serene and massive pinnacles, crocketed, lantern-like, and beautiful; Saint Mary's lofty spire, All-Hallows Tower, the massive moldering walls of the adjacent postern, the grim castle, and Clifford's neighboring keep — all beamed upon him, "like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly."

"It is done — it is won," cried Dick. "Hurrah, hurrah!" And the sunny air was cleft with his shouts.

Bess was not insensible to her master's exultation. She neighed feebly in answer to his call, and reeled forwards. It was a piteous sight to see her, — to mark her staring, protruding eyeball, — her shaking flanks; but, while life and limb held together, she held on.

Another mile is past. York is near.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick; but his voice was hushed. Bess tottered — fell. There was a dreadful gasp — a parting moan — a snort; her eyes gazed, for an instant, upon her master, with a dying glare; then grew glassy, rayless, fixed. A shiver ran through her frame. Her heart had burst.

Dick's eyes were blinded as with rain. His triumph, though achieved, was forgotten — his own safety was disregarded. He stood weeping, and swearing, like one beside himself.

"And art thou gone, Bess!" cried he, in a voice of agony, lifting up his courser's head, and kissing her lips, covered with blood-flecked foam. "Gone, gone! and I have killed the best steed that was ever crossed! And for what?" added Dick, beating his brow with his clenched hand — "for what? for what?"

At that moment the deep bell of the Minster clock tolled out the hour of six.

"I am answered," gasped Dick; "*it was to hear those strokes!*"

Turpin was roused from the state of stupefaction into which he had fallen by a smart slap on the shoulder. Recalled to himself by the blow, he started at once to his feet, while his hands sought his pistols; but he was spared the necessity of using them, by discovering in the intruder the bearded visage of the gypsy Balthazar. The patrico was habited in mendicant weeds, and sustained a large wallet upon his shoulders.

"So it's all over with the best mare in England, I see," said Balthazar; "I can guess how it has happened — you are pursued!"

"I am," said Dick, roughly.

"Your pursuers are at hand?"

"Within a few hundred yards."

"Then why stay here? Fly while you can."

"Never — never," cried Turpin; "I'll fight it out here by Bess' side. Poor lass! I've killed her — but she has done it — ha! ha! we have won — what!" And his utterance was again choked.

"Hark! I hear the tramp of horses, and shouts," cried the patrico. "Take this wallet. You will find a change of dress within it. Dart into that thick copse — save yourself."

"But Bess — I cannot leave her," exclaimed Dick, with an agonizing look at his horse.

"And what did Bess die for, but to save you?" rejoined the patrico.

"True, true," said Dick; "but take care of her. Don't let those dogs of hell meddle with her carcass."

"Away," cried the patrico; "leave Bess to me."

Possessing himself of the wallet, Dick disappeared in the adjoining copse.

He had not been gone many seconds when Major Mowbray rode up.

"Who is this?" exclaimed the major, flinging himself from his horse, and seizing the patrico; "this is not Turpin."

"Certainly not," replied Balthazar, coolly. "I am not exactly the figure for a highwayman."

"Where is he? what has become of him?" asked Coates, in despair, as he and Paterson joined the major.

"Escaped, I fear," replied the major. "Have you seen any one, fellow?" added he, addressing the patrico.

"I have seen no one," replied Balthazar. "I am only this instant arrived. This dead horse lying in the road attracted my attention."

"Ha!" exclaimed Paterson, leaping from his steed; "this may be Turpin after all. He has as many disguises as the devil himself, and may have carried that goat's hair in his pocket." Saying which, he seized the patrico by the beard, and shook it with as little reverence as the Gaul handled the hirsute chin of the Roman senator.

"The devil! hands off!" roared Balthazar. "By Salmon, I won't stand such usage. Do you think a beard like mine is the growth of a few minutes? Hands off, I say."

"Regularly done!" said Paterson, removing his hold of the patrico's chin, and looking as blank as a cartridge.

"Ay," exclaimed Coates; "all owing to this worthless piece of carrion. If it were not that I hope to see him dangling from those walls" (pointing towards the castle), "I should wish her master were by her side now. To the dogs with her." And he was about to spurn the breathless carcass of poor Bess, when a sudden blow, dealt by the patrico's staff, felled him to the ground.

"I 'll teach you to molest me," said Balthazar, about to attack Paterson.

"Come, come," said the discomfited chief constable, "no more of this. It 's plain we 're in the wrong box. Every bone in my body aches sufficiently without the aid of your cudgel, old fellow. Come, Mr. Coates, take my arm, and let 's be moving. We 've had an infernal long ride for nothing."

"Not so," replied Coates; "I 've paid pretty dearly for it. However, let us see if we can get any breakfast at the Bowling Green, yonder; though I 've already had my morning draught," added the facetious man of law, looking at his dripping apparel.

"Poor Black Bess!" said Major Mowbray, wistfully regarding the body of the mare, as it lay stretched at his feet. "Thou deservedst a better fate and a better master. In thee Dick Turpin has lost his best friend. His exploits will, henceforth, want the coloring of romance, which thy unfailing energies threw over them. Light lie the ground over thee, thou matchless mare!"

To the Bowling Green the party proceeded, leaving the patrico in undisturbed possession of the lifeless body of Black Bess. Major Mowbray ordered a substantial repast to be prepared with all possible expedition.

A countryman in a smock frock was busily engaged at his morning's meal.

"To see that fellow bolt down his breakfast, one would think he had fasted for a month," said Coates; "see the wholesome effects of an honest, industrious life, Paterson. I envy him his appetite — I should fall to with more zest were Dick Turpin in his place."

The countryman looked up. He was an odd-looking fellow, with a terrible squint, and a strange, contorted countenance.

"An ugly dog!" exclaimed Paterson; "what a devil of a twist he has got!"

"What's that you says about Dick Taarpin, measter?" asked the countryman, with his mouth half full of bread.

"Have you seen aught of him?" asked Coates.

"Not I," mumbled the rustic; "but I hears aw the folk hereabouts talk on him. They say as how he sets all the lawyers and constables at defiance, and laughs in his sleeve at their efforts to cotch him — ha, ha! He gets over more ground in a day than they do in a week — ho, ho!"

"That's all over now," said Coates, peevishly. "He has cut his own throat — ridden his famous mare to death."

The countryman almost choked himself, in the attempt to bolt a huge mouthful. "Ay — indeed, measter! How happened that?" asked he, so soon as he recovered speech.

"The fool rode her from London to York last night," returned Coates; "such a feat was never performed before. What horse could be expected to live through such work as that?"

"Ah, he were a foo' to attempt that," observed the countryman; "but you followed belike?"

"We did."

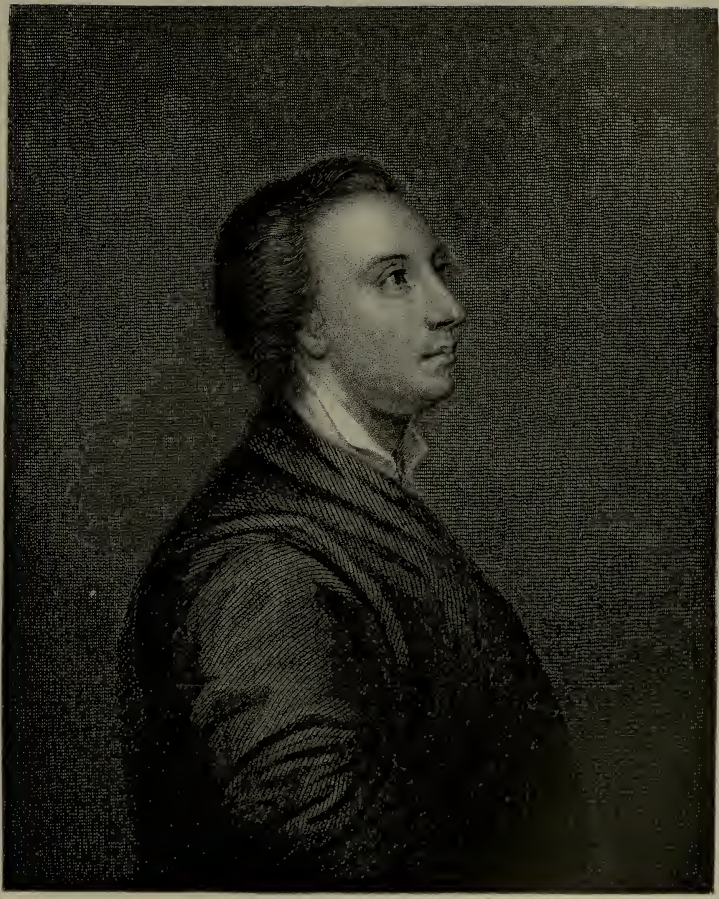
"And took him arter all, I reckon?" asked the rustic, squinting more horribly than ever.

"No," returned Coates; "I can't say we did; but we'll have him yet. I'm pretty sure he can't be far off. We may be nearer him than we imagine."

"Maybe so, measter," returned the countryman; "but might I be so bold as to ax how many horses you used i' the chase — some half dozen, maybe?"

"Half a dozen!" growled Patterson; "we had twenty at the least."

"And I ONE!" mentally ejaculated Turpin, for he was the countryman.



Mark Akenside.

MARK AKENSIDE.

Akenside, Mark, an English physician and poet, born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, November 9, 1721; died in London, June 23, 1770. He studied at the Grammar School at Newcastle, and at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1744. He practised his profession first at Northampton, and afterward in London. His poem, "Pleasures of the Imagination," appeared in 1744, and the author received a pension of £300 a year from Mr. Dyson, to be paid until "his practice should support him." Besides his "Pleasures of the Imagination" he wrote a number of odes and minor poems and some medical essays.

From the Epistle to Curio.

Thrice has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
Since I exulting grasped the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that waked my song before
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man whose faithful cares,
Nor quelled by malice, nor relaxed by years,
Had awed Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragged at length Corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses owed,
And well-earned laurels every muse bestowed;
If public Justice urged the high reward,
And Freedom smiled on the devoted bard:
Say then, — to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust,
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power
And saved Corruption at her hopeless hour,
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public Justice sanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?

There are who say they viewed without amaze
The sad reverse of all thy former praise;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierced the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deemed thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage, —
I scorned the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I still believed thy end was just and free;
And yet, even yet believe it — spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dared disclaim,
Urged by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decayed;
Has begged Ambition to forgive the show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she followed thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all —
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjured, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserved for him alone:
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honor was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.

. . . .

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They sought alone to hold their fruit secure;
When taught by these, Oppression hid the face,
To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,

Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
And Freedom loath to tread the poisoned shore:
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake, —
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless and incite the slow,
Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.

. . . .

Lo! the deciding hour at last appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!

. . . .

See Freedom mounting her eternal throne,
The sword submitted, and the laws her own!
See! public Power, chastised, beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wisest arts reclaimed!
See ardent youth to noblest manners framed!
See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.

'T was then — O shame! O trust how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betrayed! —
'T was then — What frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unsinewed thy determined soul? —
Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved?
The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
This patient slave by tinsel chains allured?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjured?
This Curio, hated and despised by all?
Who fell himself to work his country's fall?

O lost, alike to action and repose!
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes!
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art
To act a stateman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,

Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.

. . . .

O long revered, and late resigned to shame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn;
In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unresisted power,
Breaks the false optics tinged with fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare:
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
And ask thyself — if all be well within.
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,
Which labor could not stop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abashed, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
On which the Senate fired or trembling hung!
All vanished, all are sold — and in their room,
Couched in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous Grandeur dwell
Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted shrine thy honor bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crowned,
Thy powerful tongue with poisoned philters bound,
That baffled Reason straight indignant flew,
And fair Persuasion from her seat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth supports thy cause;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy breast,
With all her conscious majesty confest,
Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,
To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
Or, if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous birth,

Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,
And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
While some with pity, some with laughter hear.

. . . .

Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface! —
Awed at the name, fierce Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
"He comes," they cry, "to whom the fates assigned
With surer arts to work what we designed,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till owned their guide, and trusted with their power,
He mocked their hopes in one decisive hour;
Then, tired and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quenched the spirit we provoked in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
Relume her sacred fire so near suppressed,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast:
Though bold corruption boast around the land,
"Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!"
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies raised on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.

Aspirations after the Infinite.

(From "Pleasures of the Imagination.")

Who that, from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul

Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence, far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Nor in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

NOT for themselves did human kind
Contrive the parts by Heaven assigned
On life's wide scene to play.
Not Scipio's force nor Cæsar's skill
Can conquer Glory's arduous hill
If Fortune close the way.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least on Fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands;
And knows what Nature's seal bestowed,
And sees, before the throne of God
The rank in which he stands.

Who trained by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, Celestial Muse,
Didst rule my natal hour.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat,
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crowned,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

Lycurgus fashioned Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway:
Where are they? — Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sydney shall with Cato rest,
And Russell move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now;

Yet then shall Shakespeare's powerful art
O'er every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants shall bow before his laws;
And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's cause,
Their dread assertor own.

For a Column at Runnymede.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires: O stranger! stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant King —
Then rendered tame — did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blessed their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honored name,
Go, call their sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

For a Statue of Chaucer.

Such was old Chaucer: Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang: of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O Stranger, thou art come,
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARCÓN.

A distinguished Spanish novelist, poet, and politician; born in Guadix, March 10, 1833; died at Valdemoro, near Madrid, July 19, 1891. His critical contributions to papers, political and literary, his description of the Moroccan campaign, but especially his novels and short stories, are among the best of their kind, and present a picture of modern Spanish society as true to life as it is variegated. His clever essay "The Poet's Christmas" went through over one hundred editions. An imposing number of his stories appeared under the collective titles "Love and Friendship," "National Tales," "Improbable Stories." Among them "The Three-Cornered Hat" and "The Scandal" deserve special mention.

A Woman Viewed from Without.

(From "The Three-Cornered Hat.")

The last and perhaps the most powerful reason which the quality of the city — clergy as well as laymen, beginning with the bishop and the corregidor — had for visiting the mill so often in the afternoon, was to admire there at leisure one of the most beautiful, graceful, and admirable works that ever left the hands of the Creator: called Seña [Mrs.] Frasquita. Let us begin by assuring you that Seña Frasquita was the lawful spouse of Uncle Luke, and an honest woman; of which fact all the illustrious visitors of the mill were well aware. Indeed, none of them ever seemed to gaze on her with sinful eyes or doubtful purpose. They all admired her, indeed, and sometimes paid her compliments, — the friars as well as the cavaliers, the prebendaries as well as the magistrate, — as a prodigy of beauty, an honor to her Creator, and as a coquettish and mischievous sprite, who innocently enlivened the most melancholy of spirits. "She is a handsome creature," the most virtuous prelate used to say. "She looks like an ancient Greek statue," remarked a learned advocate, who was an Academician and corresponding member on history. "She is the very image of Eve," broke forth the prior of the Franciscans. "She is a fine woman," exclaimed the colonel of militia. "She is a serpent, a witch, a siren, an imp," added the corregidor. "But she is a good woman, an angel, a lovely creature, and as innocent as a child four years old," all agreed in saying on leaving the mill, crammed with grapes or nuts, on their way to their dull and methodical homes.

This four-year-old child, that is to say, Frasquita, was nearly thirty years old, and almost six feet high, strongly built in proportion, and even a little stouter than exactly corresponded to her majestic figure. She looked like a gigantic Niobe, though she never had any children; she seemed like a female Hercules, or like a Roman matron, the sort of whom there are still copies to be seen in the Tioni Trastevere. But the most striking feature was her mobility, her agility, her animation, and the grace of her rather large person.

For resemblance to a statue, to which the Academician compared her, she lacked statuesque repose. She bent her body like a reed, or spun around like a weather-vane, or danced like a top. Her features possessed even greater mobility, and in consequence were even less statuesque. They were lighted up beautifully by five dimples: two on one cheek, one on the other, another very small one near the left side of her roguish lips, and the last — and a very big one — in the cleft of her rounded chin. Add to these charms her sly or roguish glances, her pretty pouts, and the various attitudes of her head, with which she emphasized her talk, and you will have some idea of that face full of vivacity and beauty, and always radiant with health and happiness.

Neither Uncle Luke nor Seña Frasquita was Andalusian by birth: she came from Navarre, and he from Murcia. He went to the city of —— when he was but fifteen years old, as half page half servant of the bishop, the predecessor of the present incumbent of that diocese. He was brought up for the Church by his patron, who, perhaps on that account, so that he might not lack competent maintenance, bequeathed him the mill in his will. But Uncle Luke, who had received only the lesser orders when the bishop died, cast off his ecclesiastical garb at once and enlisted as a soldier; for he felt more anxious to see the world and to lead a life of adventure than to say mass or grind corn. He went through the campaign of the Western Provinces in 1793, as the orderly of the brave General Ventura Caro; he was present at the siege of the Castle of Piñon, and remained a long time in the Northern Provinces, when he finally quitted the service. In Estella he became acquainted with Seña Frasquita, who was then simply called Frasquita; made love to her, married her, and carried her to Andalusia to take possession of the mill, where they were to live so peaceful and happy during the rest of their pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

When Frasquita was taken from Navarre to that lonely place she had not yet acquired any Andalusian ways, and was very different from the countrywomen in that vicinity. She dressed with greater simplicity, greater freedom, grace, and elegance than they did. She bathed herself oftener; and allowed the sun and air to caress her bare arms and uncovered neck. To a certain extent she wore the style of dress worn by the gentlewomen of that period; like that of the women in Goya's pictures, and somewhat of the fashion worn by Queen Maria Louise: if not exactly so scant, yet so short that it showed her small feet, and the commencement of her superb limbs; her bodice was low, and round in the neck, according to the style in Madrid, where she spent two months with her Luke on their way from Navarre to Andalusia. She dressed her hair high on the top of her head, displaying thus both the graceful curve of her snowy neck and the shape of her pretty head. She wore earrings in her small ears, and the taper-fingers of her rough but clean hands were covered with rings. Lastly, Frasquita's voice was as sweet as a flute, and her laugh was so merry and so silvery it seemed like the ringing of bells on Saturday of Glory or Easter Eve.

How the Orphan Manuel Gained his Sobriquet.

(From "The Child of the Ball.")

The unfortunate boy seemed to have turned to ice from the cruel and unexpected blows of fate; he contracted a death-like pallor, which he never again lost. No one paid any attention to the unhappy child in the first moments of his anguish, or noticed that he neither groaned, sighed, nor wept. When at last they went to him they found him convulsed and rigid, like a petrifaction of grief; although he walked about, heard and saw, and covered his wounded and dying father with kisses. But he shed not a single tear, either during the death agony of that beloved being, when he kissed the cold face after it was dead, or when he saw them carry the body away forever; nor when he left the house in which he had been born, and found himself sheltered by charity in the house of a stranger. Some praised his courage, others criticised his callousness. Mothers pitied him profoundly, instinctively divining the cruel tragedy that was being enacted in the orphan's heart for want of some tender and compassionate being to make him weep by weeping with him.

Nor did Manuel utter a single word from the moment he saw his beloved father brought in dying. He made no answer to the affectionate questions asked him by Don Trinidad after the latter had taken him home; and the sound of his voice was never heard during the first three years which he spent in the holy company of the priest. Everybody thought by this time that he would remain dumb forever, when one day, in the church of which his protector was the priest, the sacristan observed him standing before a beautiful image of the "Child of the Ball," and heard him saying in melancholy accents: —

"Child Jesus, why do you not speak either?"

Manuel was saved. The drowning boy had raised his head above the engulfing waters of his grief. His life was no longer in danger. So at least it was believed in the parish. . . .

Toward strangers — from whom, whenever they came in contact with him, he always received demonstrations of pity and kindness — the orphan continued to maintain the same glacial reserve as before, rebuffing them with the phrase, stereotyped on his disdainful lips, "Let me alone, now;" having said which, in tones of moving entreaty, he would go on his way, not without awakening superstitious feelings in the minds of the persons whom he thus shunned.

Still less did he lay aside, at this saving crisis, the profound sadness and precocious austerity of his character, or the obstinate persistence with which he clung to certain habits. These were limited, thus far, to accompanying the priest to the church; gathering flowers or aromatic herbs to adorn the image of the "Child of the Ball," before which he would spend hour after hour, plunged in a species of ecstasy; and climbing the neighboring mountain in search of those herbs and flowers, when, owing to the severity of the heat or cold, they were not to be found in the fields.

This adoration, while in consonance with the religious principles instilled into him from the cradle by his father, greatly exceeded what is usual even in the most devout. It was a fraternal and submissive love, like that which he had entertained for his father; it was a confused mixture of familiarity, protection, and idolatry, very similar to the feeling which the mothers of men of genius entertain for their illustrious sons; it was the respectful and protecting tenderness which the strong warrior bestows on the youthful prince; it was an identification of himself with the image; it was pride; it was elation as for a personal good. It seemed as if this image symbolized for him his tragic fate, his noble origin, his early orphanhood, his poverty, his cares, the injustice of men, his solitary state in the world, and perhaps too some presentiment of his future sufferings.

Probably nothing of all this was clear at the time to the mind of the hapless boy, but something resembling it must have been the tumult of confused thoughts that palpitated in the depths of that childlike, unwavering, absolute, and exclusive devotion. For him there was neither God nor the Virgin, neither saints nor angels; there was only the "Child of the Ball," not with relation to any profound mystery, but in himself, in his present form, with his artistic figure, his dress of gold tissue, his crown of false stones, his blonde head, his charming countenance, and the blue-painted globe which he held in his hand, and which was surmounted by a little silver-gilt cross, in sign of the redemption of the world.

And this was the cause and reason why the acolytes of Santa María de la Cabéza first, all the boys of the town afterward, and finally the more respectable and sedate persons, bestowed on Manuel the extraordinary name of "The Child of the Ball": we know not whether by way of applause of such vehement idolatry, and to commit him, as it were, to the protection of the Christ-Child himself; or as a sarcastic antiphrasis, — seeing that this appellation is sometimes used in the place as a term of comparison for the happiness of the very fortunate; or as a prophecy of the valor for which the son of Venegas was to be one day celebrated, and the terror he was to inspire, — since the most hyperbolical expression that can be employed in that district, to extol the bravery and power of any one, is to say that "he does not fear even the 'Child of the Ball.'"

ALCIPHRON.

Alciphron, a famous Greek rhetorician who flourished in the second century of the Christian era, and attained celebrity through his series of more than a hundred imaginary letters purporting to be written by the very dregs of the Athenian population, including courtesans and petty rogues. Their importance in literature is due almost wholly to the insight they afford into the social conditions and manners and morals of the day. The letters from the courtesans (hetairai) are based upon incidents in Menander's lost plays, and the new Attic comedy was likewise drawn upon for material.

From a Mercenary Girl.

(From the "Epistolæ," i. 36.)

Petala to Simalion.

Well, if a girl could live on tears, what a wealthy girl I should be; for you are generous enough with *them*, anyhow. Unfortunately, however, that is n't quite enough for me. I need money; I must have jewels, clothes, servants, and all that sort of thing. Nobody has left me a fortune, I should like you to know, or any mining stock; and so I am obliged to depend on the little presents that gentlemen happen to make me. Now that I 've known you a year, how much better off am I for it, I should like to ask? My head looks like a fright because I have n't had anything to rig it out with all that time; and as to clothes, — why, the only dress I 've got in the world is in rags that make me ashamed to be seen with my friends: and yet you imagine that I can go on in this way without having any other means of living! Oh, yes, of course, you cry; but you 'll stop presently. I 'm really surprised at the number of your tears; but really, unless somebody gives me something pretty soon I shall die of starvation. Of course, you pretend you 're just crazy for me, and that you can't live without me. Well, then, is n't there any family silver in your house? Has n't your mother any jewelry that you can get hold of? Has n't your father any valuables? Other girls are luckier than I am; for I have a mourner rather than a lover. He sends me crowns, and he sends me garlands and roses, as if I were dead and buried before my time, and he says that he cries all night. Now, if you can manage to scrape up something for me, you can come here without having to cry your eyes out; but if you can't, why, keep your tears to yourself, and don't bother me!

THE PLEASURES OF ATHENS.

(From the "Epistolæ," iii. 39.)

Euthydicus to Epiphanio.

BY ALL the gods and demons, I beg you, dear mother, to leave your rocks and fields in the country, and before you die, discover what beautiful things there are in town. Just think what you are losing, — the Haloan Festival and the Apaturian Festival, and the Great Festival of Bacchus, and especially the Thesmophorian Festival, which is now going on. If you would only hurry up, and get here to-morrow morning before it is daylight, you would be able to take part in the affair with the other Athenian women. Do come, and don't put it off, if you have any regard for my happiness and my brothers'; for it's an awful thing to die without having any knowledge of the city. That's the life of an ox; and one that is altogether unreasonable. Please excuse me, mother, for speaking so freely for your own good. After all, one ought to speak plainly with everybody, and especially with those who are themselves plain speakers.

FROM AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

(From the "Epistolæ," iii. 16.)

Phyllis to Thrasonides.

IF you only would put up with the country and be sensible, and do as the rest of us do, my dear Thrasonides, you would offer ivy and laurel and myrtle and flowers to the gods at the proper time; and to us, your parents, you would give wheat and wine and a milk-pail full of the new goat's-milk. But as things are, you despise the country and farming, and are fond only of the helmet-plumes and the shield, just as if you were an Acarnanian or a Malian soldier. Don't keep on in this way, my son; but come back to us and take up this peaceful life of ours again (for farming is perfectly safe and free from any danger, and does n't require bands of soldiers and strategy and squadrons), and be the stay of our old age, preferring a safe life to a risky one.

From a Curious Youth.

(From the "Epistolæ," iii. 31.)

Philocomus to Thestylus.

Since I have never yet been to town, and really don't know at all what the thing is that they call a city, I am awfully anx- to see this strange sight, — men living all in one place, — and to learn about the other points in which a city differs from the country. Consequently, if you have any reason for going to town, do come and take me with you. As a matter of fact, I am sure there are lots of things I ought to know, now that my beard is beginning to sprout; and who is so able to show me the city as yourself, who are all the time going back and forth to the town?

From a Professional Diner-Out.

(From the "Epistolæ," iii. 49.)

Capnosphrantes to Aristomachus.

I should like to ask my evil genius, who drew me by lot as his own particular charge, why he is so malignant and so cruel as to keep me in everlasting poverty; for if no one happens to invite me to dinner I have to live on greens, and to eat acorns and to fill my stomach with water from the hydrant. Now, as long as my body was to put up with this sort of thing, and my time of life was such as made it proper for me to bear it, I could get along with them fairly well; but now that my hair is growing gray, and the only outlook I have is in the direction of old age, what on earth am I going to do? I shall really have to get a rope and hang myself unless my luck changes. However, even if fortune remains as it is, I shan't string myself up before I have at least one square meal; for before very long, the wedding of Charitus and Leocritis, which is going to be a famous affair, will come off, to which there is n't a doubt that I shall be invited, — either to the wedding itself or to the banquet afterward. It 's lucky that weddings need the jokes of brisk fellows like myself, and that without us they would be as dull as gatherings of pigs rather than of human beings!

UNLUCKY LUCK.

(From the "Epistolæ," iii. 54.)

Chytrolictes to Patellocharon.

PERHAPS you would like to know why I am complaining so, and how I got my head broken, and why I 'm going around with my clothes in tatters. The fact is I swept the board at gambling: but I wish I had n't; for what 's the sense in a feeble fellow like me running up against a lot of stout young men? You see, after I scooped in all the money they put up, and they had n't a cent left, they all jumped on my neck, and some of them punched me, and some of them stoned me, and some of them tore my clothes off my back. All the same, I hung on to the money as hard as I could, because I would rather die than give up anything of theirs I had got hold of; and so I held out bravely for quite a while, not giving in when they struck me, or even when they bent my fingers back. In fact, I was like some Spartan who lets himself be whipped as a test of his endurance: but unfortunately it was n't at Sparta that I was doing this thing, but at Athens, and with the toughest sort of an Athenian gambling crowd; and so at last, when actually fainting, I had to let the ruffians rob me. They went through my pockets, and after they had taken everything they could find, they skipped. After all, I 've come to the conclusion that it 's better to live without money than to die with a pocket full of it.

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

Alcott, Amos Bronson, an American educator and philosopher, born at Wolcott, Conn., November 29, 1799, died at Boston, Mass., March 4, 1888. While a boy he went to the South with a trunk of merchandise, with which he travelled from plantation to plantation. The planters received him hospitably, and lent him books, which he studied diligently, and thus educated himself in the strictest sense of the term. He returned to Connecticut and opened an infant school. In 1828 he removed to Boston, where he conducted a similar school for some years, and subsequently took up his residence at Concord, Mass. After a visit to England, in 1842, he established an educational community near Harvard, Mass., which was soon afterward abandoned, when he returned to Concord and took upon himself the work of a peripatetic philosopher, lecturing and conversing, as invitations were extended to him, upon a wide range of topics, among which were divinity, ethics, dietetics, and human nature in general. In the meanwhile he contributed, under the title of "Orphic Sayings," a series of transcendental papers to *The Dial*, a magazine edited by Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and published several books, among which are "Conversations with Children on the Gospels" (1836), "Spiritual Culture" (1840), "Tablets" (1868), "Concord Days" (1872), "Table-Talk" (1877), and "Sonnets and Canzonets" (1882).

Concord and its Surroundings.[1]

(From "Table-Talk.")

Like its suburban neighbor beside the Charles, our village, seated along the banks of its Indian stream, spreads a rural cradle for the fresher literature; and aside from these advantages it well deserves its name for its quiet scenery and plain population. Moreover, few spots in New England have won a like literary repute. The rural muse has traversed these fields, meadows, woodlands, the brook-sides, the river; caught the harmony of its changing skies, and portrayed their spirit in books that are fit to live while Letters delight, and Nature charms her lovers. Had Homer, had Virgil, fairer prospects than our landscape affords? Had Shakespeare or Goethe a more luxuriant simplicity than ours? Only the wit to say or sing these the poet needs; and of this our neighborhood has not less than many sounding cities. Plain as our landscape is, it has special attractions for the scholar who courts quiet surroundings, scenery not too exciting, yet stimulating to genial and uninterrupted studies. If the hills command no very broad horizon, the prospect is sufficiently sylvan to give an agreeable variety without confusing the mind, while the river in good part compensates for the sameness, as it winds sluggishly along the confines of the village, flowing by the monument into the distance through the meadows. Thoreau, writing of it, jocosely says: "It is remarkable for the gentleness of its current, which is hardly perceptible, and some have ascribed to its influence the proverbial moderation of the inhabitants of Concord, as celebrated in the Revolution and on other occasions. It has been suggested that the town should adopt for its coat-of-arms a *field verdant* with the Concord River circling nine times round it."

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[1] By permission of Little, Brown & Company.

Ephemeral Reading.

(From "Table-Talk.")

Not in stirring times like ours, when the world's affairs come posted with the successive sun rising or setting, can we ignore magazines, libraries, and ephemera of the press. Newspapers intrude into every house, almost supersede the primers and text-books of the schools, proffering alike to hand and eye intelligence formerly won only by laborious studies and much expense of time and money. Cheap literature is now in vogue; the age, if not profound, has chances for attaining some superficial knowledge, at least, of the world's doings and designings; the experiments of the few being hereby popularized for the benefit of the many everywhere, the humblest even partaking largely of the common benefit.

Idealism and Idealists.

(From "Table-Talk.")

Life and literature need the inspiration which idealism quickens and promotes. The history of thought shows that a people given to sensationalism and the lower forms of materialism have run to ruin. Only that which inspires life and nobility of thought can maintain and preserve itself from speedy and ignoble decay.

And we have too palpable evidences of corruption, public and private, to leave us in doubt as to the tendency of not a little of the cultivation and teachings in our times. . . . The idealists have given deeper insight into life and nature than other schools of thought. If inclined to visionariness, and seemingly sometimes on the verge of lunacy even, they have revealed depths of being, a devotion to the spirit of universality, that renders their works most edifying. They, more than any other, hold the balance between mind and matter, and illuminated literature, while they furthered the science, art, and religion of all times. An age deficient in idealism has ever been one of immorality and superficial attainment, since without the sense of ideas, nobility of character becomes of rare attainment, if possible.

Preaching.

(From "Table-Talk.")

If the speaker cannot illuminate the parlor, shall he adorn the pulpit? Who takes most of private life into the desk comes nearest heaven and the children who have not lapsed out of it. Is it not time in the world's history to have less familiarity with sin and the woes of the pit? Commend me to him who holds me fast by every sense, persuades me — against every bias of temperament, habit, training, culture — to espouse the just and lovely, and he shall be in my eyes thereafter the Priest of the Spirit and the Sent of Heaven. It is undeniable that, with all our teaching and preaching — admirable as these often are — the current divinity falls behind our attainment in most things else; the commanding practical sense and adventurous thoughts of our time being unawakened to the concerns wherein faith and duty have their seats, and from whose fountains life and thought are spiritualized and made lovely to men. Though allegory is superseded in good part by the novel, the field for this form of writing is as rich and inviting as when Bunyan wrote. A sacred allegory, treating of the current characteristics of the religious world, would be a powerful instrumentality for awaking and stimulating the piety of our times.

Dogmas.

(From "Table-Talk.")

Every dogma embodies some shade of truth to give it seeming currency. Take the theological trinity as an instance which has vexed the literal Church from its foundation, and still perplexes its learned doctors. An intelligible psychology would interpret the mystery even to the unlearned and unprofessional. Analyse the attributes of your personality — that which you name yourself — and you will find herein the threefold attributes of instinct, intelligence, will, incarnate plainly in your own person: the root plainly of the trinitarian dogma. Not till we have fathomed the full significance of what we mean when we pronounce "*I myself*," is the idea of person clearly discriminated, philosophy and religion established upon immutable foundations.

CONSCIENCE.

(From "Table-Talk.")

Ever present and operant is *That* which never becomes a party in one's guilt, conceives never an evil thought, consents never to an unrighteous deed, never sins; but holds itself impeccable, immutable, personally holy — the Conscience — counsellor, comforter, judge, and executor of the spirit's decrees. None can flee from the spirit's presence, nor hide from himself. The reserved powers are the mighty ones. Side by side sleep the Whispering Sisters and the Eumenides. Nor is Conscience appeased till the sentence is pronounced. There is an oracle in the breast, an unsleeping police; and ever the court sits, dealing doom or deliverance. Our sole inheritance is our deeds. While remorse stirs the sinner, there remains hope of his redemption. "Only he to whom all is one, who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy true peace and rest of spirit." None can escape the *Presence*. The *Ought* is everywhere and imperative. Alike guilt in the soul and anguish in the flesh affirm His ubiquity. Matter — in particle and planet, mind and macrocosm — is quick with spirit.

SPIRITUALITY.

(From "Table-Talk.")

Born daily out of a world of wonders into a world of wonders, that faith is most ennobling which, answering to one's highest aspirations, touches all things meanwhile with the hues of an invisible world. And how vastly is life's aspect, the sphere of one's present activity, widened and ennobled the moment there step spiritual agents upon the stage, and he holds conscious communication with unseen powers! "He to whom the law which he is to follow," says Jacobi, "doth not stand forth as a God, has only a dead letter which cannot possibly quicken him." The religious life transcends the scientific understanding, its light shining through the clouds to those alone whose eyes are anointed to look behind the veils by lives of purity and devotion.

In the "Conversations with Children on the Gospels," written in 1840, a whole generation before this book of "Table-Talk" appeared in print, Mr. Alcott developed somewhat of the fundamental idea which led him in after years to become an oral teacher.

CONVERSATION AS A MEANS OF INSTRUCTION.

(From "Spiritual Culture.")

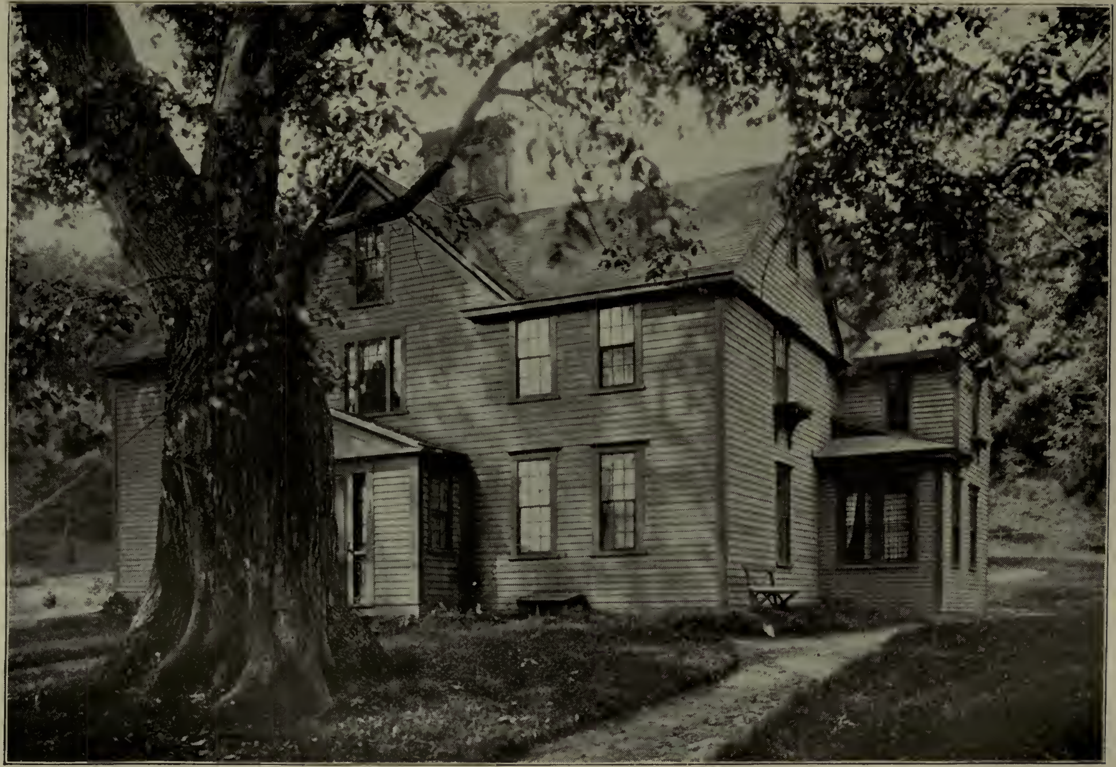
In conversation all the instincts and faculties of our being are touched. They find full and fair scope. It tempts forth all the powers. Man faces his fellow man. He feels the quickening life and light; the social affections are addressed; and these bring all the faculties in train. Speech comes unbidden. Nature lends her images. Imagination sends abroad her winged words. We see thought as it springs from the soul, and in the very process of growth and utterance. Reason plays under the mellow light of fancy. The genius of soul is waked, and eloquence sits on her tuneful lip. Wisdom finds an organ worthy her serene utterance. Ideas stand in beauty and majesty before the soul. And genius has ever sought this organ of utterance. It has given full testimony in its favor. Socrates — a name that Christians can see coupled with that of their Divine Sage — descanted thus on the profound themes in which he delighted. The market-place, the work-shop, the public streets, were his favorite haunts of instruction. And the divine Plato has added his testimony, also, in those enduring works, wherein he sought to embalm for posterity both the wisdom of his master and the genius which was his own. Rich text-books these for the study of philosophic genius; next in finish and beauty to the specimens of Jesus as recorded by John.

The "Orphic Sayings" — one hundred in number — appeared in *The Dial* for July, 1840, and January, 1841. They are pregnant and brief; sometimes of only a line or two; all told they fill barely a score of pages. Some of them are notable as indicative of the author's turn of thought at this period of his life.

Some Orphic Sayings.

(From "Orphic Sayings.")

I. *The Heart-dial.* — Thou art, my heart, a soul-flower, feeling ever and following the motions of thy sun. Opening thyself to her vivifying ray, and pleading thy affinity with the celestial orbs. Thou dost the livelong day dial on Time thine own eternity. . . . VIII. *Mysticism.* — Because the soul is herself mysterious, the saint is a mystic to the worldling. He lives to the soul; he partakes of her properties; he dwells in her atmosphere of light and hope. But the worldling, living to sense, is identified with the flesh; he dwells amidst the dust and vapors of his own lusts, which dim his vision, and obscure the heavens wherein the saint beholds the face of God. . . . X. *Apotheosis.* — Every soul feels at times her own possibility of becoming a God; she cannot rest in the human; she aspires to the godlike. Men shall become Gods. Every act of admiration, prayer, praise, worship, desire, hope, implies and predicts the future apotheosis of the soul. . . . XXV. *The Prophet.* — The prophet, by disciplines of meditation and valor, faithful to the spirit of the heart, his eye purified of the motes of tradition, his life of the vestiges of usage, ascends to the heights of immediate intuition. He rends the veil of sense; he bridges the distance between faith and sight, and beholds the spiritual verities without Scripture or meditation. In the presence of God he communes with Him face to face. . . . XXXVIII. *Time.* — Organizations are mortal; the seal of death is fixed on them even at birth. The young future is nurtured by the past, yet aspires to a nobler life, and revises in his maturity the traditions and usages of his day, to be supplanted by the sons and daughters whom he begets and ennobles. Time, like fabled Saturn, now generates, and, ere even their sutures be closed, devours his own offspring. Only the children of the soul are immortal; the births of time are premature and perishable. . . . XLVIII. *Beauty.* — All departures from perfect beauty are degradations of the divine image. God is the one type which the soul strives to incarnate in all organizations. Varieties are historical; the one form embodies all forms; all having a common likeness at the base of difference. Human heads are images, more or less perfect, of the soul's or God's head. But the divine features do not fix in flesh, in the coarse and brittle clay. Beauty is fluent; art of the highest order represents her always in flux, giving fluency and motion to bodies solid and immovable to sense. The line of beauty symbolizes motion. . . . LXIX. *Popularity.* — The saints are alone popular in heaven, not on earth; elect of God, they are spurned by the world. They hate their age, its awards, their own affections even, save as those unite them with justice, with valor, with God. Whoso loves father or mother, wife or child, houses or lands, pleasures or honors, or life, more than these, is an idolater, and worships the idols of sense; his life is death; his love hate; his friends foes; his fame infamy. . . . LXX. *Genius and Sanctity.* — A man's period is according to the directness and intensity of his light. Not erudition, not taste, not intellect, but character, describes his orbit, and determines the worlds he shall enlighten. Genius and sanctity cast no shadow; like the sun at broad noon, the ray of these orbs pours direct intense on the world, and they are seen in their own light. . . . LXXIII. *Barrenness.* — Opinions are Life in foliage; deeds in fruitage. Always was the fruitless tree accursed. . . . LXXXIII. *Retribution.* — The laws of the soul and of nature are forecast and pre-ordained in the spirit of God and are ever executing themselves through conscience in man, and gravity in things. Man's body and the world are organs through which the retributions of the spiritual universe are justified to reason and sense. Disease and misfortune are memoranda of violations of the divine law, written in the letter of pain and evil. . . . LXXXVII. *Tradition.* — Tradition suckles the young ages, who imbibe health or disease, insight or ignorance, valor or pusillanimity, as the stream of life flows down, from urns of sobriety or luxury, from times of wisdom or folly, honor or shame. . . . XCVII. *Immortality.* — It is because the soul is immortal that all her organs decease, and are again renewed. Growth and decay, sepulture and resurrection, tread fast on the heels of the other. Birth entombs death; death encradles birth. The incorruptible is ever putting off corruption; the immortal mortality. Nature, indeed, is but the ashes of the departed soul; and the body her urn. . . . C. *Silence.* — Silence is the initiative to wisdom. Wit is silent, and justifies her children by their reverence of the voiceless oracles of the breast. Inspiration is dumb, a listener to the oracles during her nonage; suddenly she speaks, to mock the emptiness of all speech. Silence is the dialect of heaven; the utterance of the gods.



HOME OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, CONCORD

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

Alcott, Louisa May, an American author, daughter of Amos B. Alcott, born at Germantown, Pa., November 29, 1832; died at Boston, Mass., March 6, 1888. Her earliest work, "Fairy Tales," was published in 1855. During the early part of the Civil War she acted as a hospital nurse, and in 1863 issued a volume of "Hospital Sketches" made up from letters which she had written to her friends at home. About this time she became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly,* and began her distinctive career as a writer of books about young people and for young people. The principal of these are: "Moods" (1864), "Morning Glories" (1867), "Little Women" (1868), which was her first decided success; "An Old-fashioned Girl" (1869), "Little Men" (1871), "Work" (1873), "Eight Cousins" (1875), and its sequel, "Rose in Bloom" (1877), which, perhaps, rank first among her books; "Under the Lilacs" (1878), "Jack and Jill," (1880), "Spinning-wheel Stories" (1884), "Jo's Boys" (1886), and "Comic Tragedies" (1893). Besides these she put forth at different times several volumes of short stories, among which are "Cupid and Chow-chow," "Silver Pitchers," and "Aunt Joe's Scrap-bag."

The Night Ward.

(From "Hospital Sketches.")

Being fond of the night side of nature, I was soon promoted to the post of night nurse, with every facility for indulging in my favorite pastime of "owling." My colleague, a black-eyed widow, relieved me at dawn, we two taking care of the ward between us, like regular nurses, turn and turn about. I usually found my boys in the jolliest state of mind their condition allowed; for it was a known fact that Nurse Periwinkle objected to blue devils, and entertained a belief that he who laughed most was surest of recovery. At the beginning of my reign, dumps and dismals prevailed; the nurses looked anxious and tired, the men gloomy or sad; and a general "Hark-from-the-tombs-a-doleful-sound" style of conversation seemed to be the fashion: a state of things which caused one coming from a merry, social

New England town, to feel as if she had got into an exhausted receiver; and the instinct of self-preservation, to say nothing of a philanthropic desire to serve the race, caused a speedy change in Ward No. 1.

More flattering than the most gracefully turned compliment, more grateful than the most admiring glance, was the sight of those rows of faces, all strange to me a little while ago, now lighting up with smiles of welcome as I came among them, enjoying that moment heartily, with a womanly pride in their regard, a motherly affection for them all. The evenings were spent in reading aloud, writing letters, waiting on and amusing the men, going the rounds with Dr. P—— as he made his second daily survey, dressing my dozen wounds afresh, giving last doses, and making them cozy for the long hours to come, till the nine o'clock bell rang, the gas was turned down, the day nurses went off duty, the night watch came on, and my nocturnal adventures began.

My ward was now divided into three rooms; and under favor of the matron, I had managed to sort out the patients in such a way that I had what I called my "duty room," my "pleasure room," and my "pathetic room," and worked for each in a different way. One I visited armed with a dressing-tray full of rollers, plasters, and pins; another, with books, flowers, games, and gossip; a third, with teapots, lullabies, consolation, and sometimes a shroud.

Wherever the sickest or most helpless man chanced to be, there I held my watch, often visiting the other rooms to see that the general watchman of the ward did his duty by the fires and the wounds, the latter needing constant wetting. Not only on this account did I meander, but also to get fresher air than the close rooms afforded; for owing to the stupidity of that mysterious "somebody" who does all the damage in the world, the windows had been carefully nailed down above, and the lower sashes could only be raised in the mildest weather, for the men lay just below. I had suggested a summary smashing of a few panes here and there, when frequent appeals to headquarters had proved unavailing and daily orders to lazy attendants had come to nothing. No one seconded the motion, however, and the nails were far beyond my reach; for though belonging to the sisterhood of "ministering angels," I had no wings and might as well have asked for a suspension bridge as a pair of steps in that charitable chaos.

One of the harmless ghosts who bore me company during the haunted hours was Dan, the watchman, whom I regarded with a certain awe; for though so much together, I never fairly saw his face, and but for his legs should never have recognized him, as we seldom met by day. These legs were remarkable, as was his whole figure: for his body was short, rotund, and done up in a big jacket and muffler; his beard hid the lower part of his face, his hat-brim the upper, and all I ever discovered was a pair of sleepy eyes and a very mild voice. But the legs! — very long, very thin, very crooked and feeble, looking like gray sausages in their tight coverings, and finished off with a pair of expansive green cloth shoes, very like Chinese junks with the sails down. This figure, gliding noiselessly about the dimly lighted rooms, was strongly suggestive of the spirit of a beer-barrel mounted on corkscrews, haunting the old hotel in search of its lost mates, emptied and staved in long ago.

Another goblin who frequently appeared to me was the attendant of "the pathetic room," who, being a faithful soul, was often up to tend two or three men, weak and wandering as babies, after the fever had gone. The amiable creature beguiled the watches of the night by brewing jorums of a fearful beverage which he called coffee, and insisted on sharing with me; coming in with a great bowl of something like mud soup, scalding hot, guiltless of cream, rich in an all-pervading flavor of molasses, scorch, and tin pot.

Even my constitutionals in the chilly halls possessed a certain charm, for the house was never still. Sentinels tramped round it all night long, their muskets glittering in the wintry moonlight as they walked, or stood before the doors straight and silent as figures of stone, causing one to conjure up romantic visions of guarded forts, sudden surprises, and daring deeds; for in these war times the humdrum life of Yankeedom has vanished and the most prosaic feel some thrill of that excitement which stirs the Nation's heart, and makes its capital a camp of hospitals. Wandering up and down these lower halls I often heard cries from above, steps hurrying to and fro, saw surgeons passing up, or men coming down carrying a stretcher, where lay a long white figure whose face was shrouded, and whose fight was done. Sometimes I stopped to watch the passers in the street, the moonlight shining on the spire opposite, or the gleam of some vessel floating, like a white-winged sea-gull, down the broad Potomac, whose fullest flow can never wash away the red stain of the land.

AMY'S VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.[1]

(From "Little Women.")

"THAT boy is a perfect Cyclops, is n't he?" said Amy one day, as Laurie clattered by on horseback, with a flourish of his whip as he passed.

"How dare you say so, when he's got both his eyes? and very handsome ones they are, too," cried Jo, who resented any slighting remarks about her friend.

"I did n't say anything about his eyes; and I don't see why you need fire up when I admire his riding."

"Oh, my goodness! that little goose means a centaur, and she called him a Cyclops," exclaimed Jo, with a burst of laughter.

"You need n't be so rude; it's only a 'lapse of lingy,' as Mr. Davis says," retorted Amy, finishing Jo with her Latin. "I just wish I had a little of the money Laurie spends on that horse," she added, as if to herself, yet hoping her sisters would hear.

"Why?" asked Meg, kindly, for Jo had gone off in another laugh at Amy's second blunder.

"I need it so much: I'm dreadfully in debt, and it won't be my turn to have the rag-money for a month."

"In debt, Amy: what do you mean?" and Meg looked sober.

"Why, I owe at least a dozen pickled limes; and I can't pay them, you know, till I have money, for Marmee forbids my having anything charged at the shop."

"Tell me all about it. Are limes the fashion now? It used to be pricking bits of rubber to make balls;" and Meg tried to keep her countenance, Amy looked so grave and important.

"Why, you see, the girls are always buying them, and unless you want to be thought mean, you must do it too. It's nothing but limes now, for every one is sucking them in their desks in school-time, and trading them off for pencils, bead-rings, paper dolls, or something else, at recess. If one girl likes another, she gives her a lime; if she's mad with her, she eats one before her face, and don't offer even a suck. They treat by turns; and I've had ever so many, but have n't returned them, and I ought, for they are debts of honor, you know."

"How much will pay them off, and restore your credit?" asked Meg, taking out her purse.

"A quarter would more than do it, and leave a few cents over for a treat for you. Don't you like limes?"

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"Not much; you may have my share. Here 's the money: make it last as long as you can, for it is n't very plenty, you know."

"Oh, thank you! it must be so nice to have pocket-money. I 'll have a grand feast, for I have n't tasted a lime this week. I felt delicate about taking any, as I could n't return them, and I 'm actually suffering for one."

Next day Amy was rather late at school; but could not resist the temptation of displaying, with pardonable pride, a moist brown-paper parcel before she consigned it to the inmost recesses of her desk. During the next few minutes the rumor that Amy March had got twenty-four delicious limes (she ate one on the way), and was going to treat, circulated through her "set," and the attentions of her friends became quite overwhelming. Katy Brown invited her to her next party on the spot; Mary Kingsley insisted on lending her her watch till recess; and Jenny Snow, a satirical young lady who had basely twitted Amy upon her limeless state, promptly buried the hatchet, and offered to furnish answers to certain appalling sums. But Amy had not forgotten Miss Snow's cutting remarks about "some persons whose noses were not too flat to smell other people's limes, and stuck-up people who were not too proud to ask for them;" and she instantly crushed "that Snow girl's" hopes by the withering telegram, "You need n't be so polite all of a sudden, for you won't get any."

A distinguished personage happened to visit the school that morning, and Amy's beautifully drawn maps received praise; which honor to her foe rankled in the soul of Miss Snow, and caused Miss March to assume the airs of a studious young peacock. But alas, alas! pride goes before a fall, and the revengeful Snow turned the tables with disastrous success. No sooner had the guest paid the usual stale compliments, and bowed himself out, than Jenny, under pretence of asking an important question, informed Mr. Davis, the teacher, that Amy March had pickled limes in her desk.

Now, Mr. Davis had declared limes a contraband article, and solemnly vowed to publicly ferule the person who was found breaking the law. This much-enduring man had succeeded in banishing gum after a long and stormy war, had made a bonfire of the confiscated novels and newspapers, had suppressed a private post-office, had forbidden distortions of the face, nicknames, and caricatures, and done all that one man could do to keep half a hundred rebellious girls in order. Boys are trying enough to human patience, goodness knows! but girls are infinitely more so, especially to nervous gentlemen with tyrannical tempers, and no more talent for teaching than "Dr. Blimber." Mr. Davis knew any quantity of Greek, Latin, algebra, and ologies of all sorts, so he was called a fine teacher; and manners, morals, feelings, and examples were not considered of any particular importance. It was a most unfortunate moment for denouncing Amy, and Jenny knew it. Mr. Davis had evidently taken his coffee too strong that morning; there was an east wind, which always affected his neuralgia, and his pupils had not done him the credit which he felt he deserved; therefore, to use the expressive if not elegant language of a schoolgirl, "he was as nervous as a witch, and as cross as a bear." The word "limes" was like fire to powder: his yellow face flushed, and he rapped on his desk with an energy which made Jenny skip to her seat with unusual rapidity.

"Young ladies, attention, if you please!"

At the stern order the buzz ceased, and fifty pairs of blue, black, gray, and brown eyes were obediently fixed upon his awful countenance.

"Miss March, come to the desk."

Amy rose to comply with outward composure; but a secret fear oppressed her, for the limes weighed upon her conscience.

"Bring with you the limes you have in your desk," was the unexpected command which arrested her before she got out of her seat.

"Don't take all," whispered her neighbor, a young lady of great presence of mind.

Amy hastily shook out half a dozen, and laid the rest down before Mr. Davis, feeling that any man possessing a human heart would relent when that delicious perfume met his nose. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis particularly detested the odor of the fashionable pickle, and disgust added to his wrath.

"Is that all?"

"Not quite," stammered Amy.

"Bring the rest, immediately."

With a despairing glance at her set she obeyed.

"You are sure there are no more?"

"I never lie, sir."

"So I see. Now take these disgusting things, two by two, and throw them out of the window."

There was a simultaneous sigh, which created quite a little gust as the last hope fled, and the treat was ravished from their longing lips. Scarlet with shame and anger, Amy went to and fro twelve mortal times; and as each doomed couple, looking, oh, so plump and juicy! fell from her reluctant hands, a shout from the street completed the anguish of the girls, for it told them that their feast was being exulted over by the little Irish children, who were their sworn foes. This — this was too much; all flashed indignant or appealing glances at the inexorable Davis, and one passionate lime-lover burst into tears.

As Amy returned from her last trip, Mr. Davis gave a portentous "hem," and said, in his most impressive manner: —

"Young ladies, you remember what I said to you a week ago. I am sorry this has happened; but I never allow my rules to be infringed, and I *never* break my word. Miss March, hold out your hand."

Amy started, and put both hands behind her, turning on him an imploring look, which pleaded for her better than the words she could not utter. She was rather a favorite with "old Davis," as of course he was called, and it's my private belief that he *would* have broken his word if the indignation of one irrepressible young lady had not found vent in a hiss. That hiss, faint as it was, irritated the irascible gentleman, and sealed the culprit's fate.

"Your hand, Miss March!" was the only answer her mute appeal received; and, too proud to cry or beseech, Amy set her teeth, threw back her head defiantly, and bore without flinching several tingling blows on her little palm. They were neither many nor heavy, but that made no difference to her. For the first time in her life she had been struck; and the disgrace, in her eyes, was as deep as if he had knocked her down.

"You will now stand on the platform till recess," said Mr. Davis, resolved to do the thing thoroughly, since he had begun.

That was dreadful. It would have been bad enough to go to her seat and see the pitying faces of her friends, or the satisfied ones of her few enemies; but to face the whole school with that shame fresh upon her seemed impossible, and for a second she felt as if she could only drop down where she stood, and break her heart with crying. A bitter sense of wrong, and the thought of Jenny Snow, helped her to bear it; and taking the ignominious place, she fixed her eyes on the stove-funnel above what now seemed a sea of faces, and stood there so motionless and white, that the girls found it very hard to study, with that pathetic little figure before them.

During the fifteen minutes that followed, the proud and sensitive little girl suffered a shame and pain which she never forgot. To others it might seem a ludicrous or trivial affair, but to her it was a hard experience; for during the twelve years of her life she had been governed by love alone, and a blow of that sort had never touched her before. The smart of her hand, and the ache of her heart, were forgotten in the sting of the thought,—"I shall have to tell at home, and they will be so disappointed in me!"

The fifteen minutes seemed an hour; but they came to an end at last, and the word "Recess!" had never seemed so welcome to her before.

"You can go, Miss March," said Mr. Davis, looking, as he felt, uncomfortable.

He did not soon forget the reproachful look Amy gave him, as she went, without a word to any one, straight into the ante-room, snatched her things, and left the place "forever," as she passionately declared to herself. She was in a sad state when she got home; and when the older girls arrived, some time later, an indignation meeting was held at once. Mrs. March did not say much, but looked disturbed, and comforted her afflicted little daughter in her tenderest manner. Meg bathed the insulted hand with glycerine, and tears; Beth felt that even her beloved kittens would fail as a balm for griefs like this, and Jo wrathfully proposed that Mr. Davis be arrested without delay; while Hannah shook her fist at the "villain," and pounded potatoes for dinner as if she had him under her pestle.

No notice was taken of Amy's flight, except by her mates; but the sharp-eyed demoiselles discovered that Mr. Davis was quite benignant in the afternoon, and also unusually nervous. Just before school closed Jo appeared, wearing a grim expression as she stalked up to the desk and delivered a letter from her mother; then collected Amy's property and departed, carefully scraping the mud from her boots on the door-mat, as if she shook the dust of the place off her feet.

"Yes, you can have a vacation from school, but I want you to study a little every day with Beth," said Mrs. March that evening. "I don't approve of corporal punishment, especially for girls. I dislike Mr. Davis's manner of teaching, and don't think the girls you associate with are doing you any good, so

I shall ask your father's advice before I send you anywhere else."

"That 's good! I wish all the girls would leave, and spoil his old school. It 's perfectly maddening to think of those lovely limes," sighed Amy with the air of a martyr.

"I am not sorry you lost them, for you broke the rules, and deserved some punishment for disobedience," was the severe reply, which rather disappointed the young lady, who expected nothing but sympathy.

"Do you mean you are glad I was disgraced before the whole school?" cried Amy.

"I should not have chosen that way of mending a fault," replied her mother; "but I 'm not sure that it won't do you more good than a milder method. You are getting to be altogether too conceited and important, my dear, and it is about time you set about correcting it. You have a good many little gifts and virtues, but there is no need of parading them, for conceit spoils the finest genius. There is not much danger that real talent or goodness will be overlooked long; even if it is, the consciousness of possessing and using it well should satisfy one, and the great charm of all power is modesty."

"So it is," cried Laurie, who was playing chess in a corner with Jo. "I knew a girl once who had a really remarkable talent for music, and she didn 't know it; never guessed what sweet little things she composed when she was alone, and would n't have believed it if any one had told her."

"I wish I 'd known that nice girl; maybe she would have helped me, I 'm so stupid," said Beth, who stood beside him listening eagerly.

"You do know her, and she helps you better than any one else could," answered Laurie, looking at her with such mischievous meaning in his merry eyes, that Beth suddenly turned very red, and hid her face in the sofa-cushion, quite overcome by such an unexpected discovery.

Jo let Laurie win the game, to pay for that praise of her Beth, who could not be prevailed upon to play for them after her compliment. So Laurie did his best and sung delightfully, being in a particularly lively humor, for to the Marches he seldom showed the moody side of his character. When he was gone, Amy, who had been pensive all the evening, said suddenly, as if busy over some new idea:—

"Is Laurie an accomplished boy?"

"Yes; he has had an excellent education, and has much talent; he will make a fine man, if not spoiled by petting," replied her mother.

"And he is n't conceited, is he?" ask Amy.

"Not in the least; that is why he is so charming, and we all like him so much."

"I see: it 's nice to have accomplishments, and be elegant, but not to show off, or get perked up," said Amy thoughtfully.

"These things are always seen and felt in a person's manner and conversation, if modestly used; but it is not necessary to display them," said Mrs. March.

"Any more than it 's proper to wear all your bonnets, and gowns and ribbons, at once, that folks may know you 've got 'em," added Jo; and the lecture ended in a laugh.

THOREAU'S FLUTE.

WE sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him; —
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death;
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine, —
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen, —
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him, he is with thee."

A Song from the Suds.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry,
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air by they magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing-day!

Along the path of a useful life,
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say, —
"Head you may think, Heart you may feel,
But Hand you shall work alway!"

HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

Alden, Henry Mills, an American editor, poet, and prose writer; born at Mt. Tabor, Vt., November 11, 1836. He was graduated at Williams College and Andover Theological Seminary; settled in New York in 1861; became managing editor of "Harper's Weekly" in 1864, and editor of "Harper's Monthy Magazine" in 1868, which post he now holds. He has published: "The Ancient Lady of Sorrow," a poem (1872); "God in His World" (1890); and "A Study of Death" (1895).

Death and Sleep.[1]

(From "A Study of Death.")

The Angel of Death is the invisible Angel of Life. While the organism is alive as a human embodiment, death is present, having the same human distinction as the life, from which it is inseparable, being, indeed, the better half of living, — its wingèd half, its rest and inspiration, its secret spring of elasticity, and quickness. Life came upon the wings of Death, and so departs.

If we think of life apart from death our thought is partial, as if we would give flight to the arrow without bending the bow. No living movement either begins or is completed save through death. If the shuttle return not there is no web; and the texture of life is woven through this tropic movement.

It is a commonly accepted scientific truth that the continuance of life in any living thing depends upon death. But there are two ways of expressing this truth: one, regarding merely the outward fact, as when we say that animal or vegetable tissue is renewed through decay; the other, regarding the action and reaction proper to life itself, whereby it forever springs freshly from its source. The latter form of expression is mystical, in the true meaning of that term. We close our eyes to the outward appearance, in order that we may directly confront a mystery which is already past before there is any visible indication thereof. Though the imagination engaged in this mystical apprehension borrows its symbols or analogues from observation and experience, yet these symbols are spiritually regarded by looking at life on its living side, and abstracted as far as possible from outward embodiment. We especially affect physiological analogues because, being derived from our experience, we may the more readily have the inward regard of them; and by passing from one physiological analogue to another, and from all these to those furnished by the processes of nature outside of our bodies, we come to an apprehension of the action and reaction proper to life itself as an idea independent of all its physical representations.

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Thus we trace the rhythmic beating of the pulse to the systole and diastole of the heart, and we note a similar alternation in the contraction and relaxation of all our muscles. Breathing is alternately inspiration and expiration. Sensation itself is by beats, and falls into rhythm. There is no uninterrupted strain of either action or sensibility; a current or a contract is renewed, having been broken. In psychical operation there is the same alternate lapse and resurgence. Memory rises from the grave of oblivion. No holding can be maintained save through alternate release. Pulsation establishes circulation, and vital motions proceed through cycles, each one of which, however minute, has its tropic of Cancer and of Capricorn. Then there are the larger physiological cycles, like that wherein sleep is the alternation of waking. Passing from the field of our direct experience to that of observation, we note similar alternations, as of day and night, summer and winter, flood and ebb tide; and science discloses them at every turn, especially in its recent consideration of the subtle forces of Nature, leading us back of all visible motions to the pulsations of the ether. . . .

In considering the action and reaction proper to life itself, we here dismiss from view all measured cycles, whose beginning and end are appreciably separate; our regard is confined to living moments, so fleet that their beginning and ending meet as in one point, which is seen to be at once the point of departure and of return. Thus we may speak of a man's life as included between his birth and his death, and with reference to this physiological term, think of him as living, and then as dead; but we may also consider him while living as yet every moment dying, and in this view death is clearly seen to be the inseparable companion of life, — the way of return, and so of continuance.

This pulsation, forever a vanishing and a resurgence, so incalculably swift as to escape observation, is proper to life as life, does not begin with what we call birth nor end with what we call death (considering birth and death as terms applicable to an individual existence); it is forever beginning and forever ending. Thus to all manifest existence we apply the term Nature (*natura*), which means "forever being born;" and on its vanishing side it is *moritura*, or "forever dying." Resurrection is thus a natural and perpetual miracle. The idea of life as transcending any individual embodiment is as germane to science as it is to faith.

Death, thus seen as essential, is lifted above its temporary and visible accidents. It is no longer associated with corruption, but rather with the sweet and wholesome freshness of life, being the way of its renewal. Sweeter than the honey which Samson found in the lion's carcass is this everlasting sweetness of Death; and it is a mystery deeper than the strong man's riddle.

So is Death pure and clean, as is the dew that comes with the cool night when the sun has set; clean and white as the snowflakes that betoken the absolution which Winter gives, shriving the earth of all her Summer wantonness and excess, when only the trees that yield balsam and aromatic fragrance remain green, breaking the box of precious ointment for burial.

In this view also is restored the kinship of Death with Sleep.

The state of the infant seems to be one of chronic mysticism, since during the greater part of its days its eyes are closed to the outer world. Its larger familiarity is still with the invisible, and it seems as if the Mothers of Darkness were still withholding it as their nursling, accomplishing for it some mighty work in their proper realm, some such fiery baptism of infants as is frequently instanced in Greek mythology, tempering them for earthly trials. The infant must needs sleep while this work is being done for it; it has been sleeping since the work began, from the foundation of the world, and the old habit still clings about it and is not easily laid aside. . . .

That which we have been considering as the death that is in every moment is a reaction proper to life itself, waking or sleeping, whereby it is renewed, sharing at once Time and Eternity — time as outward form, and eternity as its essential quality. Sleep is a special relaxation, relieving a special strain. As daily we build with effort and design an elaborate superstructure above the living foundation, so must this edifice nightly be laid in ruins. Sleep is thus a disembarrassment, the unloading of a burden wherewith we have weighted ourselves. Here again we are brought into a kind of repentance, and receive absolution. Sleep is forgiveness.

The Parable of the Prodigal.[1]

(From "A Study of Death.")

I.

Standing at the gate of Birth, it would seem as if it were the vital destination of all things to fly from their source, as if it were the dominant desire of life to enter into limitations. We might mentally represent to ourselves an essence simple and indivisible that denies itself in diversified manifold existence. To us, this side the veil, nay, immeshed in innumerable veils that hide from us the Father's face, this insistence appears to have the stress of urgency, as if the effort of all being, its unceasing travail, were like the beating of the infinite ocean upon the shores of Time; and as if, within the continent of Time, all existence were forever knocking at new gates, seeking, through some as yet untried path of progression, greater complexity, a deeper involvement. All the children seem to be beseeching the Father to divide unto them his living, none willingly abiding in that Father's house. But in reality their will is his will — they fly, and they are driven, like fledglings from the mother-nest.

II.

The story of a solar system, or of any synthesis in time, repeats the parable of the Prodigal Son, in its essential features. It is a cosmic parable.

The planet is a wanderer (*planes*), and the individual planetary destiny can be accomplished only through flight from its source. After all its prodigality it shall sicken and return.

Attributing to the Earth, thus apparently separated from the Sun, some macrocosmic sentience, what must have been her wondering dream, finding herself at once thrust away and securely held, poised between her flight and her bond, and so swinging into a regular orbit about the Sun, while at the same time in her rotation, turning to him and away from him — into the light, and into the darkness, forever denying and confessing her lord!

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Her emotion must have been one of delight, however mingled with a feeling of timorous awe, since her desire could not have been other than one with her destination. Despite the distance and the growing coolness she could feel the kinship still; her pulse, though modulated, was still in rhythm with that of the solar heart, and in her bosom were hidden consubstantial fires. But it was the sense of otherness, of her own distinct individuation, that was mainly being nourished, this sense, moreover, being proper to her destiny; therefore, the signs of her likeness to the Sun were more and more being buried from her view; her fires were veiled by a hardening crust, and her opaqueness stood out against his light. She had no regret for all she was surrendering, thinking only of her gain, of being clothed upon with a garment showing ever some new fold of surprising beauty and wonder. If she had remained in the Father's house — like the elder brother in the Parable — then would all that He had have been hers, in nebulous simplicity. But now, holding her revels apart, she seems to sing her own song, and to dream her own beautiful dream, wandering, with a motion wholly her own, among the gardens of cosmic order and loveliness. She glories in her many veils, which, though they hide from her both her source and her very self, are the media through which the invisible light is broken into multiform illusions that enrich her dream. She beholds the Sun as a far-off, insphered being existing for her, her ministrant bridegroom; and when her face is turned away from him into the night, she beholds innumerable suns, a myriad of archangels, all witnesses of some infinitely remote and central flame — the Spirit of all life. Yet, in the midst of these visible images, she is absorbed in her individual dream, wherein she appears to herself to be the mother of all living. It is proper to her destiny that she should be thus enwrapped in her own distinct action and passion, and refer to herself the appearances of a universe. While all that is not she is what she really is, — necessary, that is, to her full definition, — she, on the other hand, from herself interprets all else. This is the inevitable terrestrial idealism, peculiar to every individuation in time — the individual thus balancing the universe.

III.

In reality, the Earth has never left the Sun; apart from him she has no life, any more than has the branch severed from the vine. More truly it may be said that the Sun has never left the Earth.

No prodigal can really leave the Father's house, any more than he can leave himself; coming to himself, he feels the Father's arms about him — they have always been there — he is newly apparelled, and wears the signet ring of native prestige; he hears the sound of familiar music and dancing, and it may be that the young and beautiful forms mingling with him in this festival are the riotous youths and maidens of his far-country revels, also come to themselves and home, of whom also the Father saith: These were dead and are alive again, they were lost and are found. The starvation and sense of exile had been parts of a troubled dream — a dream which had also had its ecstasy, but had come into a consuming fever, with delirious imaginings of fresh fountains, of shapes drawn from the memory of childhood, and of the cool touch of kindred hands upon the brow. So near is exile to home, misery to divine commiseration — so near are pain and death, desolation and divestiture, to " a new creature," and to the kinship involved in all creation and re-creation.

Distance in the cosmic order is a standing-apart, which is only another expression of the expansion and abundance of creative life; but at every remove its reflex is nearness, a bond of attraction, insphering and curving, making orb and orbit. While in space this attraction is diminished — being inversely as the square of the distance — and so there is maintained and emphasized the appearance of suspension and isolation, yet in time it gains preponderance, contracting sphere and orbit, aging planets and suns, and accumulating destruction, which at the point of annihilation becomes a new creation. This Grand Cycle, which is but a pulsation or breath of the Eternal life, illustrates a truth which is repeated in its least and most minutely divided moment — that birth lies next to death, as water crystallizes at the freezing-point, and the plant blossoms at points most remote from the source of nutrition.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

Aldrich, Anne Reeve, an American poet and novelist; born in New York, April 25, 1866; died there, June 22, 1892. She was the author of "The Rose of Flame" (1889); "The Feet of Love," a novel (1890); and "Songs about Life, Love, and Death" (1892).

Mine Own Work.

I made the cross myself whose weight
  Was later laid on me:
This thought is torture as I toil
  Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
  I sung a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
  To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed — if I had dreamed
  Its weight was made for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
  To bear up Calvary.

A Song of Life.

Did I seek life? Not so: its weight was laid upon me;
And yet of my burden sore I may not set myself free.
Two love, and lo, at love's call, a hapless soul must wake:
Like a slave it is called to the world, to bear life, for their love's sake.

Did I seek love? Not so: love led me along by the hand.
Love beguiled me with songs and caresses, while I took no note of the land.
And lo, I stood in a quicksand, but Love had wings, and he fled:
Ah fool, for a mortal to venture where only a god may tread!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, an American journalist, poet, and novelist; born at Portsmouth, N. H., November 11, 1836. He entered the counting-house of his uncle, a New York merchant, where he remained three years; began to write for various periodicals, and subsequently acted as proof-reader in a printing-office. He became connected with the Boston "Atlantic Monthly," of which he was editor from 1883 to 1892. His poems include: "The Bells" (1855); "Baby Bell" (1856); "Cloth of Gold" (1874); "Flower and Thorn" (1876); "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book" (1881); "Mercedes and Later Lyrics;" also a household edition of his complete poems (1885); "Wyndham Towers" (1889); "The Sisters' Tragedy and Other Poems" (1891); and "Unguarded Gates and other Poems" (1895).

Miss Mehetabel's Son.[1]

I. — THE OLD TAVERN AT BAYLEY'S FOUR-CORNERS.

You will not find Greenton, or Bayley's Four-Corners as it is more usually designated, on any map of New England that I know of. It is not a town; it is not even a village: it is merely an absurd hotel. The almost indescribable place called Greenton is at the intersection of four roads, in the heart of New Hampshire, twenty miles from the nearest settlement of note, and ten miles from any railway station. A good location for a hotel, you will say. Precisely; but there has always been a hotel there, and for the last dozen years it has been pretty well patronized — by one boarder. Not to trifle with an intelligent public, I will state at once that, in the early part of this century, Greenton was a point at which the mail-coach on the Great Northern Route stopped to change horses, and allow the passengers to dine. People in the county, wishing to take the early mail Portsmouth-ward, put up over night at the old tavern, famous for its irreproachable larder and soft feather-beds. The tavern at that time was kept by Jonathan Bayley, who rivalled his wallet in growing corpulent, and in due time passed away. At his death the establishment, which included a farm, fell into the hands of a son-in-law. Now, though Bayley left his son-in-law a hotel — which sounds handsome — he left him no guests; for at about the period of the old man's death the old stage-coach died also. Apoplexy carried off one, and steam the other. Thus, by a sudden swerve in the tide of progress, the tavern at the Corners found itself high and dry, like a wreck on a sandbank. Shortly after this event, or maybe contemporaneously, there was some attempt to build a town at Greenton; but it apparently failed, if eleven cellars choked up with *débris* and overgrown with burdocks are any indication of failure. The farm, however, was a good farm, as things go in New Hampshire, and Tobias Sewell, the son-in-law, could afford to snap his fingers at the travelling public if they came near enough — which they never did.

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The hotel remains to-day pretty much the same as when Jonathan Bayley handed in his accounts in 1840, except that Sewell has from time to time sold the furniture of some of the upper chambers to bridal couples in the neighborhood. The bar is still open, and the parlor door says PARLOUR in tall black letters. Now and then a passing drover looks in at that lonely bar-room, where a high-shouldered bottle of Santa Cruz rum ogles with a peculiarly knowing air a shrivelled lemon on a shelf; now and then a farmer rides across country to talk crops and stock and take a friendly glass with Tobias; and now and then a circus caravan with speckled ponies, or a menagerie with a soggy elephant, halts under the swinging sign, on which there is a dim mail-coach with four phantomish horses driven by a portly gentleman whose head has been washed off by the rain. Other customers there are none, except that one regular boarder whom I have mentioned.

If misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, it is equally certain that the profession of surveyor and civil engineer often takes one into undreamed-of localities. I had never heard of Greenton until my duties sent me there, and kept me there two weeks in the dreariest season of the year. I do not think I would, of my own volition, have selected Greenton for a fortnight's sojourn at any time; but now the business is over, I shall never regret the circumstances that made me the guest of Tobias Sewell, and brought me into intimate relations with Miss Mehetabel's son.

It was a black October night in the year of grace 1872 that discovered me standing in front of the old tavern at the Corners. Though the ten miles' ride from K—— had been depressing, especially the last five miles, on account of the cold autumnal rain that had set in, I felt a pang of regret on hearing the rickety open wagon turn round in the road and roll off in the darkness. There were no lights visible anywhere, and only for the big, shapeless mass of something in front of me, which the driver had said was the hotel, I should have fancied that I had been set down by the roadside. I was wet to the skin, and in no amiable humor; and not being able to find bell-pull or knocker, or even a door, I belabored the side of the house with my heavy walking-stick. In a minute or two I saw a light flickering somewhere aloft, then I heard the sound of a window opening, followed by an exclamation of disgust as a blast of wind extinguished the candle which had given me an instantaneous picture *en silhouette* of a man leaning out of a casement.

"I say, what do you want, down there?" inquired an unprepossessing voice.

"I want to come in; I want a supper, and a bed, and numberless things."

"This is n't no time of night to go rousing honest folks out of their sleep. Who are you, anyway?"

The question, superficially considered, was a very simple one, and I, of all people in the world, ought to have been able to answer it off-hand; but it staggered me. Strangely enough, there came drifting across my memory the lettering on the back of a metaphysical work which I had seen years before on a shelf in the Astor Library. Owing to an unpremeditatedly funny collocation of title and author, the lettering read as follows: "Who am I? Jones." Evidently it had puzzled Jones to know who he was, or he would n't have written a book about it, and come to so lame and impotent a conclusion. It certainly puzzled me at that instant to define my identity. "Thirty years ago," I reflected, "I was nothing; fifty years hence I shall be nothing again, humanly speaking. In the mean time, who am I, sure enough?" It had never before occurred to me what an indefinite article I was. I wish it had not occurred to me then. Standing there in the rain and darkness, I wrestled vainly with the problem, and was constrained to fall back upon a Yankee expedient.

"Is n't this a hotel?" I asked finally.

"Well, it is a sort of hotel," said the voice, doubtfully. My hesitation and prevarication had apparently not inspired my interlocutor with confidence in me.

"Then let me in. I have just driven over from K—— in this infernal rain. I am wet through and through."

"But what do you want here, at the Corners? What's your business? People don't come here, leastways in the middle of the night."

"It is n't in the middle of the night," I returned, incensed. "I come on business connected with the new road. I'm the superintendent of the works."

"Oh!"

"And if you don't open the door at once, I'll raise the whole neighborhood — and then go to the other hotel."

When I said that, I supposed Greenton was a village with a population of at least three or four thousand, and was wondering vaguely at the absence of lights and other signs of human habitation. Surely, I thought, all the people cannot be abed and asleep at half past ten o'clock: perhaps I am in the business section of the town, among the shops.

"You jest wait," said the voice above.

This request was not devoid of a certain accent of menace, and I braced myself for a sortie on the part of the besieged, if he had any such hostile intent. Presently a door opened at the very place where I least expected a door, at the farther end of the building, in fact, and a man in his shirt sleeves, shielding a candle with his left hand, appeared on the threshold. I passed quickly into the house, with Mr. Tobias Sewell (for this was Mr. Sewell) at my heels, and found myself in a long, low-studded bar-room.

There were two chairs drawn up before the hearth, on which a huge hemlock back-log was still smouldering, and on the unpainted deal counter contiguous stood two cloudy glasses with bits of lemon-peel in the bottom, hinting at recent libations. Against the discolored wall over the bar hung a yellowed handbill, in a warped frame, announcing that "the Next Annual N. H. Agricultural Fair" would take place on the 10th of September, 1841. There was no other furniture or decoration in this dismal apartment, except the cobwebs which festooned the ceiling, hanging down here and there like stalactites.

Mr. Sewell set the candlestick on the mantel-shelf, and threw some pine-knots on the fire, which immediately broke into a blaze, and showed him to be a lank, narrow-chested man, past sixty, with sparse, steel-gray hair, and small deep-set eyes, perfectly round like a fish's, and of no particular color. His chief personal characteristics seemed to be too much feet and not enough teeth. His sharply cut, but rather simple face, as he turned it towards me, wore a look of interrogation. I replied to his mute inquiry by taking out my pocket-book and handing him my business-card, which he held up to the candle and perused with great deliberation.

"You're a civil engineer, are you?" he said, displaying his gums, which gave his countenance an expression of almost infantile innocence. He made no further audible remark, but mumbled between his thin lips something which an imaginative person might have construed into, "If you're a civil engineer I'll be blessed if I would n't like to see an uncivil one!"

Mr. Sewell's growl, however, was worse than his bite, — owing to his lack of teeth, probably, — for he very good-naturedly set himself to work preparing supper for me. After a slice of cold ham, and a warm punch, to which my chilled condition gave a grateful flavor, I went to bed in a distant chamber in a most amiable mood, feeling satisfied that Jones was a donkey to bother himself about his identity.

When I awoke, the sun was several hours high. My bed faced a window, and by raising myself on one elbow I could look out on what I expected would be the main street. To my astonishment I beheld a lonely country road winding up a sterile hill and disappearing over the ridge. In a cornfield at the right of the road was a small private graveyard, enclosed by a crumbling stone wall with a red gate. The only thing suggestive of life was this little corner lot occupied by death. I got out of bed and went to the other window. There I had an uninterrupted view of twelve miles of open landscape, with Mount Agamenticus in the purple distance. Not a house or a spire in sight. "Well," I exclaimed, "Greenton does n't appear to be a very closely packed metropolis!" That rival hotel with which I had threatened Mr. Sewell overnight was not a deadly weapon, looking at it by daylight. "By Jove!" I reflected, "maybe I'm in the wrong place." But there, tacked against a panel of the bedroom door, was a faded time-table dated Greenton, August 1, 1839.

I smiled all the time I was dressing, and went smiling downstairs, where I found Mr. Sewell, assisted by one of the fair sex in the first bloom of her eightieth year, serving breakfast for me on a small table — in the bar-room!

"I overslept myself this morning," I remarked apologetically, "and I see that I am putting you to some trouble. In future, if you will have me called, I will take my meals at the usual *table d'hôte.*"

"At the what?" said Mr. Sewell.

"I mean with the other boarders."

Mr. Sewell paused in the act of lifting a chop from the fire, and, resting the point of his fork against the woodwork of the mantel-piece, grinned from ear to ear.

"Bless you! there is n't any other boarders. There has n't been anybody put up here sence — let me see — sence father-in-law died, and that was in the fall of '40. To be sure, there 's Silas; *he* 's a regular boarder: but I don't count him."

Mr. Sewell then explained how the tavern had lost its custom when the old stage line was broken up by the railroad. The introduction of steam was, in Mr. Sewell's estimation, a fatal error. "Jest killed local business. Carried it off, I 'm darned if I know where. The whole country has been sort o' retrograding ever sence steam was invented."

"You spoke of having one boarder," I said.

"Silas? Yes; he come here the summer 'Tilda died — she that was 'Tilda Bayley — and he 's here yet, going on thirteen year. He could n't live any longer with the old man. Between you and I, old Clem Jaffrey, Silas's father, was a hard nut. Yes," said Mr. Sewell, crooking his elbow in inimitable pantomime, "altogether too often. Found dead in the road hugging a three-gallon demijohn. *Habeas corpus* in the barn," added Mr. Sewell, intending, I presume, to intimate that a *post-mortem* examination had been deemed necessary. "Silas," he resumed, in that respectful tone which one should always adopt when speaking of capital, "is a man of considerable property; lives on his interest, and keeps a hoss and shay. He 's a great scholar, too, Silas: takes all the pe-ri-odicals and the 'Police Gazette' regular."

Mr. Sewell was turning over a third chop, when the door opened and a stoutish, middle-aged little gentleman, clad in deep black, stepped into the room.

"Silas Jaffrey," said Mr. Sewell, with a comprehensive sweep of his arm, picking up me and the new-comer on one fork, so to speak. "Be acquainted!"

Mr. Jaffrey advanced briskly, and gave me his hand with unlooked-for cordiality. He was a dapper little man, with a head as round and nearly as bald as an orange, and not unlike an orange in complexion, either; he had twinkling gray eyes and a pronounced Roman nose, the numerous freckles upon which were deepened by his funereal dress-coat and trousers. He reminded me of Alfred de Musset's blackbird, which, with its yellow beak and sombre plumage, looked like an undertaker eating an omelet.

"Silas will take care of you," said Mr. Sewell, taking down his hat from a peg behind the door. "I 've got the cattle to look after. Tell him if you want anything."

While I ate my breakfast, Mr. Jaffrey hopped up and down the narrow bar-room and chirped away as blithely as a bird on a cherry-bough, occasionally ruffling with his fingers a slight fringe of auburn hair which stood up pertly round his head and seemed to possess a luminous quality of its own.

"Don't I find it a little slow up here at the Corners? Not at all, my dear sir. I am in the thick of life up here. So many interesting things going on all over the world — inventions, discoveries, spirits, railroad disasters, mysterious homicides. Poets, murderers, musicians, statesmen, distinguished travellers, prodigies of all kinds turning up everywhere. Very few events or persons escape me. I take six daily city papers, thirteen weekly journals, all the monthly magazines, and two quarterlies. I could not get along with less. I could n't if you asked me. I never feel lonely. How can I, being on intimate terms, as it were, with thousands and thousands of people? There 's that young woman out West. What an entertaining creature *she* is! — now in Missouri, now in Indiana, and now in Minnesota, always on the go, and all the time shedding needles from various parts of her body as if she really enjoyed it! Then there 's that versatile patriarch who walks hundreds of miles and saws thousands of feet of wood, before breakfast, and shows no signs of giving out. Then there 's that remarkable, one may say that historical, colored woman who knew Benjamin Franklin, and fought at the battle of Bunk — no, it is the old negro man who fought at Bunker Hill, a mere infant, of course, at that period. Really, now, it is quite curious to observe how that venerable female slave — formerly an African princess — is repeatedly dying in her hundred and eleventh year, and coming to life again punctually every six months in the small-type paragraphs. Are you aware, sir, that within the last twelve years no fewer than two hundred and eighty-seven of General Washington's colored coachmen have died?"

For the soul of me I could not tell whether this quaint little gentleman was chaffing me or not. I laid down my knife and fork, and stared at him.

"Then there are the mathematicians!" he cried vivaciously, without waiting for a reply. "I take great interest in them. Hear this!" and Mr. Jaffrey drew a newspaper from a pocket in the tail of his coat, and read as follows: — "*It has been estimated that if all the candles manufactured by this eminent firm (Stearine & Co.) were placed end to end, they would reach* 2 *and* 7–8 *times around the globe.* Of course," continued Mr. Jaffrey, folding up the journal reflectively, "abstruse calculations of this kind are not, perhaps, of vital importance, but they indicate the intellectual activity of the age. Seriously, now," he said, halting in front of the table, "what with books and papers and drives about the country, I do not find the days too long, though I seldom see any one, except when I go over to K—— for my mail. Existence may be very full to a man who stands a little aside from the tumult and watches it with philosophic eye. Possibly he may see more of the battle than those who are in the midst of the action. Once I was struggling with the crowd, as eager and undaunted as the best; perhaps I should have been struggling still. Indeed, I know my life would have been very different now if I had married Mehetabel — if I had married Mehetabel."

His vivacity was gone, a sudden cloud had come over his bright face, his figure seemed to have collapsed, the light seemed to have faded out of his hair. With a shuffling step, the very antithesis of his brisk, elastic tread, he turned to the door and passed into the road.

"Well," I said to myself, "if Greenton had forty thousand inhabitants, it could n't turn out a more astonishing old party than that!"

II. — THE CASE OF SILAS JAFFREY.

A man with a passion for *bric à brac* is always stumbling over antique bronzes, intaglios, mosaics, and daggers of the time of Benvenuto Cellini; the bibliophile finds creamy vellum folios and rare Alduses and Elzevirs waiting for him at unsuspected bookstalls; the numismatist has but to stretch forth his palm to have priceless coins drop into it. My own weakness is odd people, and I am constantly encountering them. It was plain that I had unearthed a couple of very queer specimens at Bayley's Four-Corners. I saw that a fortnight afforded me too brief an opportunity to develop the richness of both, and I resolved to devote my spare time to Mr. Jaffrey alone, instinctively recognizing in him an unfamiliar species. My professional work in the vicinity of Greenton left my evenings and occasionally an afternoon unoccupied; these intervals I purposed to employ in studying and classifying my fellow-boarder. It was necessary, as a preliminary step, to learn something of his previous history, and to this end I addressed myself to Mr. Sewell that same night.

"I do not want to seem inquisitive," I said to the landlord, as he was fastening up the bar, which, by the way, was the *salle à manger* and general sitting-room — "I do not want to seem inquisitive, but your friend Mr. Jaffrey dropped a remark this morning at breakfast which — which was not altogether clear to me."

"About Mehetabel?" asked Mr. Sewell, uneasily.

"Yes."

"Well, I wish he would n't!"

"He was friendly enough in the course of conversation to hint to me that he had not married the young woman, and seemed to regret it."

"No, he did n't marry Mehetabel."

"May I inquire *why* he did n't marry Mehetabel?"

"Never asked her. Might have married the girl forty times. Old Elkins's daughter, over at K——. She 'd have had him quick enough. Seven years, off and on, he kept company with Mehetabel, and then she died."

"And he never asked her?"

"He shilly-shallied. Perhaps he did n't think of it. When she was dead and gone, then Silas was struck all of a heap — and that 's all about it."

Obviously Mr. Sewell did not intend to tell me anything more, and obviously there was more to tell. The topic was plainly disagreeable to him for some reason or other, and that unknown reason of course piqued my curiosity.

As I was absent from dinner and supper that day, I did not meet Mr. Jaffrey again until the following morning at breakfast. He had recovered his bird-like manner, and was full of a mysterious assassination that had just taken place in New York, all the thrilling details of which were at his fingers' ends. It was at once comical and sad to see this harmless old gentleman, with his naïve, benevolent countenance, and his thin hair flaming up in a semicircle, like the footlights at a theatre, revelling in the intricacies of the unmentionable deed.

"You come up to my room to-night," he cried, with horrid glee, "and I'll give you my theory of the murder. I'll make it as clear as day to you that it was the detective himself who fired the three pistol-shots."

It was not so much the desire to have this point elucidated as to make a closer study of Mr. Jaffrey that led me to accept his invitation. Mr. Jaffrey's bedroom was in an L of the building, and was in no way noticeable except for the numerous files of newspapers neatly arranged against the blank spaces of the walls, and a huge pile of old magazines which stood in one corner, reaching nearly up to the ceiling, and threatening to topple over each instant, like the Leaning Tower at Pisa. There were green-paper shades at the windows, some faded chintz valances about the bed, and two or three easy-chairs covered with chintz. On a black-walnut shelf between the windows lay a choice collection of meerschaum and brierwood pipes.

Filling one of the chocolate-colored bowls for me and another for himself, Mr. Jaffrey began prattling; but not about the murder, which appeared to have flown out of his mind. In fact, I do not remember that the topic was even touched upon, either then or afterwards.

"Cosey nest this," said Mr. Jaffrey, glancing complacently over the apartment. "What is more cheerful, now, in the fall of the year, than an open wood-fire? Do you hear those little chirps and twitters coming out of that piece of apple-wood? Those are the ghosts of the robins and bluebirds that sang upon the bough when it was in blossom last spring. In summer whole flocks of them come fluttering about the fruit-trees under the window: so I have singing-birds all the year round. I take it very easy here, I can tell you, summer and winter. Not much society. Tobias is not, perhaps, what one would term a great intellectual force, but he means well. He's a realist — believes in coming down to what he calls 'the hard-pan;' but his heart is in the right place, and he 's very kind to me. The wisest thing I ever did in my life was to sell out my grain business over at K——, thirteen years ago, and settle down at the Corners. When a man has made a competency, what does he want more? Besides, at that time an event occurred which destroyed any ambition I may have had. Mehetabel died."

"The lady you were engaged to?"

"N-o, not precisely engaged. I think it was quite understood between us, though nothing had been said on the subject. Typhoid," added Mr. Jaffrey, in a low voice.

For several minutes he smoked in silence, a vague, troubled look playing over his countenance. Presently this passed away, and he fixed his gray eyes speculatively upon my face.

"If I had married Mehetabel," said Mr. Jaffrey, slowly, and then he hesitated. I blew a ring of smoke into the air, and, resting my pipe on my knee, dropped into an attitude of attention. "If I had married Mehetabel, you know, we should have had — ahem! — a family."

"Very likely," I assented, vastly amused at this unexpected turn.

"A Boy!" exclaimed Mr. Jaffrey, explosively.

"By all means, certainly a son."

"Great trouble about naming the boy. Mehetabel's family want him named Elkanah Elkins, after her grandfather; I want him named Andrew Jackson. We compromise by christening him Elkanah Elkins Andrew Jackson Jaffrey. Rather a long name for such a short little fellow," said Mr. Jaffrey, musingly.

"Andy is n't a bad nickname," I suggested.

"Not at all. We call him Andy, in the family. Somewhat fractious at first — colic and things. I suppose it is right, or it would n't be so; but the usefulness of measles, mumps, croup, whooping-cough, scarlatina, and fits is not clear to the parental eye. I wish Andy would be a model infant, and dodge the whole lot."

This suppositious child, born within the last few minutes, was plainly assuming the proportions of a reality to Mr. Jaffrey. I began to feel a little uncomfortable. I am, as I have said, a civil engineer, and it is not strictly in my line to assist at the births of infants, imaginary or otherwise. I pulled away vigorously at the pipe, and said nothing.

"What large blue eyes he has," resumed Mr. Jaffrey, after a pause; "just like Hetty's; and the fair hair, too, like hers. How oddly certain distinctive features are handed down in families! Sometimes a mouth, sometimes a turn of the eyebrow. Wicked little boys over at K—— have now and then derisively advised me to follow my nose. It would be an interesting thing to do. I should find my nose flying about the world, turning up unexpectedly here and there, dodging this branch of the family and reappearing in that, now jumping over one great-grandchild to fasten itself upon another, and never losing its individuality. Look at Andy. There 's Elkanah Elkins's chin to the life. Andy's chin is probably older than the Pyramids. Poor little thing," he cried, with sudden indescribable tenderness, "to lose his mother so early!" And Mr. Jaffrey's head sunk upon his breast, and his shoulders slanted forward, as if he were actually bending over the cradle of the child. The whole gesture and attitude was so natural that it startled me. The pipe slipped from my fingers and fell to the floor.

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Jaffrey, with a deprecating motion of his hand. "Andy 's asleep!"

He rose softly from the chair, and walking across the room on tiptoe, drew down the shade at the window through which the moonlight was streaming. Then he returned to his seat, and remained gazing with half-closed eyes into the dropping embers.

I refilled my pipe and smoked in profound silence, wondering what would come next. But nothing came next. Mr. Jaffrey had fallen into so brown a study that, a quarter of an hour afterwards, when I wished him good-night and withdrew, I do not think he noticed my departure.

I am not what is called a man of imagination; it is my habit to exclude most things not capable of mathematical demonstration: but I am not without a certain psychological insight, and I think I understood Mr. Jaffrey's case. I could easily understand how a man with an unhealthy, sensitive nature, overwhelmed by sudden calamity, might take refuge in some forlorn place like this old tavern, and dream his life away. To such a man — brooding forever on what might have been, and dwelling wholly in the realm of his fancies — the actual world might indeed become as a dream, and nothing seem real but his illusions. I dare say that thirteen years of Bayley's Four-Corners would have its effect upon me; though instead of conjuring up golden-haired children of the Madonna, I should probably see gnomes and kobolds, and goblins engaged in hoisting false signals and misplacing switches for midnight express trains.

"No doubt," I said to myself that night, as I lay in bed, thinking over the matter, "this once possible but now impossible child is a great comfort to the old gentleman, — a greater comfort, perhaps, than a real son would be. Maybe Andy will vanish with the shades and mists of night, he 's such an unsubstantial infant; but if he does n't, and Mr. Jaffrey finds pleasure in talking to me about his son, I shall humor the old fellow. It would n't be a Christian act to knock over his harmless fancy."

I was very impatient to see if Mr. Jaffrey's illusion would stand the test of daylight. It did. Elkanah Elkins Andrew Jackson Jaffrey was, so to speak, alive and kicking the next morning. On taking his seat at the breakfast-table, Mr. Jaffrey whispered to me that Andy had had a comfortable night.

"Silas!" said Mr. Sewell, sharply, "what are you whispering about?"

Mr. Sewell was in an ill humor; perhaps he was jealous because I had passed the evening in Mr. Jaffrey's room; but surely Mr. Sewell could not expect his boarders to go to bed at eight o'clock every night, as he did. From time to time during the meal Mr. Sewell regarded me unkindly out of the corner of his eye, and in helping me to the parsnips he poniarded them with quite a suggestive air. All this, however, did not prevent me from repairing to the door of Mr. Jaffrey's snuggery when night came.

"Well, Mr. Jaffrey, how 's Andy this evening?"

"Got a tooth!" cried Mr. Jaffrey, vivaciously.

"No!"

"Yes, he has! Just through. Give the nurse a silver dollar. Standing reward for first tooth."

It was on the tip of my tongue to express surprise that an infant a day old should cut a tooth, when I suddenly recollected that Richard III. was born with teeth. Feeling myself to be on unfamiliar ground, I suppressed my criticism. It was well I did so, for in the next breath I was advised that half a year had elapsed since the previous evening.

"Andy 's had a hard six months of it," said Mr. Jaffrey, with the well-known narrative air of fathers. We 've brought him up by hand. His grandfather, by the way, was brought up by the bottle —" and brought down by it, too, I added mentally, recalling Mr. Sewell's account of the old gentleman's tragic end.

Mr. Jaffrey then went on to give me a history of Andy's first six months, omitting no detail however insignificant or irrelevant. This history I would in turn inflict upon the reader, if I were only certain that he is one of those dreadful parents who, under the ægis of friendship, bore you at a street-corner with that remarkable thing which Freddy said the other day, and insist on singing to you, at an evening party, the Iliad of Tommy's woes.

But to inflict this *enfantillage* upon the unmarried reader would be an act of wanton cruelty. So I pass over that part of Andy's biography, and for the same reason make no record of the next four or five interviews I had with Mr. Jaffrey. It will be sufficient to state that Andy glided from extreme infancy to early youth with astonishing celerity — at the rate of one year per night, if I remember correctly; and — must I confess it? — before the week came to an end, this invisible hobgoblin of a boy was only little less of a reality to me than to Mr. Jaffrey.

At first I had lent myself to the old dreamer's whim with a keen perception of the humor of the thing; but by and by I found that I was talking and thinking of Miss Mehetabel's son as though he were a veritable personage. Mr. Jaffrey spoke of the child with such an air of conviction! — as if Andy were playing among his toys in the next room, or making mud-pies down in the yard. In these conversations, it should be observed, the child was never supposed to be present, except on that single occasion when Mr. Jaffrey leaned over the cradle. After one of our *séances* I would lie awake until the small hours, thinking of the boy, and then fall asleep only to have indigestible dreams about him. Through the day, and sometimes in the midst of complicated calculations, I would catch myself wondering what Andy was up to now! There was no shaking him off; he became an inseparable nightmare to me; and I felt that if I remained much longer at Bayley's Four-Corners I should turn into just such another bald-headed, mild-eyed visionary as Silas Jaffrey.

Then the tavern was a grewsome old shell anyway, full of unaccountable noises after dark — rustlings of garments along unfrequented passages, and stealthy footfalls in unoccupied chambers overhead. I never knew of an old house without these mysterious noises. Next to my bedroom was a musty, dismantled apartment, in one corner of which, leaning against the wainscot, was a crippled mangle, with its iron crank tilted in the air like the elbow of the late Mr. Clem Jaffrey. Sometimes,

"In the dead vast and middle of the night,"

I used to hear sounds as if some one were turning that rusty crank on the sly. This occurred only on particularly cold nights, and I conceived the uncomfortable idea that it was the thin family ghosts, from the neglected graveyard in the cornfield, keeping themselves warm by running each other through the mangle. There was a haunted air about the whole place that made it easy for me to believe in the existence of a phantasm like Miss Mehetabel's son, who, after all, was less unearthly than Mr. Jaffrey himself, and seemed more properly an inhabitant of this globe than the toothless ogre who kept the inn, not to mention the silent Witch of Endor that cooked our meals for us over the bar-room fire.

In spite of the scowls and winks bestowed upon me by Mr. Sewell, who let slip no opportunity to testify his disapprobation of the intimacy, Mr. Jaffrey and I spent all our evenings together — those long autumnal evenings, through the length of which he talked about the boy, laying out his path in life and hedging the path with roses. He should be sent to the High School at Portsmouth, and then to college; he should be educated like a gentleman, Andy.

"When the old man dies," remarked Mr. Jaffrey one night, rubbing his hands gleefully, as if it were a great joke, "Andy will find that the old man has left him a pretty plum."

"What do you think of having Andy enter West Point, when he's old enough?" said Mr. Jaffrey on another occasion. "He need n't necessarily go into the army when he graduates; he can become a civil engineer."

This was a stroke of flattery so delicate and indirect that I could accept it without immodesty.

There had lately sprung up on the corner of Mr. Jaffrey's bureau a small tin house, Gothic in architecture and pink in color, with a slit in the roof, and the word BANK painted on one façade. Several times in the course of an evening Mr. Jaffrey would rise from his chair without interrupting the conversation, and gravely drop a nickel into the scuttle of the bank. It was pleasant to observe the solemnity of his countenance as he approached the edifice, and the air of triumph with which he resumed his seat by the fireplace. One night I missed the tin bank. It had disappeared, deposits and all, like a real bank. Evidently there had been a defalcation on rather a large scale. I strongly suspected that Mr. Sewell was at the bottom of it, but my suspicion was not shared by Mr. Jaffrey, who, remarking my glance at the bureau, became suddenly depressed. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I have failed to instil into Andrew those principles of integrity which — which —" and the old gentleman quite broke down.

Andy was now eight or nine years old, and for some time past, if the truth must be told, had given Mr. Jaffrey no inconsiderable trouble; what with his impishness and his illnesses, the boy led the pair of us a lively dance. I shall not soon forget the anxiety of Mr. Jaffrey the night Andy had the scarlet-fever — an anxiety which so infected me that I actually returned to the tavern the following afternoon earlier than usual, dreading to hear that the little spectre was dead, and greatly relieved on meeting Mr. Jaffrey at the doorstep with his face wreathed in smiles. When I spoke to him of Andy I was made aware that I was inquiring into a case of scarlet-fever that had occurred the year before!

It was at this time, towards the end of my second week at Greenton, that I noticed what was probably not a new trait — Mr. Jaffrey's curious sensitiveness to atmospherical changes. He was as sensitive as a barometer. The approach of a storm sent his mercury down instantly. When the weather was fair he was hopeful and sunny, and Andy's prospects were brilliant. When the weather was overcast and threatening he grew restless and despondent, and was afraid that the boy was not going to turn out well.

On the Saturday previous to my departure, which had been fixed for Monday, it rained heavily all the afternoon, and that night Mr. Jaffrey was in an unusually excitable and unhappy frame of mind. His mercury was very low indeed.

"That boy is going to the dogs just as fast as he can go," said Mr. Jaffrey, with a woeful face. "I can't do anything with him."

"He'll come out all right, Mr. Jaffrey. Boys will be boys. I would not give a snap for a lad without animal spirits."

"But animal spirits," said Mr. Jaffrey sententiously, "should n't saw off the legs of the piano in Tobias's best parlor. I don't know what Tobias will say when he finds it out."

"What! has Andy sawed off the legs of the old spinet?" I returned, laughing.

"Worse than that."

"Played upon it, then!"

"No, sir. He has lied to me!"

"I can't believe that of Andy."

"Lied to me, sir," repeated Mr. Jaffrey severely. "He pledged me his word of honor that he would give over his climbing. The way that boy climbs sends a chill down my spine. This morning, notwithstanding his solemn promise, he shinned up the lightning-rod attached to the extension, and sat astride the ridge-pole. I saw him, and he denied it! When a boy you have caressed and indulged and lavished pocket-money on lies to you and *will* climb, then there 's nothing more to be said. He 's a lost child."

"You take too dark a view of it, Mr. Jaffrey. Training and education are bound to tell in the end, and he has been well brought up."

"But I did n't bring him up on a lightning-rod, did I? If he is ever going to know how to behave, he ought to know now. To-morrow he will be eleven years old."

The reflection came to me that if Andy had not been brought up by the rod, he had certainly been brought up by the lightning. He was eleven years old in two weeks!

I essayed, with that perspicacious wisdom which seems to be the peculiar property of bachelors and elderly maiden ladies, to tranquillize Mr. Jaffrey's mind, and to give him some practical hints on the management of youth.

"Spank him," I suggested at last.

"I will!" said the old gentleman.

"And you 'd better do it at once!" I added, as it flashed upon me that in six months Andy would be a hundred and forty-three years old! — an age at which parental discipline would have to be relaxed.

The next morning, Sunday, the rain came down as if determined to drive the quicksilver entirely out of my poor friend. Mr. Jaffrey sat bolt upright at the breakfast-table, looking as woe-begone as a bust of Dante, and retired to his chamber the moment the meal was finished. As the day advanced, the wind veered round to the northeast, and settled itself down to work.

It was not pleasant to think, and I tried not to think, what Mr. Jaffrey's condition would be if the weather did not mend its manners by noon; but so far from clearing off at noon, the storm increased in violence, and as night set in, the wind whistled in a spiteful falsetto key, and the rain lashed the old tavern as if it were a balky horse that refused to move on. The windows rattled in the worm-eaten frames, and the doors of remote rooms, where nobody ever went, slammed to in the maddest way. Now and then the tornado, sweeping down the side of Mount Agamenticus, bowled across the open country, and struck the ancient hostelry point-blank.

Mr. Jaffrey did not appear at supper. I knew that he was expecting me to come to his room as usual, and I turned over in my mind a dozen plans to evade seeing him that night. The landlord sat at the opposite side of the chimney-place, with his eye upon me. I fancy he was aware of the effect of this storm on his other boarder; for at intervals, as the wind hurled itself against the exposed gable, threatening to burst in the windows, Mr. Sewell tipped me an atrocious wink, and displayed his gums in a way he had not done since the morning after my arrival at Greenton. I wondered if he suspected anything about Andy. There had been odd times during the past week when I felt convinced that the existence of Miss Mehetabel's son was no secret to Mr. Sewell.

In deference to the gale, the landlord sat up half an hour later than was his custom. At half-past eight he went to bed, remarking that he thought the old pile would stand till morning.

He had been absent only a few minutes when I heard a rustling at the door. I looked up, and beheld Mr. Jaffrey standing on the threshold, with his dress in disorder, his scant hair flying, and the wildest expression on his face.

"He's gone!" cried Mr. Jaffrey.

"Who? Sewell? Yes, he just went to bed."

"No, not Tobias — the boy!"

"What, run away?"

"No — he is dead! He has fallen from a step-ladder in the red chamber and broken his neck!"

Mr. Jaffrey threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and disappeared. I followed him through the hall, saw him go into his own apartment, and heard the bolt of the door drawn to. Then I returned to the bar-room, and sat for an hour or two in the ruddy glow of the fire, brooding over the strange experience of the last fortnight.

On my way to bed I paused at Mr. Jaffrey's door, and in a lull of the storm, the measured respiration within told me that the old gentleman was sleeping peacefully.

Slumber was coy with me that night. I lay listening to the soughing of the wind, and thinking of Mr. Jaffrey's illusion. It had amused me at first with its grotesqueness; but now the poor little phantom was dead, I was conscious that there had been something pathetic in it all along. Shortly after midnight the wind sunk down, coming and going fainter and fainter, floating around the eaves of the tavern with an undulating, murmurous sound, as if it were turning itself into soft wings to bear away the spirit of a little child.

Perhaps nothing that happened during my stay at Bayley's Four-Corners took me so completely by surprise as Mr. Jaffrey's radiant countenance the next morning. The morning itself was not fresher or sunnier. His round face literally shone with geniality and happiness. His eyes twinkled like diamonds, and the magnetic light of his hair was turned on full. He came into my room while I was packing my valise. He chirped, and prattled, and carolled, and was sorry I was going away — but never a word about Andy. However, the boy had probably been dead several years then!

The open wagon that was to carry me to the station stood at the door; Mr. Sewell was placing my case of instruments under the seat, and Mr. Jaffrey had gone up to his room to get me a certain newspaper containing an account of a remarkable shipwreck on the Auckland Islands. I took the opportunity to thank Mr. Sewell for his courtesies to me, and to express my regret at leaving him and Mr. Jaffrey.

"I have become very much attached to Mr. Jaffrey," I said; "he is a most interesting person; but that hypothetical boy of his, that son of Miss Mehetabel's —"

"Yes, I know!" interrupted Mr. Sewell, testily. "Fell off a step-ladder and broke his dratted neck. Eleven year old, was n't he? Always does, jest at that point. Next week Silas will begin the whole thing over again, if he can get anybody to listen to him."

"I see. Our amiable friend is a little queer on that subject."

Mr. Sewell glanced cautiously over his shoulder, and tapping himself significantly on the forehead, said in a low voice, —

"Room To Let — Unfurnished!"

THE CRUISE OF THE "DOLPHIN."[1]

(From "The Story of a Bad Boy.")

EVERY Rivermouth boy looks upon the sea as being in some way mixed up with his destiny. While he is yet a baby lying in his cradle, he hears the dull, far-off boom of the breakers; when he is older, he wanders by the sandy shore, watching the waves that come plunging up the beach like white-maned sea horses, as Thoreau calls them; his eye follows the lessening sail as it fades into the blue horizon, and he burns for the time when he shall stand on the quarter-deck of his own ship, and go sailing proudly across that mysterious waste of waters.

. . . .

To own the whole or a portion of a row-boat is his earliest ambition. No wonder that I, born to this life, and coming back to it with freshest sympathies, should have caught the prevailing infection. No wonder I longed to buy a part of the trim little sail-boat "Dolphin," which chanced just then to be in the market. This was in the latter part of May.

Three shares, at five or six dollars each, I forget which, had already been taken by Phil Adams, Fred Langdon, and Binny Wallace. The fourth and remaining share hung fire. Unless a purchaser could be found for this, the bargain was to fall through.

I am afraid I required but slight urging to join in the investment. I had four dollars and fifty cents on hand, and the treasurer of the Centipedes advanced me the balance, receiving my silver pencil-case as ample security. It was a proud moment when I stood on the wharf with my partners, inspecting the "Dolphin," moored at the foot of a very slippery flight of steps. She was painted white with a green stripe outside, and on the stern a yellow dolphin, with its scarlet mouth wide open, stared with a surprised expression at its own reflection in the water. The boat was a great bargain.

I whirled my cap in the air, and ran to the stairs leading down from the wharf, when a hand was laid gently on my shoulder. I turned, and faced Captain Nutter. I never saw such an old sharp-eye as he was in those days.

I knew he would n't be angry with me for buying a row-boat; but I also knew that the little bowsprit suggesting a jib, and the tapering mast ready for its few square feet of canvas, were trifles not likely to meet his approval. As far as rowing on the river, among the wharves, was concerned, the Captain had long since withdrawn his decided objections, having convinced himself, by going out with me several times, that I could manage a pair of sculls as well as anybody.

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[1] Copyright, 1868, by Ticknor & Fields.

I was right in my surmises. He commanded me, in the most emphatic terms, never to go out in the "Dolphin" without leaving the mast in the boat-house. This curtailed my anticipated sport, but the pleasure of having a pull whenever I wanted it remained. I never disobeyed the Captain's orders touching the sail, though I sometimes extended my row beyond the points he had indicated.

The river was dangerous for sail-boats. Squalls, without the slightest warning, were of frequent occurrence; scarcely a year passed that six or seven persons were not drowned under the very windows of the town, and these, oddly enough, were generally sea-captains, who either did not understand the river, or lacked the skill to handle a small craft.

A knowledge of such disasters, one of which I witnessed, consoled me somewhat when I saw Phil Adams skimming over the water in a spanking breeze with every stitch of canvas set. There were few better yachtsmen than Phil Adams. He usually went sailing alone, for both Fred Langdon and Binny Wallace were under the same restrictions I was.

Not long after the purchase of the boat, we planned an excursion to Sandpeep Island, the last of the islands in the harbor. We proposed to start early in the morning, and return with the tide in the moonlight. Our only difficulty was to obtain a whole day's exemption from school, the customary half-holiday not being long enough for our picnic. Somehow, we could n't work it; but fortune arranged it for us. I may say here, that, whatever else I did, I never played truant ("hookey" we called it) in my life.

One afternoon the four owners of the "Dolphin" exchanged significant glances when Mr. Grimshaw announced from the desk that there would be no school the following day, he having just received intelligence of the death of his uncle in Boston. I was sincerely attached to Mr. Grimshaw, but I am afraid that the death of his uncle did not affect me as it ought to have done.

We were up before sunrise the next morning, in order to take advantage of the flood tide, which waits for no man. Our preparations for the cruise were made the previous evening. In the way of eatables and drinkables, we had stored in the stern of the "Dolphin" a generous bag of hard-tack (for the chowder), a piece of pork to fry the cunners in, three gigantic apple-pies (bought at Pettingil's), half a dozen lemons, and a keg of spring-water, — the last-named article we slung over the side, to keep it cool, as soon as we got under way. The crockery and the bricks for our camp-stove we placed in the bows with the groceries, which included sugar, pepper, salt, and a bottle of pickles. Phil Adams contributed to the outfit a small tent of unbleached cotton cloth, under which we intended to take our nooning.

We unshipped the mast, threw in an extra oar, and were ready to embark. I do not believe that Christopher Columbus, when he started on his rather successful voyage of discovery, felt half the responsibility and importance that weighed upon me as I sat on the middle seat of the "Dolphin," with my oar resting in the row-lock. I wonder if Christopher Columbus quietly slipped out of the house without letting his estimable family know what he was up to?

Charley Marden, whose father had promised to cane him if he ever stepped foot on sail or row boat, came down to the wharf in a sour-grape humor, to see us off. Nothing would tempt *him* to go out on the river in such a crazy clam-shell of a boat. He pretended that he did not expect to behold us alive again, and tried to throw a wet blanket over the expedition.

"Guess you 'll have a squally time of it," said Charley, casting off the painter. "I 'll drop in at old Newbury's" (Newbury was the parish undertaker) "and leave word, as I go along!"

"Bosh!" muttered Phil Adams, sticking the boat-hook into the string-piece of the wharf, and sending the "Dolphin" half a dozen yards towards the current.

How calm and lovely the river was! Not a ripple stirred on the glassy surface, broken only by the sharp cutwater of our tiny craft. The sun, as round and red as an August moon, was by this time peering above the water-line.

The town had drifted behind us, and we were entering among the group of islands. Sometimes we could almost touch with our boat-hook the shelving banks on either side. As we neared the mouth of the harbor, a little breeze now and then wrinkled the blue water, shook the spangles from the foliage, and gently lifted the spiral mist-wreathes that still clung along shore. The measured dip of our oars and the drowsy twitterings of the birds seemed to mingle with, rather than break, the enchanted silence that reigned about us.

The scent of the new clover comes back to me now, as I recall that delicious morning when we floated away in a fairy boat down a river like a dream!

The sun was well up when the nose of the "Dolphin" nestled against the snow-white bosom of Sandpeep Island. This island, as I have said before, was the last of the cluster, one side of it being washed by the sea. We landed on the river side, the sloping sands and quiet water affording us a good place to moor the boat.

It took us an hour or two to transport our stores to the spot selected for the encampment. Having pitched our tent, using the five oars to support the canvas, we got out our lines, and went down the rocks seaward to fish. It was early for cunners, but we were lucky enough to catch as nice a mess as ever you saw. A cod for the chowder was not so easily secured. At last Binny Wallace hauled in a plump little fellow crusted all over with flaky silver.

To skin the fish, build our fireplace, and cook the chowder kept us busy the next two hours. The fresh air and the exercise had given us the appetites of wolves, and we were about famished by the time the savory mixture was ready for our clam-shell saucers.

I shall not insult the rising generation on the seaboard by telling them how delectable is a chowder compounded and eaten in this Robinson Crusoe fashion. As for the boys who live inland, and know naught of such marine feasts, my heart is full of pity for them. What wasted lives! Not to know the delights of a clam-bake, not to love chowder, to be ignorant of lob-scouse!

How happy we were, we four, sitting cross-legged in the crisp salt grass, with the invigorating sea-breeze blowing gratefully through our hair! What a joyous thing was life, and how far off seemed death, — death, that lurks in all pleasant places, and was so near!

The banquet finished, Phil Adams drew from his pocket a handful of sweet-fern cigars; but as none of the party could indulge without imminent risk of becoming sick, we all, on one pretext or another, declined, and Phil smoked by himself.

The wind had freshened by this, and we found it comfortable to put on the jackets which had been thrown aside in the heat of the day. We strolled along the beach and gathered large quantities of the fairy-woven Iceland moss, which, at certain seasons, is washed to these shores; then we played at ducks and drakes, and then, the sun being sufficiently low, we went in bathing.

Before our bath was ended a slight change had come over the sky and sea; fleecy-white clouds scudded here and there, and a muffled moan from the breakers caught our ears from time to time. While we were dressing, a few hurried drops of rain came lisping down, and we adjourned to the tent to await the passing of the squall.

"We 're all right, anyhow," said Phil Adams. "It won't be much of a blow, and we 'll be as snug as a bug in a rug, here in the tent, particularly if we have that lemonade which some of you fellows were going to make."

By an oversight, the lemons had been left in the boat. Binny Wallace volunteered to go for them.

"Put an extra stone on the painter, Binny," said Adams, calling after him; "it would be awkward to have the 'Dolphin' give us the slip and return to port minus her passengers."

"That it would," answered Binny, scrambling down the rocks.

Sandpeep Island is diamond-shaped, — one point running out into the sea, and the other looking towards the town. Our tent was on the river-side. Though the "Dolphin" was also on the same side, it lay out of sight by the beach at the farther extremity of the island.

Binny Wallace had been absent five or six minutes, when we heard him calling our several names in tones that indicated distress or surprise, we could not tell which. Our first thought was, "The boat has broken adrift!"

We sprung to our feet and hastened down to the beach. On turning the bluff which hid the mooring-place from our view, we found the conjecture correct. Not only was the "Dolphin" afloat, but poor little Binny Wallace was standing in the bows with his arms stretched helplessly towards us, — *drifting out to sea!*

"Head the boat in shore!" shouted Phil Adams.

Wallace ran to the tiller; but the slight cockle-shell merely swung round and drifted broadside on. Oh, if we had but left a single scull in the "Dolphin!"

"Can you swim it?" cried Adams, desperately, using his hand as a speaking-trumpet, for the distance between the boat and the island widened momently.

Binny Wallace looked down at the sea, which was covered with white caps, and made a despairing gesture. He knew, and we knew, that the stoutest swimmer could not live forty seconds in those angry waters.

A wild, insane light came into Phil Adams's eyes, as he stood knee-deep in the boiling surf, and for an instant I think he meditated plunging into the ocean after the receding boat.

The sky darkened, and an ugly look stole rapidly over the broken surface of the sea.

Binny Wallace half rose from his seat in the stern, and waved his hand to us in token of farewell. In spite of the distance, increasing every instant, we could see his face plainly. The anxious expression it wore at first had passed. It was pale and meek now, and I love to think there was a kind of halo about it, like that which painters place around the forehead of a saint. So he drifted away.

The sky grew darker and darker. It was only by straining our eyes through the unnatural twilight that we could keep the "Dolphin" in sight. The figure of Binny Wallace was no longer visible, for the boat itself had dwindled to a mere white dot on the black water. Now we lost it, and our hearts stopped throbbing; and now the speck appeared again, for an instant, on the crest of a high wave.

Finally, it went out like a spark, and we saw it no more. Then we gazed at each other and dared not speak.

Absorbed in following the course of the boat, we had scarcely noticed the huddled inky clouds that sagged down all around us. From these threatening masses, seamed at intervals with pale lightning, there now burst a heavy peal of thunder that shook the ground under our feet. A sudden squall struck the sea, ploughing deep white furrows into it, and at the same instant a single piercing shriek rose above the tempest, — the frightened cry of a gull swooping over the island. How it startled us!

It was impossible any longer to keep our footing on the beach. The wind and the breakers would have swept us into the ocean if we had not clung to each other with the desperation of drowning men. Taking advantage of a momentary lull, we crawled up the sands on our hands and knees, and, pausing in the lee of the granite ledge to gain breath, returned to the camp, where we found that the gale had snapped all the fastenings of the tent but one. Held by this, the puffed-out canvas swayed in the wind like a balloon. It was a task of some difficulty to secure it, which we did by beating down the canvas with the oars.

After several trials, we succeeded in setting up the tent on the leeward side of the ledge. Blinded by the vivid flashes of lightning, and drenched by the rain, which fell in torrents, we crept, half dead with fear and anguish, under our flimsy shelter. Neither the anguish nor the fear was on our own account, for we were comparatively safe, but for poor little Binny Wallace, driven out to sea in the merciless gale. We shuddered to think of him in that frail shell, drifting on and on to his grave, the sky rent with lightning over his head, and the green abysses yawning beneath him. We fell to crying, the three of us, and cried I know not how long.

Meanwhile the storm raged with augmented fury. We were obliged to hold on to the ropes of the tent to prevent it blowing away. The spray from the river leaped several yards up the rocks and clutched at us malignantly. The very island trembled with the concussions of the sea beating upon it, and at times I fancied that it had broken loose from its foundation, and was floating off with us. The breakers, streaked with angry phosphorus, were fearful to look at.

The wind rose higher and higher, cutting long slits in the tent, through which the rain poured incessantly. To complete the sum of our miseries, the night was at hand. It came down suddenly, at last, like a curtain, shutting in Sandpeep Island from all the world.

It was a dirty night, as the sailors say. The darkness was something that could be felt as well as seen, — it pressed down upon one with a cold, clammy touch. Gazing into the hollow blackness, all sorts of imaginable shapes seemed to start forth from vacancy, — brilliant colors, stars, prisms, and dancing lights. What boy, lying awake at night, has not amused or terrified himself by peopling the spaces around his bed with these phenomena of his own eyes?

"I say," whispered Fred Langdon, at length, clutching my hand, "don't you see things — out there — in the dark?"

"Yes, yes, — Binny Wallace's face!"

I added to my own nervousness by making this avowal; though for the last ten minutes I had seen little besides that star-pale face with its angelic hair and brows. First a slim yellow circle, like the nimbus round the moon, took shape and grew sharp against the darkness; then this faded gradually, and there was the Face, wearing the same sad, sweet look it wore when he waved his hand to us across the awful water. This optical illusion kept repeating itself.

"And I too," said Adams. "I see it every now and then, outside there. What would n't I give if it really was poor little Wallace looking in at us! O boys, how shall we dare to go back to the town without him? I 've wished a hundred times, since we 've been sitting here, that I was in his place, alive or dead!"

We dreaded the approach of morning as much as we longed for it. The morning would tell us all. Was it possible for the "Dolphin" to outride such a storm? There was a lighthouse on Mackerel Reef, which lay directly in the course the boat had taken, when it disappeared. If the "Dolphin" had caught on this reef, perhaps Binny Wallace was safe. Perhaps his cries had been heard by the keeper of the light. The man owned a life-boat, and had rescued several people. Who could tell?

Such were the questions we asked ourselves again and again, as we lay in each other's arms waiting for daybreak. What an endless night it was! I have known months that did not seem so long.

Our position was irksome rather than perilous; for the day was certain to bring us relief from the town, where our prolonged absence, together with the storm, had no doubt excited the liveliest alarm for our safety. But the cold, the darkness, and the suspense were hard to bear.

Our soaked jackets had chilled us to the bone. To keep warm, we lay huddled together so closely that we could hear our hearts beat above the tumult of sea and sky.

After a while we grew very hungry, not having broken our fast since early in the day. The rain had turned the hard-tack into a sort of dough; but it was better than nothing.

We used to laugh at Fred Langdon for always carrying in his pocket a small vial of essence of peppermint or sassafras, a few drops of which, sprinkled on a lump of loaf-sugar, he seemed to consider a great luxury. I don't know what would have become of us at this crisis, if it had n't been for that omnipresent bottle of hot stuff. We poured the stinging liquid over our sugar, which had kept dry in a sardine-box, and warmed ourselves with frequent doses.

After four or five hours the rain ceased, the wind died away to a moan, and the sea — no longer raging like a maniac — sobbed and sobbed with a piteous human voice all along the coast. And well it might, after that night's work. Twelve sail of the Gloucester fishing fleet had gone down with every soul on board, just outside of Whale's-back Light. Think of the wide grief that follows in the wake of one wreck; then think of the despairing women who wrung their hands and wept, the next morning, in the streets of Gloucester, Marblehead, and Newcastle!

Though our strength was nearly spent, we were too cold to sleep. Once I sunk into a troubled doze, when I seemed to hear Charley Marden's parting words, only it was the Sea that said them. After that I threw off the drowsiness whenever it threatened to overcome me.

Fred Langdon was the earliest to discover a filmy, luminous streak in the sky, the first glimmering of sunrise.

"Look, it is nearly daybreak!"

While we were following the direction of his finger, a sound of distant oars fell on our ears.

We listened breathlessly, and as the dip of the blades became more audible, we discerned two foggy lights, like will-o'-the-wisps, floating on the river.

Running down to the water's edge, we hailed the boats with all our might. The call was heard, for the oars rested a moment in the row-locks, and then pulled in towards the island.

It was two boats from the town, in the foremost of which we could now make out the figures of Captain Nutter and Binny Wallace's father. We shrunk back on seeing *him*.

"Thank God!" cried Mr. Wallace, fervently, as he leaped from the wherry without waiting for the bow to touch the beach.

But when he saw only three boys standing on the sands, his eye wandered restlessly about in quest of the fourth; then a deadly pallor overspread his features.

Our story was soon told. A solemn silence fell upon the crowd of rough boatmen gathered round, interrupted only by a stifled sob from one poor old man, who stood apart from the rest.

The sea was still running too high for any small boat to venture out; so it was arranged that the wherry should take us back to town, leaving the yawl, with a picked crew, to hug the island until daybreak, and then set forth in search of the "Dolphin."

Though it was barely sunrise when we reached town, there were a great many people assembled at the landing eager for intelligence from missing boats. Two picnic parties had started down river the day before, just previous to the gale, and nothing had been heard of them. It turned out that the pleasure-seekers saw their danger in time, and ran ashore on one of the least exposed islands, where they passed the night. Shortly after our own arrival they appeared off Rivermouth, much to the joy of their friends, in two shattered, dismasted boats.

The excitement over, I was in a forlorn state, physically and mentally. Captain Nutter put me to bed between hot blankets, and sent Kitty Collins for the doctor. I was wandering in my mind, and fancied myself still on Sandpeep Island; now we were building our brick-stove to cook the chowder, and, in my delirium, I laughed aloud and shouted to my comrades; now the sky darkened, and the squall struck the island; now I gave orders to Wallace how to manage the boat, and now I cried because the rain was pouring in on me through the holes in the tent. Towards evening a high fever set in, and it was many days before my grandfather deemed it prudent to tell me that the "Dolphin" had been found, floating keel upwards, four miles southeast of Mackerel Reef.

Poor little Binny Wallace! How strange it seemed, when I went to school again, to see that empty seat in the fifth row! How gloomy the playground was, lacking the sunshine of his gentle, sensitive face! One day a folded sheet slipped from my algebra; it was the last note he ever wrote me. I could n't read it for the tears.

What a pang shot across my heart the afternoon it was whispered through the town that a body had been washed ashore at Grave Point, — the place where we bathed. We bathed there no more! How well I remember the funeral, and what a piteous sight it was afterwards to see his familiar name on a small headstone in the Old South Burying Ground!

Poor little Binny Wallace! Always the same to me. The rest of us have grown up into hard, worldly men, fighting the fight of life; but you are forever young, and gentle, and pure; a part of my own childhood that time cannot wither; always a little boy, always poor little Binny Wallace!

BABY BELL.[1]

I.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers — those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet.
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

II.

She came and brought delicious May;
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And on the porch the slender vine
Held out its cups of fairy wine.
How tenderly the twilights fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours.

III.

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay —

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Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born.
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen —
The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise,) —
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!* — our hearts bowed down
Like violets after rain.

IV.

And now the orchards, which were white
And pink with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The folded chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling, range on range:
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissom form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now. . . .
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

V.

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things
Who was Christ's self in purity.

VI.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell —
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah! how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

VII.

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow —
White buds, the summer's drifted snow —
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers . . .
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours.

DESTINY.[1]

THREE roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower, that night, on Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

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IDENTITY.

SOMEWHERE — in desolate wind-swept space —
In Twilight-land — in No-man's land —
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

PRESCIENCE.[1]

THE new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I in the churchyard paused to rest:
Happy maid and lover, dreaming the old dream over:
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow sweet was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet, and the ivy running wild:
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound uppiled.

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see:
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing —
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be!

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COUNT ALEARDO ALEARDI.

Aleardi, Aleardo, Count. A distinguished Italian poet and patriot; born near Verona, Nov. 4, 1812; died there, July 17, 1878. He studied first philosophy and natural science, and then jurisprudence. His political principles, as revealed in his poem "Arnaldo" (1842), brought him under suspicion, and public office under the (Austrian) government was denied him. Others of his works are: "Primal Histories" (1857), a poem on the intellectual, ethical, and social evolution of man; "An Hour in My Youth," a piece inspired at once with tenderest love of nature and intense devotion to Italian independence; "Letters to Mary"; "Raffaele and the Fornarina"; "The Maritime Cities of Italy"; and "A Political Ode," directed against Pope Pius IX. (1862).

(The selections are from Howells's "Modern Italian Poets," copyright 1887, by Harper and Brothers.)

Cowards.

(From "The Primal Histories.")

In the deep circle of Siddim hast thou seen,
Under the shining skies of Palestine,
The sinister glitter of the Lake of Asphalt?
Those coasts, strewn thick with ashes of damnation,
Forever foe to every living thing,
Where rings the cry of the lost wandering bird
That on the shore of the perfidious sea
Athirsting dies, — that watery sepulchre
Of the five cities of iniquity,
Where even the tempest, when its clouds hang low,
Passes in silence, and the lightning dies, —
If thou hast seen them, bitterly hath been
Thy heart wrung with the misery and despair
Of that dread vision!
                    Yet there is on earth
A woe more desperate and miserable, —
A spectacle wherein the wrath of God
Avenges Him more terribly. It is
A vain, weak people of faint-heart old men,

That, for three hundred years of dull repose,
Has lain perpetual dreamer, folded in
The ragged purple of its ancestors,
Stretching its limbs wide in its country's sun,
To warm them; drinking the soft airs of autumn
Forgetful, on the fields where its forefathers
Like lions fought! From overflowing hands,
Strew we with hellebore and poppies thick
The way.

The Harvesters.

(From "Monte Circello.")

What time in summer, sad with so much light,
The sun beats ceaselessly upon the fields;
The harvesters, as famine urges them,
Draw hitherward in thousands, and they wear
The look of those that dolorously go
In exile, and already their brown eyes
Are heavy with the poison of the air.
Here never note of amorous bird consoles
Their drooping hearts; here never the gay songs
Of their Abruzzi sound to gladden these
Pathetic hands. But taciturn they toil,
Reaping the harvests for their unknown lords;
And when the weary labor is performed,
Taciturn they retire; and not till then
Their bagpipes crown the joys of the return,
Swelling the heart with their familiar strain.
Alas! not all return, for there is one
That dying in the furrow sits, and seeks
With his last look some faithful kinsman out,
To give his life's wage, that he carry it
Unto his trembling mother, with the last
Words of her son that comes no more. And dying,
Deserted and alone, far off he hears
His comrades going, with their pipes in time,
Joyfully measuring their homeward steps.
And when in after years an orphan comes
To reap the harvest here, and feels his blade
Go quivering through the swaths of falling grain,
He weeps and thinks — haply these heavy stalks
Ripened on his unburied father's bones.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

Alexander, Mrs. Cecil Frances [Humphrey]; born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1818; died at Londonderry, Ireland, October 12, 1895. She was widely known as a hymn writer. "The Burial of Moses" is her best known poem. She was the author of "Verses for Holy Seasons" (1846); "Narrative Hymns" (1853); "Legend of the Golden Prayer" (1859); "Verses from Holy Scripture;" "Hymns Descriptive and Devotional;" "Hymns for Little Children;" "Poems on Old Testament Subjects;" "Moral Songs;" "The Baron's Little Daughter;" "The Lord of the Forest;" and edited "The Sunday Book of Poetry."

The Burial of Moses.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulcher,
 And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun, —

Noiselessly as the springtime
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
 The great procession swept.

MOSES

Michael Angelo's Statue. Vatican, Rome

Perchance the bald old eagle,
  On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
  Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
  Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
  Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
  While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
  We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
  With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
  Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
  Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
  That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
  That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, —
  The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
  With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
  Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
  To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

There is a Green Hill.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Sav'd by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he lov'd,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his work to do.

COUNT VITTORIO ALFIERI.

Alfieri, Vittorio, Count (äl-fē-ā′rē). A celebrated Italian dramatist; born at Asti in Piedmont, January 17, 1749; died at Florence, October 8, 1803. He came into his vast paternal inheritance at the age of 14; and two or three years afterward began a series of travels which extended over nearly all the European countries, returning to Turin, 1772. He was the hero of many romantic adventures, and his first bent toward literature was given him by his desire to lessen the tedium of illness for a lady of whom he was enamored. His success determined his after career. He elaborated the slender sketch of a dramatic dialogue into a tragedy in five acts, "Cleopatra," which was put on the stage in Turin, 1775. Conscious of his imperfect acquaintance with literature and the niceties of his native language, he now began the study of Latin and of the Tuscan dialect. At Florence he formed an attachment for the Countess of Albany, which ended only with his life. His tragedies, "Cleopatra," "Polynice," "Antigone," "Agide," "Bruto," and several others, are founded on classic themes and formed on the Hellenic model. "Saul," founded on Hebrew sacred history, but elaborated according to the canons of Grecian dramaturgy, was by far the most popular of Alfieri's dramas. The "Filippo" presents in lineaments that could be drawn only by the hand of a master the sombre character of Philip II. of Spain. He wrote in all twenty-one tragedies and six comedies, and composed many sonnets; among his odes are five on "American Independence." His prose works comprise an essay on "Tyranny," a volume of "Essays on Literature and Government," and "Memoirs of his Life."

The Murder of Abel.

(From "Abel.")

Cain, Abel.

Cain. Come, villain, come! [*Dragging him by the hair.*
Abel. O my dear brother, pity!
What have I done? . . .
Cain. Come! far away indeed
From that much-longed-for river shalt thou breathe
Thy final vital breath.
Abel. Ah, hear thou me!
My brother, do thou hearken!

Cain. No, that good
Which was my due, but which I ne'er received,
Shall ne'er be thine. Perfidious one, behold,
Around thee look; this is the desert waste,
From which I fled, and where thou leftest me:
Thy last looks never shall behold those waters
Which thou, in thy disloyal thoughts, didst deem
As crossed already: here, upon this sand,
Thou soon shalt lie a corpse.
Abel. But, O my God!
What means all this? at least explain thy words:
I understand thee not: explain, and hear me;
Thou afterwards mayst slay me at thy will,
But hear me first, I pray.
Cain. Say on.
Abel. But tell me,
In what have I offended thee? . . . Alas!
How can I speak to thee, if fierce and stern
Thou standest o'er me? neck and nostrils swollen;
Looks full of fire and blood; thy lips, thy face
All livid; whilst thy knees, thine arms, thy head
Are moved convulsively by trembling strange!—
Pity, my brother: calm thyself: and loosen
Thy hold upon my hair a little, so
That I may breathe.
Cain. I never fancied, Abel,
That thou wouldst be a traitor.
Abel. I am not.
My father knows it; and thou too.
Cain. My father?
Ne'er name him: father of us both alike,
And just, I deemed him, and I was deceived.
Abel. What sayest thou? Dost doubt his love! thou scarce
Hadst gone away from us this morning, when,
Anxious for thee, with mortal sorrow filled,
My father straightway sent me on thy track . . .
Cain. Perfidious ones, I know it all; to me
This was a horrible, undoubted proof
Of my bad brother and my still worse father.
I know it all; the veil has fallen; the secret
Has been revealed to me: and I 'm resolved
That thou shalt ne'er be happy at my cost.
Abel. Cain, by that God who both of us created,
And who maintains us, I entreat of thee,
Explain thyself: what is my fault? what secret
Has been revealed to thee? upon my face,

And in my eyes, and words, and countenance,
Does not my innocence reveal itself?
I happy at thy cost? O, how could Abel
Be happy if thou'rt not? Ah, hadst thou seen me,
When I awoke, and found thee not beside me
This morning! Ah, how sorely did I weep!
And how our parents wept! The livelong day
Have I since then consumed, but fruitlessly,
In seeking thee and sadly calling thee,
But never finding thee; although I heard
Thy voice in front of me from time to time,
In the far distance answering: and I
Went ever further on in search of thee,
Up to yon river; over whose broad waves
I feared that thou, who art a swimmer bold,
Hadst crossed . . .
  Cain. And of that river darest thou,
Foolhardy one, a single word to speak?
I well believe thou fearedst, if I crossed it,
That thou wouldst have forever lost the hope
Of crossing it thyself. Thou darest, too,
To mingle truth and falsehood? and assert
That I replied to thee? But now the end
Of every wicked art has come: in vain
Thou soughtest to anticipate my steps:
Thou seest that I have caught thee just in time:
Nor river, nor the light of heaven shalt thou
E'er see again. I'll kill thee; fall thou down!
  Abel. Keep back thy ax! O do not strike me! See,
I fall before thee, and enbrace thy knees.
Keep back thy ax, I pray thee! Hear thou me:
The sound of this my voice, in yonder fields,
Has soothed thee oftentimes, when much incensed,
Now with the stubborn clods, now with the lambs,
But thou wast ne'er so angry as thou'rt now.
Dear brother of my heart . . .
  Cain. I'm so no more.
  Abel. But I shall ever be so: thou art too:
I pledge to thee my innocence: I swear it
By both our parents; I have never heard
One word about this river; nor can fathom
Thy accusations.
  Cain. Can there be such malice,
Such craftiness, at such a tender age?
All this dissembling makes me madder still;
Vile liar . . .

Abel. What! thou call'st thy Abel liar?
Cain. Die now.
Abel. Embrace me first.
Cain. I hate thee.
Abel. I
Still love thee. Strike, if thou wilt have it so;
I'll not resist; but I have not deserved it.
Cain. And yet, his weeping, and his juvenile
Candor, which true appears, the sweet accustomed
Sound of his voice, restrain me: and my arm
And anger fall. — But, shall a foolish pity
Rob me forever of my property? . . .
Alas! what to resolve? what do?
Abel. What say'st thou
Apart? Turn towards me: look at me: in vain
Thou hid'st from me thy face: amidst thy fierce
And dreadful ravings, from thy moistened eye
Gleamed there upon me just one passing ray
Of love fraternal and of pity. Take,
I pray thee, pity on my tender youth,
And on thyself. O! dost thou think that God
Can afterwards take pleasure in thy prayers,
Or gifts, if with the blood of thine own brother
He sees thee dyed? And then our excellent,
Unhappy mother — wouldst thou rob her thus
Of both her sons? for, certainly, if thou
Shouldst slay me, thou wouldst never dare again
To show thyself before her. Ah, just think
How that unhappy one can live without us:
Think too . . .
Cain. Ah, brother! thou dost rend my heart:
Rise, then, arise: I pardon thee: in this
Embrace . . . What do I? and what said I? Base one,
Thy tears are but a juggle: and not doubtful
Thy treason is; thou dost not merit pardon;
I will not pardon thee.
Abel. What see I? Fiercer
Dost thou become than ever?
Cain. I become
What I should be to thee. Come now what may;
The good denied me, none shall have instead. —
No more of pardon, no more pity; thou
Hast now no brother, father, mother more.
My eye is dimmed already with thick blood:
I see a monster at my feet. Now, die!

What holds me back? What seizes on my arm?
What voice is thundering?
Abel. God sees us.
Cain. God?
Methinks I hear Him: now methinks I see Him,
Pursuing me in fearful wise: already
I see my own ensanguined ax fall down
Upon my guilty head with crashing sound!
Abel. His senses he has lost. Sad sight! I tremble . . .
From head to foot . . .
Cain. Thou, Abel, do thou take
This ax; and strike with both thy hands upon
My head. Why dost thou tarry? now behold,
I offer no defence: be quick, and slay me:
Slay me; for in no other way canst thou
Escape my fury, which is fast returning:
I pray thee then, make haste.
Abel. What do I hear?
That I should strike thee? Why, if I still love thee
As much as ever? Calm thyself: become
Thyself again: let's both our father seek:
He waits for thee . . .
Cain. My father? to my father
Go now with thee? I understand: thyself
Hast thou betrayed. The mention of his name
Fiercer than ever wakens all my rage.
Once more then, die thou, die. [*Strikes him.*
Abel. Alas! . . . I feel
My strength depart . . . O mother! . . .
Cain. What, O what
Have I now done? his blood spurts o'er my face!
He falls; he faints . . . Where hide myself? O Heavens!
What have I done? Accurséd ax, begone
Forever from my hand, my eyes . . . What hear I?
Alas! already doth the thund'ring voice
Of God upon me call . . . O where to fly?
There, raves my father in wild fury . . . Here,
My dying brother's sobs . . . Where hide myself?
I fly. [*Flies.*

Abel [*dying*], *then* Adam.

Abel. Ah dreadful pain! . . . O, how my blood
Is running down! . . .
Adam. Already towards the west
The sun approaches fast, and I as yet
Have found them not! The livelong day have I

And Eve consumed in searching for them both,
And all without success . . . But this is surely
The track of Abel: I will follow it. [*Advances.*
ABEL. Alas! help, help! . . . O mother! . . .
ADAM. O, what hear I?
Sobs of a human being, like the wails
Of Abel! . . . Heavens! what see I there? a stream
Of blood? . . . Alas! a body further on? . . .
Abel! My son, thou here? . . . Upon thy body
Let me at least breathe forth my own last breath!
ABEL. My father's voice, methinks . . . O! is it thou? . . .
My eyes are dim, and ill I see . . . Ah, tell me,
Shall I again behold . . . my . . . darling mother? . . .
ADAM. My son! . . . sad day! . . . sad sight! . . . How deep and large
The wound with which his guiltless head is cloven!
Alas! there is no remedy. My son,
Who gave thee such a blow? and what the weapon? . . .
O Heavens! Is 't not Cain's pickax that I see
Lying all-bloody there? . . . O grief! O madness!
And is it possible that Cain has slain thee?
A brother kill his brother? I myself
Will arm, with thy own arms; and find thee out,
And with my own hands slay thee. O thou just
Almighty God, didst thou behold this crime,
And suffer it? breathes still the murderer?
Where is the villain? Didst not Thou, great God,
Beneath the feet of such a monster cause
The very earth to gape and swallow him
In its profound abyss? Then, 't is Thy will,
Ah yes! that by my hand should punished be
This crime irreparable: 't is Thy will
That I should follow on the bloody track
Of that base villain: here it is: from me,
Thou wicked Cain, shalt thou receive thy death . . .
O God! But leave my Abel breathing still . . .
ABEL. Father! . . . return, return! . . . I fain would tell thee . . .
ADAM. My son, but how could Cain . . .
ABEL. He was . . . indeed . . .
Beside himself . . . it was not he . . . Moreover . . .
He is thy son . . . O pardon him, . . . as I do . . .
ADAM. Thou only art my son. Devotion true!
O Abel! my own image! thou, my all! . . .
How could that fierce . . .
ABEL. Ah, father! . . . tell me . . . truly;

Didst thou e'er plan . . . to take away . . . from Cain, . . .
And give . . . to me . . . some mighty good, . . . which lies
Beyond . . . the river ?
ADAM. What dost mean ? one son
Alone I deemed that I possessed in both.
ABEL. Deceived . . . was Cain then ; . . . this he said to me . . .
Ofttimes, . . . inflamed with rage . . . The only cause . . .
Was this : . . . he had . . . a conflict fierce . . . and long . . .
Within himself . . . at first ; . . . but . . . then . . . o'ercome,
He struck me . . . and then fled . . . — But now . . . my breath,
Father, . . . is failing . . . Kiss me . . .
ADAM. He is dying . . .
O God ! . . . He dies. — Unhappy father ! How
Has that last sob cut off at once his voice
And life as well ! — Behold thee, then, at last,
Death terrible and cruel, who the daughter
Of my transgression art ! O ruthless Death,
Is, then, the first to fall before thy blows
A guileless youth like this ? 'T was me the first,
And me alone, whom thou shouldst have struck down . . .
— What shall I do without my children now ?
And this dear lifeless body, how can I
From Eve conceal it ? Hide from her the truth ?
In vain : but, how to tell her ? And, then, where,
Where bury my dear Abel ? O my God !
How tear myself from him ? — But, what behold I ?
Eve is approaching me with weary steps
From far ! She promised me that she would wait
Beyond the wood for me . . . Alas ! — But I
Must meet her and detain her ; such a sight
Might in one moment kill her . . . How I tremble !
Already she has seen me, and makes haste . . .

EVE, *and* ADAM [*running to meet her*].

ADAM. Why, woman, hast thou come ? 't is not allowed
Farther to go : return ; return at once
Unto our cottage ; there will I erelong
Rejoin thee.
EVE. Heavens ! what see I ? in thy face
What new and dreadful trouble do I see ?
Hast thou not found them ?
ADAM. No : but, very soon . . .
Do thou meanwhile retrace thy steps, I pray . . .
EVE. And leave thee ? . . . And my children, where are they ?

But, what do I behold? thy vesture stained
With quite fresh blood? thy hands, too, dyed with blood?
Alas! what is 't, my darling Adam, say!
Yet on thy body are no wounds . . . But, what,
What is the blood there on the ground? and near it
Is not the ax of Cain? . . . and that is also
All soiled with blood? . . . Ah, leave me; yes, I must,
I must approach; to see . . .
ADAM. I pray thee, no . . .
EVE. In vain . . .
ADAM. O Eve, stop, stop! on no account
Shalt thou go farther.

EVE [*pushing her way forward a little*].
But, in spite of thee,
From out thine eyes a very stream of tears
Is pouring! . . . I must see, at any cost,
The reason . . . Ah, I see it now! . . . there lies
My darling Abel . . . O unhappy I! . . .
The ax . . . the blood . . . I understand . . .
ADAM. Alas!
We have no sons.
EVE. Abel, my life . . . 'T is vain
To hold me back . . . Let me embrace thee, Abel.
ADAM. To hold her is impossible: a slight
Relief to her immense maternal sorrow . . .
EVE. Adam, has God the murderer not punished?
ADAM. O impious Cain! in vain thy flight; in vain
Wilt thou conceal thyself. Within thy ears
(However far away from me thou art)
Shall ring the fearful echo of my threats,
And make thy bosom tremble.
EVE. Abel, Abel . . .
Alas, he hears me not! . . . — I ever told thee,
That I discerned a traitor's mark, yes, traitor's,
Between Cain's eyebrows.
ADAM. Never on the earth
That traitor peace shall find, security,
Or an asylum. — Cain, be thou accursed
By God, as thou art by thy father cursed.

AGAMEMNON.

[During the absence of Agamemnon at the siege of Troy, Ægisthus, son of Thyestes and the relentless enemy of the House of Atreus, wins the love of Clytemnestra, and with devilish ingenuity persuades her that the only way to save her life and his is to slay her husband.]

ACT V. — SCENE II.

ÆGISTHUS — CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ægis. Hast thou performed the deed?
Cly. Ægisthus . . .
Ægis. What do I behold? O woman,
What dost thou here, dissolved in useless tears?
Tears are unprofitable, late, and vain;
And they may cost us dear.
Cly. Thou here? . . . but how? . . .
Wretch that I am! what have I promised thee?
What impious counsel? . . .
Ægis. Was not thine the counsel?
Love gave it thee, and fear recants it. — Now,
Since thou 'rt repentant, I am satisfied;
Soothed by reflecting that thou art not guilty,
I shall at least expire. To thee I said
How difficult the enterprise would be;
But thou, depending more than it became thee
On that which is not in thee, virile courage,
Daredst thyself thy own unwarlike hand
For such a blow select. May Heaven permit
That the mere project of a deed like this
May not be fatal to thee! I by stealth,
Protected by the darkness, hither came,
And unobserved, I hope. I was constrained
To bring the news myself, that now my life
Is irrecoverably forfeited
To the king's vengeance . . .
Cly. What is this I hear?
Whence didst thou learn it?
Ægis. More than he would wish
Atrides hath discovered of our love;
And I already from him have received
A strict command not to depart from Argos.
And further, I am summoned to his presence
Soon as to-morrow dawns: thou seest well
That such a conference to me is death.
But fear not; for I will all means employ
To bear myself the undivided blame.
Cly. What do I hear? Atrides knows it all?
Ægis. He knows too much: I have but one choice left:
It will be best for me to 'scape by death,

By self-inflicted death, this dangerous inquest.
I save my honor thus; and free myself
From an opprobrious end. I hither came
To give thee my last warning; and to take
My last farewell. . . . Oh, live; and may thy fame
Live with thee, unimpeached! All thoughts of pity
For me now lay aside; if I 'm allowed
By my own hand, for thy sake, to expire,
I am supremely blest.
CLY. Alas! . . . Ægisthus . . .
What a tumultuous passion rages now
Within my bosom, when I hear thee speak! . . .
And is it true? . . . Thy death . . .
ÆGIS. Is more than certain. . . .
CLY. And I 'm thy murderer! . . .
ÆGIS. I seek thy safety.
CLY. What wicked fury from Avernus' shore,
Ægisthus, guides thy steps? Oh, I had died
Of grief, if I had never seen thee more;
But guiltless I had died: spite of myself,
Now, by thy presence, I already am
Again impelled to this tremendous crime. . . .
An anguish, an unutterable anguish,
Invades my bones, invades my every fibre . . .
And can it be that this alone can save thee? . . .
But who revealed our love?
ÆGIS. To speak of thee,
Who but Electra to her father dare?
Who to the monarch breathe thy name but she?
Thy impious daughter in thy bosom thrusts
The fatal sword; and ere she takes thy life
Would rob thee of thy honor.
CLY. And ought I
This to believe? . . . Alas! . . .
ÆGIS. Believe it, then,
On the authority of this my sword,
If thou believ'st it not on mine. At least
I 'll die in time. . . .
CLY. O Heavens! what wouldst thou do?
Sheathe, I command thee, sheathe that fatal sword. —
Oh, night of horrors! . . . hear me . . . Perhaps Atrides
Has not resolved. . . .
ÆGIS. What boots this hesitation? . . .
Atrides injured, and Atrides king,
Meditates nothing in his haughty mind
But blood and vengeance. Certain is my death,

Thine is uncertain: but reflect, O queen,
To what thou 'rt destined, if he spare thy life.
And were I seen to enter here alone,
And at so late an hour . . . Alas, what fears
Harrow my bosom when I think of thee!
Soon will the dawn of day deliver thee
From racking doubt; that dawn I ne'er shall see:
I am resolved to die: . . . — Farewell . . . forever!
  CLY. Stay, stay . . . Thou shalt not die.
  ÆGIS. By no man's hand
Assuredly, except my own: — or thine,
If so thou wilt. Ah, perpetrate the deed;
Kill me; and drag me, palpitating yet,
Before thy judge austere: my blood will be
A proud acquittance for thee.
  CLY. Madd'ning thought! . . .
Wretch that I am! . . . Shall I be thy assassin? . . .
  ÆGIS. Shame on thy hand, that cannot either kill
Who most adores thee, or who most detests thee!
Mine then must serve. . . .
  CLY. Ah! . . . no. . . .
  ÆGIS. Dost thou desire
Me, or Atrides, dead?
  CLY. Ah! what a choice! . . .
  ÆGIS. Thou art compelled to choose.
  CLY. I death inflict . . .
  ÆGIS. Or death receive; when thou hast witnessed mine.
  CLY. Ah, then the crime is too inevitable!
  ÆGIS. The time now presses.
  CLY. But . . . the courage . . . strength? . . .
  ÆGIS. Strength, courage, all, will love impart to thee.
  CLY. Must I then with this trembling hand of mine
Plunge . . . in my husband's heart . . . the sword? . . .
  ÆGIS. The blows
Thou wilt redouble with a steady hand
In the hard heart of him who slew thy daughter.
  CLY. Far from my hand I hurled the sword in anguish.
  ÆGIS. Behold a steel, and of another temper:
The clotted blood-drops of Thyestes' sons
Still stiffen on its frame: do not delay
To furbish it once more in the vile blood
Of Atreus; go, be quick; there now remain
But a few moments; go. If awkwardly
The blow thou aimest, or if thou shouldst be
Again repentant, lady, ere 't is struck,

Do not thou any more tow'rd these apartments
Thy footsteps turn: by my own hands destroyed,
Here wouldst thou find me in a sea of blood
Immersed. Now go, and tremble not; be bold.
Enter and save us by his death. —

SCENE III.

ÆGISTHUS.

Ægis. Come forth,
Thyestes, from profound Avernus; come,
Now is the time; within this palace now
Display thy dreadful shade. A copious banquet
Of blood is now prepared for thee, enjoy it;
Already o'er the heart of thy foe's son
Hangs the suspended sword; now, now, he feels it:
An impious consort grasps it; it was fitting
That she, not I, did this: so much more sweet
To thee will be the vengeance, as the crime
Is more atrocious. . . . An attentive ear
Lend to the dire catastrophe with me;
Doubt not she will accomplish it: disdain,
Love, terror, to the necessary crime
Compel the impious woman. —

AGAMEMNON (within).

Aga. Treason! Ah! . . .
My wife? . . . O Heavens! . . . I die . . . O traitorous deed!
Ægis. Die, thou — yes, die! And thou redouble, woman,
The blows redouble; all the weapon hide
Within his heart; shed, to the latest drop,
The blood of that fell miscreant; in our blood
He would have bathed his hands.

SCENE IV.

CLYTEMNESTRA — ÆGISTHUS.

Cly. What have I done?
Where am I? . . .
Ægis. Thou hast slain the tyrant: now
At length thou 'rt worthy of me.
Cly. See, with blood
The dagger drips; . . . my hands, my face, my garments,
All, all are blood . . . Oh, for a deed like this,
What vengeance will be wreaked! . . . I see already,
Already to my breast that very steel

I see hurled back, and by what hand! I freeze,
I faint, I shudder, I dissolve with horror.
My strength, my utterance, fail me. Where am I?
What have I done? . . . Alas! . . .
Ægis. Tremendous cries
Resound on every side throughout the palace:
'T is time to show the Argives what I am,
And reap the harvest of my long endurance.

SCENE V.

ELECTRA — ÆGISTHUS.

Elec. It still remains for thee to murder me,
Thou impious, vile assassin of my father . . .
But what do I behold? O Heavens! . . . my mother? . . .
Flagitious woman, dost thou grasp the sword?
Didst thou commit the murder?
Ægis. Hold thy peace.
Stop not my path thus; quickly I return;
Tremble: for now that I am king of Argos,
Far more important is it that I kill
Orestes than Electra.

SCENE VI.

CLYTEMNESTRA — ELECTRA.

Cly. Heavens! . . . Orestes? . . .
Ægisthus, now I know thee. . . .
Elec. Give it me:
Give me that steel.
Cly. Ægisthus! . . . Stop! . . . Wilt thou
Murder my son? Thou first shalt murder me.

SCENE VII.

ELECTRA.

Elec. O night! . . . O father! . . . Ah, it was your deed,
Ye gods, this thought of mine to place Orestes
In safety first. — Thou wilt not find him, traitor. —
Ah live, Orestes, live: and I will keep
This impious steel for thy adult right hand.
The day, I hope, will come, when I in Argos
Shall see thee the avenger of thy father.

ALFONSO X.

Alfonso X., King of Leon and Castile, born in 1221, ascended the throne in 1252, was deposed by his son, Sancho, in 1282, and died in 1284. His acquaintance with geometry, astronomy, and the occult sciences of his time gained for him the appellation of *el Sabio,* "the Learned." The works in prose attributed to him range over a great variety of subjects, historical, scientific, and legal, although many of them were merely written or compiled by his order. He caused the Bible to be translated into Castilian, and thereby performed for the Spanish language a service very similar to that performed for the English by James I. Mariana says of him: "He was more fit for letters than for the government of his subjects; he studied the heavens and watched the stars, but forgot the earth and lost his kingdom."

"What Meaneth a Tyrant, and how he Useth his Power in a Kingdom when he hath Obtained it."

"A tyrant," says this law, "doth signify a cruel lord, who, by force or by craft, or by treachery, hath obtained power over any realm or country; and such men be of such nature, that when once they have grown strong in the land, they love rather to work their own profit, though it be in harm of the land, than the common profit of all, for they always live in an ill fear of losing it. And that they may be able to fulfill this their purpose unincumbered, the wise of old have said that they use their power against the people in three manners. The first is, that they strive that those under their mastery be ever ignorant and timorous, because, when they be such, they may not be bold to rise against them, nor to resist their wills; and the second is, that they be not kindly and united among themselves, in such wise that they trust not one another, for while they live in disagreement, they shall not dare to make any discourse against their lord, for fear faith and secrecy should not be kept among themselves; and the third way is, that they strive to make them poor, and to put them upon great undertakings, which they never can finish, whereby they may have so much harm that it may never come into their hearts to devise anything against their ruler. And above all this, have tyrants ever striven to make spoil of the strong and to destroy the wise; and have forbidden fellowship and assemblies of men in their land, and striven always to know what men said or did; and do trust their counsel and the guard of their person rather to foreigners, who will serve at their will, than to them of the land, who serve from oppression. And moreover, we say that though any man may have gained mastery of a kingdom by any of the lawful means whereof we have spoken in the laws going before this, yet, if he use his power ill, in the ways whereof we speak in this law, him may the people still call tyrant; for he turneth his mastery which was rightful into wrongful, as Aristotle hath said in the book which treateth of the rule and government of kingdoms."

On the Turks, and Why they are so Called.

(From "La Gran Conquista de Ultramar," Chapter XIII.)

The ancient histories which describe the early inhabitants of the East and their various languages show the origin of each tribe or nation, or whence they came, and for what reason they waged war, and how they were enabled to conquer the former lords of the land. Now in these histories it is told that the Turks, and also the allied race called Turcomans, were all of one land originally, and that these names were taken from two rivers that flow through the territory whence these people came, which lies in the direction of the rising of the sun, a little toward the north; and that one of these rivers bore the name of Turco, and the other Mani; and finally that for this reason the two tribes which dwelt on the banks of these two rivers came to be commonly known as Turcomanos or Turcomans. On the other hand, there are those who assert that because a portion of the Turks lived among the Comanos (Comans) they accordingly, in course of time, received the name of Turcomanos; but the majority adhere to the reason already given. However this may be, the Turks and the Turcomans belong both to the same family, and follow no other life than that of wandering over the country, driving their herds from one good pasture to another, and taking with them their wives and their children and all their property, including money as well as flocks.

The Turks did not dwell then in houses, but in tents made of skins, as do in these days the Comanos and Tartars; and when they had to move from one place to another, they divided themselve into companies according to their different dialects, and chose a *cabdillo* (judge), who settled their disputes, and rendered justice to those who deserved it. And this nomadic race cultivated no fields, nor vineyards, nor orchards, nor arable lands of any kind; neither did they buy or sell for money: but traded their flocks among one another, and also their milk and cheese, and pitched their tents in the places where they found the best pasturage; and when the grass was exhausted, they sought fresh herbage elsewhere. And whenever they reached the border of a strange land, they sent before them special envoys, the most worthy and honorable of their men, to the kings or lords of such countries, to ask of them the privilege of pasturage on their lands for a space; for which they were willing to pay such rent or tax as might be agreed upon. After this manner they lived among each nation in whose territory they happened to be.

To the Month of Mary.

(From the "Cantigas.")

Welcome, O May, yet once again we greet thee!
So alway we praise her, the Holy Mother,
Who prays to God that he shall aid us ever
Against our foes, and to us ever listen.
Welcome, O May! loyally art thou welcome!
So always we praise her, the Mother of kindness,
Mother who alway on us taketh pity.
Mother who guardeth us from woes unnumbered.
Welcome, O May! welcome, O month well favored!
So let us ever pray and offer praises
To her who ceaseth not for us, for sinners,
To pray to God that we from woes be guarded.
Welcome, O May! O joyous month and stainless!
So will we ever pray to her who gaineth
Grace from her Son for us, and gives each morning
Force that by us the Moors from Spain are driven.
Welcome, O May, of bread and wine the giver!
Pray then to her, for in her arms, an infant,
She bore the Lord! she points us on our journey,
The journey that to her will bear us quickly!

KING ALFRED
the Great.

G. King Sculp.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred the Great, King of England, born at Wantage, 849; died October 28, 901. He succeeded to the crown, upon the death of his father, Ethelwulf, in 872, but was for a time driven from the throne by the Danes, who overran the kingdom of the West Saxons. But after many adventures and some severe reverses, he completely routed the invaders in 879, and firmly established his sway. Alfred was, says the Saxon chronicler Ethelwerd, "the immovable pillar of the Western Saxons; full of justice, bold in arms, learned in speech, and above all things imbued with the divine instructions; for he translated into his own language, out of Latin, unnumbered volumes, of so varied a nature and so excellently, that the sorrowful book of Boëthius seemed not only to the learned, but to those who heard it read, as if it were brought to life again."

Alfred the Great is one out of not more than half a dozen kings who deserve a place among authors. Indeed it would be hard to name more than these three or four: David (and perhaps Solomon) of Israel, Alfred of England, and Frederick the Great of Prussia. King Alfred set forth the principles which guided him in the work which he undertook and performed in this direction. He of course writes in Anglo-Saxon.

King Alfred on King-Craft.

(Comment in his Translation of Boëthius's "Consolations of Philosophy.")

The Mind then answered and thus said: O Reason, indeed thou knowest that covetousness and the greatness of this earthly power never well pleased me, nor did I altogether very much yearn after this earthly authority. But nevertheless I was desirous of materials for the work which I was commanded to perform; that was, that I might honorably and fitly guide and exercise the power which was committed to me. Moreover, thou knowest that no man can show any skill, nor exercise or control any power, without tools and materials. There are of every craft the materials without which man cannot exercise the craft. These, then, are a king's materials and his tools to reign with: that he have his land well peopled; he must have prayer-men, and soldiers, and workmen. Thou knowest that without these tools no king can show his craft. This is also his materials which he must have besides the tools: provisions for the three classes. This is, then, their provision: land to inhabit, and gifts and weapons, and meat, and ale, and clothes, and whatsoever is necessary for the three classes. He cannot without these preserve the tools, nor without the tools accomplish any of those things which he is commanded to perform. Therefore, I was desirous of materials wherewith to exercise the power, that my talents and power should not be forgotten and concealed. For every craft and every power soon becomes old, and is passed over in silence, if it be without wisdom: for no man can accomplish any craft without wisdom. Because whatsoever is done through folly, no one can ever reckon for craft. This is now especially to be said: that I wished to live honorably whilst I lived, and after my life to leave to the men who were after me, my memory in good works.

ALFRED'S PREFACE TO THE VERSION OF POPE GREGORY'S "PASTORAL CARE."

KING ALFRED bids greet Bishop Wærferth with his words lovingly and with friendship; and I let it be known to thee that it has very often come into my mind, what wise men there formerly were throughout England, both of sacred and secular orders; and what happy times there were then throughout England; and how the kings who had power of the nation in those days obeyed God and his ministers; and they preserved peace, morality, and order at home, and at the same time enlarged their territory abroad; and how they prospered both with war and with wisdom; and also the sacred orders, how zealous they were both in teaching and learning, and in all the services they owed to God; and how foreigners came to this land in search of wisdom and instruction and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we would have them. So general was its decay in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English; and I believe there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. Thanks be to God Almighty that we have any teachers among us now. And therefore I command thee to do as I believe thou art willing, to disengage thyself from worldly matters as often as thou canst, that thou mayst apply the wisdom which God has given thee wherever thou canst. Consider what punishments would come upon us on account of this world if we neither loved it (wisdom) ourselves nor suffered other men to obtain it; we should love the name only of Christian and very few of the virtues.

When I considered all this I remembered also how I saw, before it had been all ravaged and burnt, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books, and there was also a great multitude of God's servants; but they had very little knowledge of the books, for they could not understand anything of them, because they were not written in their own language. As if they had said, "Our forefathers, who formerly held these places, loved wisdom, and through it they obtained wealth and bequeathed it to us. In this we can still see their tracks, but we cannot follow them, and therefore we have lost all the wealth and the wisdom, because we would not incline our hearts after their example."

When I remembered all this, I wondered extremely that the good and wise men, who were formerly all over England, and had perfectly learnt all the books, did not wish to translate them into their own language. But again, I soon answered myself and said, "They did not think that men would ever be so careless, and that learning would so decay; therefore they abstained from translating, and they trusted that the wisdom in this land might increase with our knowledge of languages."

Then I remember how the law was first known in Hebrew, and again, when the Greeks had learnt it, they translated the whole of it into their own language, and all other books besides. And again, the Romans, when they had learnt it, they translated the whole of it through learned interpreters into their own language. And also all other Christian nations translated a part of them into their own language. Therefore it seems better to me, if ye think so, for us also to translate some books which are most needful for all men to know, into the language which we can all understand, and for you to do as we very easily can if we have tranquillity enough; that is, that all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until that they are well able to read English writing; and let those be afterward taught more in the Latin language who are to continue learning and be promoted to a higher rank. When I remember how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin "Pastoralis," and in English "Shepherd's Book," sometimes word by word and sometimes according to the sense, as I had learnt it from Plegmund, my archbishop, and Asser, my bishop, and Grimbold, my mass-priest, and John, my mass-priest. And when I had learnt it as I could best understand it, and as I could most clearly interpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishropic in my kingdom; and on each there is a clasp worth fifty mancus. And I command, in God's name, that no man take the clasp from the book or the book from the minister; it is uncertain how long there may be such learned bishops as now, thanks be to God, there are nearly everywhere; therefore I wish them always to remain in their place, unless the bishop wish to take them with him, or they be lent out anywhere, or any one make a copy from them.

FROM "A SORROWFUL FYTTE."

(From "Boethius.")

WORLDLINESS brought me here
  Foolishly blind,
Riches have wrought me here
  Sadness of mind;
When I rely on them,
  Lo! they depart, —
Bitterly, fie on them!
  Rend they my heart.
Why did your songs to me,
  World-loving men,
Say joy belongs to me
  Ever as then?
Why did ye lyingly
  Think such a thing,
Seeing how flyingly
  Wealth may take wing?

CHARLES GRANT BLAIRFINDIE ALLEN

CHARLES GRANT BLAIRFINDIE ALLEN.

Allen, Charles Grant Blairfindie, commonly known as Grant Allen, — who has also written under the *nom de plume* both of Cecil Power and J. Arbuthnot Wilson, — a British scientific writer and novelist, was born February 24, 1848, on Wolfe Island, opposite Kingston, Canada, where his father was the incumbent of the Anglican Church. He graduated at Oxford in 1871. In 1873 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Philosophy at Queen's College, Spanish Town, Jamaica, and from 1874 until 1877 was its principal. He then returned to England, where he has since lived. Among his scientific writings are: "Physiological Ethics" (1877); "The Color Sense" (1879); "The Evolutionist at Large" (1881); "Colin Clout's Calendar" (1882); and "Force and Energy" (1888). Among his most popular novels are: "In All Shades" (1886) and "This Mortal Coil" (1888). His most recent publications are: "What's Bred in the Bone" (Boston, 1891), a prize story, for which he received £1000; "Dumaresq's Daughter" (1891); "The Duchess of Powysland" (1891); "Blood Royal" (1893); "Dr. Palliser's Patient;" "The Attis of Catullus;" "Science in Arcady;" "The Story of the Plants;" "The Woman Who Did;" "British Barbarians" (1895); and "A Hill-top Novel" (1896). He has also contributed a series of papers, "Post-prandial Philosophy," to the "Westminster Gazette." In 1897 he published "The Evolution of the Idea of God."

Saved from the Quicksands.

(From "Kalee's Shrine.")

Meanwhile, where were Harry Bickersteth and Alan Tennant?

Up the river in the "Indian Princess" they had had an easy voyage, lazily paddling for the first hour or two. The mud banks of the Thore, ugly as they seem at first sight, have nevertheless a singular and unwonted interest of their own; the interest derived from pure weirdness, and melancholy, and loneliness — a strange contrast to the bustling life and gayety of the bright little watering place whose church tower rises conspicuously visible over the dikes beyond them. On the vast soft ooze flats, solemn gulls stalk soberly, upheld by their broad, web feet from sinking, while among the numberless torrents, caused by the ebbing tide, tall, long-legged herons stand with arched necks and eager eyes, keenly intent on the quick pursuit of the elusive elves in the stream below. The grass wrack waves dark in the current underneath, and the pretty sea lavender purples the muddy islets in the side channels with its scentless bloom. Altogether a strange, quaint, desolate spot, that Thore estuary, bounded on either side by marshy saltings, where long-horned black cattle wander unrestrained, and high embankments keep out the encroaching sea at floods and spring tides. Not a house or a cottage lies anywhere in sight. Miles upon miles of slush in the inundated channels give place beyond to miles upon miles of drained and reclaimed marsh land by the uninhabited saltings in the rear.

They had paddled their way quietly and noiselessly among the flats and islets for a couple of hours, carefully noting the marks of the wary wild-fowl on either side, and talking in low tones together about that perennial topic of living interest to all past or present generations of Oxford men, the dear old 'Varsity. Alan still held a fellowship at Oriel, and Harry was an undergraduate of Queen's: so the two found plenty of matter to converse about in common, comparing notes as to the deeds of daring in bearding the proctors, feats of prowess in town and gown rows, the fatal obsequiousness of the Oxford tradesman, and the inevitable, final evolutionary avatar of that mild being under a new and terrible form as the persistent dun, to the end of their tether. Such memories are sweet — when sufficiently remote; and the Oxford man who does not love to talk them over with the rising spirits of a younger generation deserves never to have drunk Archdeacon at Merton or to have smoked Bacon's best Manilas beneath the hospitable rafters of Christ Church common room.

At last, in turning up a side streamlet, on the southern bank, — Thorborough, as everybody knows, lies to the northward, — they passed an islet of the usual soft Thore slime, on whose tiny summit grew a big bunch of that particular local East Anglian wild flower, which Olga had said she would like to paint, on the day of Sir Donald Mackinnon's picnic.

"I say, Bickersteth," Alan suggested lightly, as they passed close beneath it, "don't you think we could manage to pick a stem or two of the artemisia — that feathery fluffy yellow flower there? Miss Trevelyan" — and he tried not to look too conscious — "wants to make a little picture out of it, she told me. I expect we could pull in and get near enough to clutch at a branch or so."

"No," Harry answered, shaking his head confidently. "I know by heart all the tricks and manners of the creeks and the river here. I know every twist and turn of the backwaters. No quicksand on earth could possibly be more treacherous than our Thore mud. It's a mud *per se*, quite unique in its own way for stickiness. If you try to land on it, you go on sinking, sinking, sinking, like an elephant in a bog, or a Siberian mammoth, till you disappear at last bodily below the surface with a gentle gurgle; and the mud closes neatly over your head; and they fish you out a few days later with a crooked boat-hook, as Mr. Mantalini says, 'a demd moist unpleasant corpse,' and dirty at that into the bargain. You must wait and get a bit of the stuff a little further on. There's plenty more growing higher up the backwater. We can land easier there on some of the hards, where the side creeks run deep and clear over solid pebble bottoms."

They paddled on noiselessly through the water as before, away up the silent, unpeopled inlet, among the lonely ooze and great stranded islands of salt-marsh vegetation. At every stroke, the aspect of the country grew wilder and more desolate. At last they came to a broad expansion of the tributary creek. Alan could hardly have believed any place so solitary existed in England. Some of the islands, surrounded on every side by slimy channels of deep ooze, could only be approached by a boat at high spring tides, and even then nowhere save at a single unobtrusive landing place. They were thickly overgrown with rank, brown hay.

"And even the owners," Harry said, laughing, and pointing to one such dreary flat with demonstrative finger, "only visit them once a year in a shallow punt or low barge at haymaking time to cut the hay crop. Sometimes the bargemen from upstream at Ponton come for a lark in the night, before the owner harvests it, and mow the crop, and carry it away down the river and out by sea to market in London; and nobody ever knows a word about it till the owner turns up disconsolate a week or so later, and finds his hay clean gone, and not a soul on earth to tell him what the dickens has ever become of it."

"It 's fearfully lonely," Alan said with a shudder, looking round him in surprise at the trackless waste of ooze and sedges. "If a man were to get lost or murdered in one of these dreary channels now, it might be weeks and weeks — ay, and years too — before anybody on earth ever discovered him."

"It might," Harry answered. "You say the truth. A capital place indeed for a murder. As De Quincey says, you could recommend it confidently to a friend. Nobody 'd ever be one penny the wiser. — See, there 's some more of your flower nodding away on the bank over yonder — what did you call it? — artemisia, was n't it? Well, here we can get at it, I expect, with a little trouble, if you don't mind wading. You 're prepared to go through fire and water, I suppose, for Miss Trevelyan?"

Alan's face grew somewhat graver. "I 'm prepared to get my bags wet through in the sea," he said, "if that 's all, to do anything reasonable, for any lady. Miss Trevelyan said she 'd like the flower, and I thought I might as well try to get a little bit for her."

"Well, you need n't be so huffy about it, anyhow," Harry went on good-humoredly. "No harm in being in love with a pretty girl, that I know of: at least it does n't say so in the Ten Commandments. Stick the pole firm into the bottom there, will you? By Jove, the stream runs fast! How deep is it? About two feet, eh? Well, we can tuck our trousers up to the thighs and wade ahead then. The channel of the stream 's firm enough here. Pebble bottom! I expect it 's pebble right up to the island."

They pulled off their shoes and socks hurriedly, and rolled up their trousers as Harry had suggested. Then the younger lad stepped lightly out of the boat on to the solid floor, and drove the pole deep into the slimy mud bank beside it. The mud rose in a veritable cliff, and seemed to the eye quite firm and consistent; but it gave before the pole like slush in the street, where the brushes have heaped it on one side by the gutters. He tied the duck boat to the pole by the painter, and gave a hand to Alan as his friend stepped out with a light foot into the midst of the little rapid channel.

"Bottom 's quite solid just here," he said. "You need n't funk it. We can walk close up to the side of the island. These streams run regularly over hard bottoms, though the mud rises sheer on either side of them, till you get quite up to the head waters. There they lose themselves, as it were, in the mud; or at least, ooze out of it by little driblets from nowhere in particular. Come along, Tennant. We can pick some of Miss Trevelyan's *spécialité* on the far side of the island, I fancy."

They waded slowly up the rapid current, Alan pushing his stick as he went into the mud bank, which looked as firm and solid as a rock, but really proved on nearer trial to be made up of deep, soft, light-brown slush. They attacked the island from every side — a double current ran right round it — but all in vain; an impenetrable barrier of oozy mud girt it round unassailably on every side, like the moat of a castle.

"I shall try to walk through it," Alan cried at last, in a sort of mock desperation, planting one foot boldly in the midst of the mud. "What 's slush and dirt, however thick, compared with the expressed wishes of a fair lady?"

As he spoke, he began to sink ominously into the soft deep ooze, till his leg was covered right up to the thigh.

Harry seized his arm with a nervous grasp in instant trepidation. "For Heaven's sake," he cried, "what are you doing, Tennant? The stuff 's got no bottom at all. Jump back, jump back — here, take my hand for it! You 'll sink right down into an endless mud slough."

Alan felt himself still sinking; but instead of drawing back as Harry told him, and letting his whole weight fall on to the one foot still securely planted on the solid bed of the little river, he lifted that one safe support right off the ground, and tried with his stick to find a foothold in the treacherous mud bank. Next instant, he had sunk with both legs up to his waist, and was struggling vainly to recover his position by grasping at the overhanging weeds on the island.

Harry, with wonderful presence of mind, did not try at all to save him as he stood, lest both should tumble together into the slough; but running back hastily for the pole, fastened the boat to his own walking stick which he stuck into the mud, and brought back the longer piece of wood in his hands to where Alan stood, still struggling violently, and sunk to the armpits in the devouring slush. He took his own stand firmly on the pebbly bottom of the little stream, stuck the far end of the pole on the surface of the island, and then lowered it to the level of Alan's hands, so as to form a sort of rude extemporized crane or lever. Alan clutched at it quickly with eager grip; and Harry, who was a strong young fellow enough, gradually raised him out of the encumbering mud by lifting the pole to the height of his shoulders. Next minute, Alan stood beside him on the hard, and looked ruefully down at his wet and dripping muddy clothes, one malodorous mass of deep, black ooze from waist to ankle.

"You must stand up to your arms in the stream," Harry said, laughing, in answer to his comically rueful glance, "and let the water wash away the mud a little. A pretty pickle you look, to be sure. By George, I thought for a minute it was all up with you! You won't trifle with Thore ooze again in a hurry, I fancy."

Alan pulled off his flannel boating jacket and his once white ducks with a gesture of disgust, and began scrubbing them between his hands in the discolored water.

"I must sit on the island and let them dry," he said in no very pleasant voice; "I can't go home to Thorborough looking such a mess as this, you know, Harry."

"How 'll you get on the island?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Why, you just hold the pole as you did, so, and I 'll go hand over hand, like a British acrobat on parallel bars, across the mud bank."

"And leave me to stand here in the water alone till your clothes have dried to your perfect satisfaction! No thank you, no thank you, my dear fellow."

"I can get you over when once I 've got across myself," Alan answered lightly. "Hold the pole out a little below the middle, and lift you, so, as if I were a circus man."

"I venture to doubt your gymnastic capabilities."

"Try me, anyhow. If it does n't succeed, I 'll come back at once to you."

Harry fixed the pole on the island once more, and Alan, clasping it tight with his hard grip, and lifting up his legs well above the mud bank, made his way, hand over hand, as acrobats do along a tight rope or a trapeze, to the solid surface of the little island. There he laid out his clothes carefully to dry, and sat down, holding the pole as he had suggested, lever fashion, for Harry. By dexterous twisting, he managed to land his friend safely on the island, where they both sat down on the sun-dried top, and gazed disconsolate on the fearful waste of mud around them.

"Curious how hard the bottom is," Alan said after a while, "in the midst of so much soft ooze and slush and stuff!"

"The current washes away the soft mud, you see," Harry answered glibly, as he lighted his pipe, "leaving only the pebbles it selects at the bottom. Segregation! segregation! It 's always so over all these flats. You can walk anywhere on the bottom of these streamlets."

"Well, at least," Alan said, glacing about him complacently, "we 've got the flowers — any number we want of them. I should have felt like a fool indeed if I 'd sunk up to my waist in that beastly ooze there, and yet never succeeded in getting what I came for. The flowers alone are the trophy of victory. It 's a foreign artemisia, got stranded here by accident. Indian Wormwood or Lover's Bane the herbalists call it." And he gathered a big bunch of the yellow blossoms from the summit of the island, tying them together loosely with a shred from his handkerchief. (Men in love think nothing, it may be parenthetically observed, of tearing up a new cambric handkerchief. At a later date, it is to be feared, the person for whose sake they tear it up takes good care to repress any future outbursts of such absurd extravagance.)

They sat on the island for nearly an hour, and then, as the sun was shining hot overhead, Alan's clothes were sufficiently dried for him to put them on again in a somewhat dingy, damp, and clinging condition. The problem now was to get back again. Alan successfully lifted down his friend at the end of the pole, in true acrobat fashion; but just as Harry touched ground in the centre of the little stream, the pole creaked and gave ominously in the middle.

"Take care of it, Tennant," the young man cried, as he fixed it once more across his shoulder. "Don't trust the weak point in the middle too much. Glide lightly over the thin ice! Hand over hand as quick as you can manage!"

"All right," Alan cried, suiting the deed to the word, and hastily letting himself glide with a rapid sliding motion along the frail support.

As he reached the middle, with a sudden snap, the pole broke. Alan did not hesitate for a minute. If he fell where he was, he would sink helplessly into the engulfing mud. He had had enough of that, and knew what it meant now. With the impetus of the breakage, he sprang dexterously forward, and just clearing the mud, fell on his hands and knees upon the hard, right in front of Harry.

"Hurt yourself, eh?" his friend asked, picking him up quickly.

"Not much," Alan answered, flinging the broken pole angrily into the stream. "Barked my knees a little: that 's about all. We 're unfortunate to-day. The stars are against us. There 's a trifle too much adventure to suit my taste, it strikes me somehow, in your East Anglian rivers!"

"Here 's a nice fellow!" Harry retorted, laughing. "Adventures are to the adventurous, don't they say. You first go and try a mad plan to pick a useless little bunch of fluffy small flowers for a fair lady, quite in the most approved romantic fashion, for all the world like the "London Reader:" and then when you fall and bark your knees over it, you lay the blame of your own mishaps on our poor unoffending East Anglian rivers!"

"I 've got the flowers still, anyhow," Alan answered triumphantly, holding them up and waving them above his head, crushed and dripping, but nevertheless perfectly intact, in his bleeding hand. He had knocked his fist against the bottom to break his fall, and cut the skin rather badly about the wrist and knuckles.

"Well, it 's high time we got back to the boat," Harry continued carelessly. "If we don't make haste, we shan't be back soon enough for me to dress for dinner. I must get home before seven. Aunt 's got the usual select dinner party stirring this evening."

They turned the corner, wading still, but through much deeper water than that they had at first encountered (for the tide was now steadily rising), and made their way to the well-remembered spot where they had loosely fastened the light duck boat.

To their annoyance and surprise, no boat was anywhere to be seen in the neighborhood. Only a mark as of a pole dragged by main force out of the mud, — the mark left by Harry's walking-stick.

They gazed at one another blankly for a moment. Then Alan burst into a merry laugh.

"Talk about adventures," he said; "they 'll certainly never be ended to-day. The duck boat must have floated off on its own account quietly without us."

But Harry, instead of laughing, turned deadly pale. He knew the river better than his companion, and realized at once the full terror of the situation.

"Tennant," he cried, clutching his friend's arm nervously and eagerly, "we're lost! we're lost! The duck boat *has* floated off without us: there's no getting away, no getting away anyhow! No living power on earth can possibly save us from drowning by inches as the tide rises!"

Alan stared at his friend in blank dismay. It was some time before he could fully take in the real seriousness of their present position. But he knew Harry was no coward, and he could see by his blanched cheek and bloodless lips that a terrible danger actually environed them.

"Where's she gone?" he asked at last tremulously.

Harry screened his eyes from the sun with his hands.

"Downstream, at first," he said, peering about in vain, "till tide rose high enough; then up, no doubt, heaven knows where, but out of sight, out of sight anyhow!"

Alan examined the bank closely. He saw in a moment how the accident had happened. Harry, in his haste to fetch the pole to save him, had driven his own walking-stick carelessly into the larger and looser hole left by the bigger piece of wood; and the force of the current, dragging at the boat, had pulled it slowly out of the unresisting mud bank. It might have been gone a full hour: and where it had got to, no earthly power could possibly tell them.

"Can't we swim out?" he asked eagerly at last. "You and I are both tolerable swimmers."

Harry shook his head very gloomily. "No good," he said. "No good at all, I tell you. The river's bounded by mud for acres. It's six miles at least down to Hurdham Pier, the very first place there's a chance of landing. If you tried to land anywhere else before, you'd sink in mud like the mud you stuck in just now at the island. We're bounded round by mud on every side. We stand on a little narrow shelf of pebble, with a vast swampy quagmire of mud girding it in for miles and miles and miles together."

"Can't we walk up to the source?" Alan inquired despondently, beginning to realize the full terror of the situation. "It may keep hard till we reach *terra firma.*"

"It may, but it doesn't, I'm pretty sure," Harry answered with a groan. "However, there's no harm anyhow in trying. Let's walk up and see where we get to."

They waded on in silence together, feeling the bottom cautiously at each step with their sticks, till the stream began to divide and subdivide into little fingerlike muddy tributaries.

Choosing the chief of these, they waded up it. Presently the bottom grew softer and softer, and a firm footing more and more impossible. At last, their feet sank in ominously. Harry probed a step in advance with the broken end of the pole that Alan had flung away. The next step was into the muddy quagmire. Land still lay a mile distant apparently in that direction. The intervening belt was one huge waste expanse of liquid treachery.

They tried again up another tributary, and then a third, and a fourth, and so on through all the radiating minor streamlets, but still always with the same disheartening result. There was no rest for the sole of their foot anywhere. Above, the streams all ended in mud; below, they slowly deepened to the tidal river. A few hundred yards of intervening solid bottom alone provided them with a firm foothold. . . .

The water had now risen up to their waists as they sat dripping in the middle current. They shifted their position, and took to kneeling. The shades began to fall slowly over the land. The stars came out overhead one by one. The gulls and rooks retired in slow procession from the purple mud flats: the herons rose on flapping wings from fishing in the streams, and stretched their long necks, free and full, homeward towards the heronry.

Nothing on earth could have seemed more awesome in its ghastly loneliness than that wide expanse under the gathering shades of autumn twilight. The water rose slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly. Inch by inch it gained stealthily but steadily upon them. It reached up to their waists, to their sides, to their breasts, to their shoulders. Very soon they would have to cease kneeling, and take to the final standing position. And after that — the deluge!

Bats began to hawk for moths in numbers over the mud flats. A great white owl hooted from the open sky above. Now and again, the scream of the sea swallows, themselves invisible, broke suddenly from the upper air. Even the clang of the hours from the Thorborough church tower floated faintly across the desolate saltings to the place where they waited for slowly coming death. . . .

Half-past eight. Nine. Half-past nine. The bell clanged it out loudly from the Thorborough steeple, and the echoes stole reverberant with endless resonance across the lonely intervening mud flats. How long the intervals seemed between!

Twenty times in every half-hour the two young men lowered the slowly smouldering wick, and held Harry's watch up to the light, to read how the minutes went on its dial. Half-past nine, and now breast high! Ten, eleven, twelve, still to run! The water would rise far above their heads! Each minute now was an eternity of agony. Save for Olga's sake, they would have taken to swimming, and flung away the last chance of life recklessly. It is easier to swim — and die at once — than to stand still, with the cruel cold water creeping slowly and ceaselessly up you.

At twenty-five minutes to ten they lowered the light and looked once more. As they did so, a faint long gleam streaming along the mud flats struck Harry's eyes in the far distance. The light from which it came lay below their horizon; but the gleam itself, repeated and reflected, hit the side of the bank opposite them. Harry's quick senses jumped at it in a moment.

"A mud angler! a mud angler!" he cried excitedly, and waved the pole and handkerchief above with a sudden access of feverish energy.

Would the mud angler see them? that was the question. The flicker of the wick was but very slight. How far off could it possibly be visible? They waved it frantically on the bare chance of attracting his attention.

For five minutes there was an awful suspense; and then Harry's accustomed ear caught a faint noise borne dimly across the long low mud flats.

"He's coming! He's coming!" he cried joyously. And then putting his two hands to his mouth, he burst into a long, sharp, shrill coo-ee.

"You'll frighten him away!" Alan suggested anxiously. "He'll think it's a ghost or something like one."

But even as he spoke, the gleam of a lantern struck upon the mud, and the light shone clearer and ever clearer before them.

"Hallo!" Harry cried. "In distress here! Help! help! We're drowning! We're drowning!"

A man's voice answered from above. "Ahoy! ahoy! How did yow git there?"

Thank heaven! they were saved! — Or next door to it!

The man approached the edge of the mud bank as close as he dared (for the edges are very steep and slippery), and turning his lantern full upon them, stood looking at the two half-drowned men, as they gasped up to their breasts in water.

"How did yow git there, I say?" he asked once more sullenly.

"Can you help us out?" Harry cried in return.

The man shook his head.

"Dunno as I can!" he answered with a stupid grin. "I can't go no nearer the edge nor this. It 's bad walking. Mud 's deep. How did yow git there?"

"Waded up, and our boat floated off," Harry cried in despair. "Can't you get a rope? Can't you send a boat? Can't you do anything anyhow to help us?"

The man gazed at them with the crass and vacant stupidity of the born rustic.

"Dunno as I can," he muttered once more. "Yow 'd ought to a stuck to your boat, yow 'ad. That 's just what yow 'd ought to a done, I take it."

"Is there a boat anywhere near?" Alan cried, distracted. "Could n't you put any boat out from somewhere to save us?"

"There ain't no boat," the man answered slowly and stolidly. "Leastways none nearer nor Thorborough. Or might be 'Urdham. Tom Wilkes, 'e 'ave a boat up yonder at Ponton. But that 's right across t 'other side o' the water." And he gazed at them still with rural indifference.

"My friend," Alan cried, with a burst of helplessness, "we 've been here in the water since six o'clock. The tide 's rising slowly around us. In a couple of hours, it 'll rise above our heads. We 're faint and cold and almost exhausted. For heaven's sake don't stand there idle: can't you do something to save two fellow-creatures from drowning?"

The man shook his head imperturbably once more.

"I dunno as I can," he murmured complacently. "Mud hereabouts is terrible dangerous. Yow 'd ought to a stuck to your boat, yow know. There ain't no landing anywheres hereabouts. If I was to give yow a hand, I 'd fall in, myself. I expect yow 'll have to stick there now till yow 're right drownded. I can't git no nearer yow nohow."

There was something utterly appalling and sickening in this horrible outcome of all their hopes. The longed-for mud angler had arrived at last: they had caught his attention: they were within speaking distance of him: there he stood, on the edge of the ooze, lantern in hand, and wooden floats on feet, plainly visible before their very eyes: yet for any practical purpose of assistance or relief he might just as well have been a hundred miles on shore clean away at a distance from them. A stick or a stone could not have been more utterly or horribly useless.

The man stood and gazed at them still. If they had only allowed him, he would have gazed imperturbably open-mouthed till the waters had risen above their heads and drowned them. He had the blank stolidity of silly Suffolk well developed in his vacant features.

Alan was seized with a happy inspiration. He would use the one obvious argument adapted to the stupid sordid soul of the gaping mud angler.

"Go back to the shore," he cried, glaring at the fellow, "and tell the others we 're here drowning. Do as you 're told. Don't delay. Bring a boat or something at once to save us. If you do, you shall have fifty pounds. If you don't, they 'll hang you for murder. Fifty pounds if you save us, do you understand me? Fifty pounds to-morrow morning!"

The man's lower jaw dropped heavily.

"Fifty pound," he repeated, with a cunning leer. It was too much. Clearly he did n't believe it possible.

"Fifty pounds," Alan reiterated with the energy of despair, taking out his purse and looking at its contents. "And there 's three pound ten on account as an earnest."

He tied the purse with all that was in it on to the end of the pole and pushed it up to the man, who clutched at it eagerly. Looking inside, he saw the gold, and grinned.

"Fifty pound!" he said with a sudden chuckle. "That 's a powerful lot o' money, Mister."

"Go quick," Alan cried, "and tell your friends. There 's not a moment to be lost, and tide 's rising. If you can bring a boat or do anything to save us, you shall have fifty pounds, down on the nail, to-morrow morning. I 'm a rich man, and I can promise to pay you."

The fellow turned doggedly and began to go. Next moment, a nascent doubt came over him, and clouded his mind.

"How shall I know where to find yow?" he said, staring back once more, and gaping foolishly.

"Watch the beacons," Harry cried, taking up the parable, "and mark which stream we 're in as well as you 're able. Let 's see. How long shall you be gone, do you reckon?"

"Might be an hour," the man answered, drawling. "Might be two hours."

"The light won't last so long," Harry said anxiously, turning to Alan. "I say, my friend, can't you leave us your lantern?"

The man shook his head with a gesture of dissent.

"Could n't find my way back nohow without it," he said, still grinning. "Fifty pound! That 's a lot o' money."

"Go!" Alan cried, unable any longer to keep down for very prudence' sake his contempt and anger. "Go and tell your other fishermen. If you want to earn your fifty pounds to-night, there 's no time to spare. When you come back, we may both be dead men, if you don't go on and hurry. — Harry, we can light the wick again at eleven o'clock. Let 's put it out now. We can do without it. We shall hear the church clock strike the hours."

The man nodded a stolid acquiescence, and turned once more slowly on his heel. They watched him silently receding — receding. Light and reflection faded gradually away. The faint plash of his wooden mud shoes on the flat surface was heard no more. Nothing remained save the gurgling of the water. They were left alone — alone with the darkness.

That second loneliness was lonelier than ever. Too cold to speak, almost too cold even to hope, they stood there still, linked arm in arm, ready to faint, with the speechless stars burning bright overhead, and the waters rising pitilessly around them. In that last moment, Alan's thoughts were turned to Olga. Beautiful, innocent, gentle-souled Olga. If he died that night, he died, on however petty an errand it might be, for Olga's sake — for Olga — for Olga. And then he relapsed into a kind of chilly stupor.

Ten o'clock. . . . Half-past ten. . . . Eleven. Numbed and half-dead, they heard the clock strike out, as in some ghastly dream, and waited and watched for the return of the mud angler.

It was n't so very far to the shore. Surely, surely he should be back by this time.

The waters in the estuary rose by slow, by almost imperceptible, degrees. But still they rose. They went on rising. They were up to Harry's neck now. He rested his chin on the edge of the water. Five minutes more, and all would be up. Faint and weary, he would fall in the channel.

"Look here, Tennant," he murmured at last, grasping his friend's hand beneath the surface in a hard long grip: "I 'm going to swim now. It 's no use waiting. I 've only got five minutes to live. . . . I must n't stop here. If I stop, you know, when the water rises, I shall choke and struggle. Then you 'll clutch hold of me, and try to save me, and that 'll spoil your own last chance of living. I 'm going to swim. It won't be far. But it 's better at any rate than dying like a dog with a stone round its neck, still here on the bottom. Good-by, old fellow. Good-by forever. Never let Olga know, if you get back safe, what it was we did it for!"

Alan held him hard with whatever life was yet left in him.

"Stop, stop, Harry," he cried, in dismay. "There 's still a chance. Every minute 's a chance. Don't go, don't go. Stop with me, for heaven's sake, and if we must die, let 's die together."

"No, no," Harry answered in a resolute voice. "You 've got half an hour's purchase of life better than I have, now, Tennant. For Olga's sake, you must let me go. For Olga's sake, you must try to save yourself."

"Never," Alan cried, firmly and hastily. "Not even for Olga's sake! Never! Never!"

At that moment, a loud shout of inquiry resounded over the mud flats! A noise of men! A glimmer of lanterns! Alan seized his friend, and lifted him in his arms.

"Saved! Saved!" he cried. "Shout, Harry! Shout! Shout, shout, my dear, dear Harry!"

Harry shouted aloud with a long wild cry. It was the despairing cry of a dying man, and it echoed and re-echoed along the undulating mud flats.

Alan lighted the wick, which he had held all this time for dryness in his teeth, and fitted it once more into the crack of the pole. Harry waved it madly about over his head. One moment more of deadly suspense. Then an answering cry told them at last that the men with the lanterns saw them and heard them.

Next instant, the men were on the brink of the mud, and the light of the lanterns poured full upon them.

A voice very different from that of their friend the mud angler shouted aloud in a commanding tone, "Shove off the raft! Look out for your heads there!"

Before they knew exactly what it was that was happening, a great square raft, roughly improvised from two cottage doors, nailed together by crosspieces, floated on the stream full in front of them; and Alan, scrambling on to it with a violent struggle, lifted up the faint and weary Harry in his arms to the dry and solid place of safety.

The Heron's Haunt.

(From "Vignettes from Nature.")

Most of the fields on the country-side are now laid up for hay, or down in the tall haulming corn; and so I am driven from my accustomed botanizing grounds on the open, and compelled to take refuge in the wild bosky moorland back of Hole Common. Here, on the edge of the copse, the river widens to a considerable pool, and coming upon it softly through the wood from behind — the boggy, moss-covered ground masking and muffling my foot-fall — I have surprised a great, graceful ash-and-white heron, standing all unconscious on the shallow bottom, in the very act of angling for minnows. The heron is a somewhat rare bird among the more cultivated parts of England; but just hereabouts we get a sight of one not infrequently, for they still breed in a few tall ash-trees at Chilcombe Park, where the lords of the manor in mediæval times long preserved a regular heronry to provide sport for their hawking. There is no English bird, not even the swan, so perfectly and absolutely graceful as the heron. I am leaning now breathless and noiseless against the gate, taking a good look at him, as he stands half-knee deep on the oozy bottom, with his long neck arched over the water, and his keen purple eye fixed eagerly upon the fish below. Though I am still twenty yards from where he poises lightly on his stilted legs, I can see distinctly his long pendent snow-white breast-feathers, his crest of waving black plumes, falling loosely backward over the ash-gray neck, and even the bright red skin of his bare legs just below the feathered thighs. I dare hardly move nearer to get a closer view of his beautiful plumage; and still I will try. I push very quietly through the gate, but not quite quietly enough for the heron. One moment he raises his curved neck and poises his head a little on one side to listen for the direction of the rustling; then he catches a glimpse of me as I try to draw back silently behind a clump of flags and nettles; and in a moment his long legs give him a good spring from the bottom, his big wings spread with a sudden flap skywards, and almost before I can note what is happening he is off and away to leeward, making a bee-line for the high trees that fringe the artificial water in Chilcombe Hollow.

All these wading birds — the herons, the cranes, the bitterns, the snipes, and the plovers — are almost necessarily, by the very nature of their typical conformation, beautiful and graceful in form. Their tall, slender legs, which they require for wading, their comparatively light and well-poised bodies, their long, curved, quickly-darting necks and sharp beaks, which they need in order to secure their rapid-swimming prey, — all these things make the waders, almost in spite of themselves, handsome and shapely birds. Their feet, it is true, are generally rather large and sprawling, with long, wide-spread toes, so as to distribute their weight on the snow-shoe principle, and prevent them from sinking in the deep soft mud on which they tread; but then we seldom see the feet, because the birds, when we catch a close view of them at all, are almost always either on stilts in the water, or flying with their legs tucked behind them, after their pretty rudder-like fashion. I have often wondered whether it is this general beauty of form in the waders which has turned their æsthetic tastes, apparently, into such a sculpturesque line. Certainly, it is very noteworthy that whenever among this particular order of birds we get clear evidence of ornamental devices, such as Mr. Darwin sets down to long-exerted selective preferences in the choice of mates, the ornaments are almost always those of form rather than those of color.

The waders, I sometimes fancy, only care for beauty of shape, not for beauty of tint. As I stood looking at the heron here just now, the same old idea seemed to force itself more clearly than ever upon my mind. The decorative adjuncts — the curving tufted crest on the head, the pendent silvery gorget on the neck, the long ornamental quills of the pinions — all look exactly as if they were deliberately intended to emphasize and heighten the natural gracefulness of the heron's form. May it not be, I ask myself, that these birds, seeing one another's statuesque shape from generation to generation, have that shape hereditarily implanted upon the nervous system of the species, in connection with all their ideas of mating and of love, just as the human form is hereditarily associated with all our deepest emotions, so that Miranda falling in love at first sight with Ferdinand is not a mere poetical fiction, but the true illustration of a psychological fact? And as on each of our minds and brains the picture of the beautiful human figure is, as it were, antecedently engraved, may not the ancestral type be similarly engraved on the minds and brains of the wading birds? If so, would it not be natural to conclude that these birds, having thus a very graceful form as their generic standard of taste, a graceful form with little richness of coloring, would naturally choose as the loveliest among their mates, not those which showed any tendency to more bright-hued plumage (which indeed might be fatal to their safety, by betraying them to their enemies, the falcons and eagles), but those which most fully embodied and carried furthest the ideal specific gracefulness of the wading type? . . .

Forestine flower-feeders and fruit-eaters, especially in the tropics, are almost always brightly colored. Their chromatic taste seems to get quickened in their daily search for food among the beautiful blossoms and brilliant fruits of southern woodlands. Thus the humming-birds, the sun-birds, and the brush-tongued lories, three very dissimilar groups of birds as far as descent is concerned, all alike feed upon the honey and the insects which they extract from the large tubular bells of tropical flowers; and all alike are noticeable for their intense metallic lustre or pure tones of color. Again, the parrots, the toucans, the birds of paradise, and many other of the more beautiful exotic species, are fruit-eaters, and reflect their inherited taste in their own gaudy plumage. But the waders have no such special reasons for acquiring a love for bright hues. Hence their æsthetic feeling seems rather to have taken a turn toward the further development of their own graceful forms. Even the plainest wading birds have a certain natural elegance of shape which supplies a primitive basis for æsthetic selection to work on.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Allen, James Lane, an American lawyer and author, born in Fayette County, Ky., March 3, 1848. His early education was received in a private school on his father's plantation, and in this school he was also fitted for college. He entered Bethany College, Virginia, in 1864, graduating in 1867 with the class honors. The same year he became associate principal of Williamsville Classical Institute, near Buffalo, and the following year principal of the High School at Waukegan, Ill. While at Waukegan he began the study of law. In 1869 he removed to Omaha, Neb., where he completed his law-studies and began practice. In 1872 Mr. Allen returned to Illinois, and settled in Chicago. His published works are: "Allen's Hand-book of the Nebraska Code" (1870); "Flute and Violin" (1891); "The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky" (1892); "John Gray, A Kentucky Tale of the Olden Time" (1893); "A Kentucky Cardinal" (1894); "Aftermath" (1895); "Summer in Arcady" (1897); and "The Choir Invisible." Many of the sketches included in these volumes were first published in "Harper's" and "The Century."

Old King Solomon's Coronation.[1]

(From "Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances.")

He stood on the topmost of the court-house steps, and for a moment looked down on the crowd with the usual air of official severity.

"Gentlemen," he then cried out sharply, "by an ordah of the cou't I now offah this man at public sale to the highes' biddah. He is able-bodied but lazy, without visible property or means of suppoht, an' of dissolute habits. He is therefoh adjudged guilty of high misdemeanahs, an' is to be sole into labah foh a twelvemonth. How much, then, am I offahed foh the vagrant? How much am I offahed foh ole King Sol'mon?"

Nothing was offered for old King Solomon. The spectators formed themselves into a ring around the big vagrant, and settled down to enjoy the performance.

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"Staht 'im, somebody."

Somebody started a laugh, which rippled around the circle.

The sheriff looked on with an expression of unrelaxed severity, but catching the eye of an acquaintance on the outskirts, he exchanged a lightning wink of secret appreciation. Then he lifted off his tight beaver hat, wiped out of his eyes a little shower of perspiration which rolled suddenly down from above, and warmed a degree to his theme.

"Come, gentlemen," he said more suasively, "it's too hot to stan' heah all day. Make me an offah! You all know ole King Sol'mon; don't wait to be interduced. How much, then, to staht 'im? Say fifty dollahs! Twenty-five! Fifteen! Ten! Why, gentlemen! Not *ten* dollahs? Remembah, this is the Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky — the land of Boone an' Kenton, the home of Henry Clay!" he added, in an oratorical *crescendo.*

"He ain't wuth his victuals," said an oily little tavern-keeper, folding his arms restfully over his own stomach and cocking up one piggish eye into his neighbor's face. "He ain't wuth his 'taters."

"Buy 'im foh 'is rags!" cried a young law student, with a Blackstone under his arm, to the town rag picker opposite, who was unconsciously ogling the vagrant's apparel.

"I *might* buy 'im foh 'is *scalp*," drawled a farmer, who had taken part in all kinds of scalp contests, and was now known to be busily engaged in collecting crow scalps for a match soon to come off between two rival counties.

"I think I'll buy 'im foh a hat sign," said a manufacturer of ten-dollar Castor and Rhorum hats. This sally drew merry attention to the vagrant's hat, and the merchant felt rewarded.

"You 'd bettah say the town ought to buy 'im an' put 'im up on top of the cou't-house as a scarecrow foh the cholera," said some one else.

"What news of the cholera did the stage-coach bring this mohning?" quickly inquired his neighbor in his ear; and the two immediately fell into low, grave talk, forgot the auction, and turned away.

"Stop, gentlemen, stop!" cried the sheriff, who had watched the rising tide of good humor, and now saw his chance to float in on it with spreading sails. "You 're runnin' the price in the wrong direction — down, not up. The law requires that he be sole to the highes' biddah, not the lowes'. As loyal citizens, uphole the constitution of the commonwealth of Kentucky an' make me an offah; the man is really a great bargain. In the first place, he would cos' his ownah little or nothin,' because, as you see, he keeps himself in cigahs an' clo'es; then, his main article of diet is whisky — a supply of which he always has on han'. He don't even need a bed, foh you know he sleeps jus' as well on any doohstep; noh a chair, foh he prefers to sit roun' on the curbstones. Remembah, too, gentlemen, that ole King Sol'mon is a Virginian — from the same neighbohhood as Mr. Clay. Remembah that he is well educated, that he is an *awful* Whig, an' that he has smoked mo' of the stumps of Mr. Clay's cigahs than any other man in existence. If you don't b'lieve *me*, gentlemen, yondah goes Mr. Clay now; call *him* ovah an' ask 'im foh yo'se'ves."

He paused, and pointed with his right forefinger towards Main Street, along which the spectators, with a sudden craning of necks, beheld the familiar figure of the passing statesman.

"But you don't need *any*body to tell these fac's, gentlemen," he continued. "You merely need to be reminded that ole King Sol'mon is no ohdinary man. Mo'ovah he has a kine heaht; he nevah spoke a rough wohd to anybody in this worl', an' he is as proud as Tecumseh of his good name an' charactah. An', gentlemen," he added, bridling with an air of mock gallantry and laying a hand on his heart, "if anythin' fu'thah is required in the way of a puffect encomium, we all know that there is n't anothah man among us who cuts as wide a swath among the ladies. The'foh, if you have any appreciation of virtue, any magnanimity of heaht; if you set a propah valuation upon the descendants of Virginia, that mothah of Presidents; if you believe in the pure laws of Kentucky as the pioneer bride of the Union; if you love America an' love the worl' — make me a gen'rous, high-toned offah foh ole King Sol'mon!"

He ended his peroration amid a shout of laughter and applause, and feeling satisfied that it was a good time for returning to a more practical treatment of his subject, proceeded in a sincere tone: —

"He can easily earn from one to two dollahs a day, an' from three to six hundred a yeah. There 's not anothah white man in town capable of doin' as much work. There 's not a niggah han' in the hemp factories with such muscles an' such a chest. *Look* at 'em! An', if you don't b'lieve me, step fo'ward and *feel* 'em. How much, then, is bid foh 'im?"

"One dollah!" said the owner of a hemp factory, who had walked forward and felt the vagrant's arm, laughing, but coloring up also as the eyes of all were quickly turned upon him. In those days it was not an unheard-of thing for the muscles of a human being to be thus examined when being sold into servitude to a new master.

"Thank you!" cried the sheriff, cheerily. "One precinc' heard from! One dollah! I am offahed one dollah foh ole King Sol'mon. One dollah foh the king! Make it a half. One dollah an' a half. Make it a half. One dol-dol-dol-dollah!"

Two medical students, returning from lectures at the old Medical Hall, now joined the group, and the sheriff explained: —

"One dollah is bid foh the vagrant ole King Sol'mon, who is to be sole into labah for a twelvemonth. Is there any othah bid? Are you all done? One dollah, once —"

"Dollah and a half," said one of the students, and remarked half jestingly under his breath to his companion, "I 'll buy him on the chance of his dying. We 'll dissect him."

"Would you own his body if he *should* die?"

"If he dies while bound to me, I 'll arrange *that*."

"One dollah an' a half," resumed the sheriff, and falling into the tone of a facile auctioneer he rattled on: —

"One dollah an' a half foh ole Sol'mon — sol, sol, sol, — do, re, mi, fa, sol, — do, re, mi, fa, sol! Why, gentlemen, you can set the king to music!"

All this time the vagrant had stood in the centre of that close ring of jeering and humorous bystanders — a baffling text from which to have preached a sermon on the infirmities of our imperfect humanity. Some years before, perhaps as a masterstroke of derision, there had been given to him that title which could but heighten the contrast of his personality and estate with every suggestion of the ancient sacred magnificence; and never had the mockery seemed so fine as at this moment, when he was led forth into the streets to receive the lowest sentence of the law upon his poverty and dissolute idleness. He was apparently in the very prime of life — a striking figure, for nature at least had truly done some royal work on him. Over six feet in height, erect, with limbs well shaped and sinewy, with chest and neck full of the lines of great power, a large head thickly covered with long, reddish hair, eyes blue, face beardless, complexion fair but discolored by low passions and excesses — such was King Solomon. He wore a stiff, high, black Castor hat of the period, with the crown smashed in and the torn rim hanging down over one ear; a black cloth coat in the old style, ragged and buttonless; a white cotton shirt, with the broad collar crumpled wide open at the neck and down his sunburnt bosom; blue jean pantaloons, patched at the seat and the knees; and ragged cotton socks that fell down over the tops of his dusty shoes, which were open at the heels.

In one corner of his sensual mouth rested the stump of a cigar. Once during the proceedings he had produced another, lighted it, and continued quietly smoking. If he took to himself any shame as the central figure of this ignoble performance, no one knew it. There was something almost royal in his unconcern. The humor, the badinage, the open contempt, of which he was the public target, fell thick and fast upon him, but as harmlessly as would balls of pith upon a coat of mail. In truth, there was that in his great, lazy, gentle, good-humored bulk and bearing which made the gibes seem all but despicable. He shuffled from one foot to the other as though he found it a trial to stand up so long, but all the while looking the spectators full in the eyes without the least impatience. He suffered the man of the factory to walk round him and push and pinch his muscles as calmly as though he had been the show bull at a country fair. Once only, when the sheriff had pointed across the street at the figure of Mr. Clay, he had looked quickly in that direction with a kindling light in his eye and a passing flush on his face. For the rest, he seemed like a man who has drained his cup of human life and has nothing left him but to fill again and drink without the least surprise or eagerness.

The bidding between the man of the factory and the student had gone slowly on. The price had reached ten dollars. The heat was intense, the sheriff tired. Then something occurred to revivify the scene. Across the market place and toward the steps of the court-house there suddenly came trundling along in breathless haste a huge old negress, carrying on one arm a large shallow basket containing apple-crab lanterns and fresh gingerbread. With a series of half-articulate grunts and snorts she approached the edge of the crowd and tried to force her way through. She coaxed, she begged, she elbowed and pushed and scolded, now laughing, and now with the passion of tears in her thick, excited voice. All at once, catching sight of the sheriff, she lifted one ponderous brown arm, naked to the elbow, and waved her hand to him above the heads of those in front.

"Hole on marster! hole on!" she cried in a tone of humorous entreaty. "Don' knock 'im off till I come! Gim *me* a bid at 'im!"

The sheriff paused and smiled. The crowd made way tumultuously, with broad laughter and comment.

"Stan' aside theah an' let Aun' Charlotte in!"

"*Now* you 'll see biddin'!"

"Get out of the way foh Aun' Charlotte!"

"Up, my free niggah! Hurrah foh Kentucky!"

A moment more and she stood inside the ring of spectators, her basket on the pavement at her feet, her hands plumped akimbo into her fathomless sides, her head up, and her soft, motherly eyes turned eagerly upon the sheriff. Of the crowd she seemed unconscious, and on the vagrant before her she had not cast a single glance.

She was dressed with perfect neatness. A red and yellow Madras 'kerchief was bound about her head in a high coil, and another over the bosom of her stiffly starched and smoothly ironed blue cottonade dress. Rivulets of perspiration ran down over her nose, her temples, and around her ears, and disappeared mysteriously in the creases of her brown neck. A single drop accidentally hung glistening like a diamond on the circlet of one of her large brass earrings.

The sheriff looked at her a moment, smiling but a little disconcerted. The spectacle was unprecedented.

"What do you want heah, Aun' Charlotte?" he asked kindly. "You can't sell yo' pies an' gingerbread heah."

"I don' *wan'* sell no pies en gingerbread," she replied, contemptuously. "I wan' bid on *him*," and she nodded sidewise at the vagrant. "White folks allers sellin' niggahs to wuk fuh *dem;* I gwine to buy a white man to wuk fuh *me.* En he gwine t' git a mighty hard mistiss, you heah *me!*"

The eyes of the sheriff twinkled with delight.

"Ten dollahs is offahed foh ole King Sol'mon. Is theah any othah bid? Are you all done?"

"Leben," she said.

Two young ragamuffins crawled among the legs of the crowd up to her basket and filched pies and cake beneath her very nose.

"Twelve!" cried the student, laughing.

"Thirteen!" she laughed, too, but her eyes flashed.

"*You are bidding against a niggah,*" whispered the student's companion in his ear.

"So I am; let's be off," answered the other, with a hot flush on his proud face.

Thus the sale was ended, and the crowd variously dispersed. In a distant corner of the courtyard the ragged urchins were devouring their unexpected booty. The old negress drew a red handkerchief out of her bosom, untied a knot in a corner of it, and counted out the money to the sheriff. Only she and the vagrant were now left on the spot.

"You have bought me. What do you want me to do?" he asked quietly.

"Lohd, honey!" she answered, in a low tone of affectionate chiding, "I don' wan' you to do *nothin'!* I wuzn' gwine t' 'low dem white folks to buy you. Dey'd wuk you till you dropped dead. You go 'long en do ez you please."

She gave a cunning chuckle of triumph in thus setting at naught the ends of justice, and in a voice rich and musical with affection, she said, as she gave him a little push: —

"You bettah be gittin' out o' dis blazin' sun. G' on home! I be 'long by-en-by."

He turned and moved slowly away in the direction of Water Street, where she lived; and she, taking up her basket, shuffled across the market place toward Cheapside, muttering to herself the while: —

"I come mighty nigh gittin' dar too late, foolin' 'long wid dese pies. Sellin' *him* 'ca'se he don' wuk! Umph! if all de men in dis town dat don' wuk wuz to be tuk up en sole, d' wouldn' be 'nough money in de town to buy 'em! Don' I see 'em settin' 'roun 'dese taverns f'om mohnin' till night?"

. . . .

Nature soon smiles upon her own ravages and strews our graves with flowers, not as memories, but for other flowers when the spring returns.

It was one cool, brilliant morning late in that autumn. The air blew fresh and invigorating, as though on the earth there were no corruption, no death. Far southward had flown the plague. A spectator in the open court square might have seen many signs of life returning to the town. Students hurried along, talking eagerly. Merchants met for the first time and spoke of the winter trade. An old negress, gayly and neatly dressed, came into the market place, and sitting down on a sidewalk displayed her yellow and red apples and fragrant gingerbread. She hummed to herself an old cradle-song, and in her soft, motherly black eyes shone a mild, happy radiance. A group of young ragamuffins eyed her longingly from a distance. Court was to open for the first time since the spring. The hour was early, and one by one the lawyers passed slowly in. On the steps of the court-house three men were standing: Thomas Brown, the sheriff; old Peter Leuba, who had just walked over from his music store on Main Street; and little M. Giron, the French confectioner. Each wore mourning on his hat, and their voices were low and grave.

"Gentlemen," the sheriff was saying, "it was on this very spot the day befoah the cholera broke out that I sole 'im as a vagrant. An' I did the meanes' thing a man can evah do. I hel' 'im up to public ridicule foh his weakness an' made spoht of 'is infirmities. I laughed at 'is povahty an' 'is ole clo'es. I delivahed on 'im as complete an oration of sarcastic detraction as I could prepare on the spot, out of my own meanness an' with the vulgah sympathies of the crowd. Gentlemen, if I only had that crowd heah now, an' ole King Sol'mon standin' in the midst of it, that I might ask 'im to accept a humble public apology, offahed from the heaht of one who feels himself unworthy to shake 'is han'! But gentlemen, that crowd will nevah reassemble. Neahly ev'ry man of them is dead, an' ole King Sol'mon buried them."

"He buried my friend Adolphe Xaupi," said François Giron, touching his eyes with his handkerchief.

"There is a case of my best Jamaica rum for him whenever he comes for it," said old Leuba, clearing his throat.

"But, gentlemen, while we are speakin' of ole King Sol'mon we ought not to forget who it is that has suppohted 'im. Yondah she sits on the sidewalk, sellin' 'er apples an' gingerbread."

The three men looked in the direction indicated.

"Heah comes ole King Sol'mon now," exclaimed the sheriff.

Across the open square the vagrant was seen walking slowly along with his habitual air of quiet, unobtrusive preoccupation. A minute more and he had come over and passed into the court-house by a side door.

"Is Mr. Clay to be in court to-day ?"

"He is expected, I think."

"Then let 's go in: there will be a crowd."

"I don't know: so many are dead."

They turned and entered and found seats as quietly as possible; for a strange and sorrowful hush brooded over the court-room. Until the bar assembled, it had not been realized how many were gone. The silence was that of a common overwhelming disaster. No one spoke with his neighbor; no one observed the vagrant as he entered and made his way to a seat on one of the meanest benches, a little apart from the others. He had not sat there since the day of his indictment for vagrancy. The judge took his seat, and making a great effort to control himself, passed his eyes slowly over the court-room. All at once he caught sight of old King Solomon sitting against the wall in an obscure corner; and before any one could know what he was doing, he had hurried down and walked up to the vagrant and grasped his hand. He tried to speak, but could not. Old King Solomon had buried his wife and daughter, — buried them one clouded midnight, with no one present but himself.

Then the oldest member of the bar started up and followed the example; and then the other members, rising by a common impulse, filed slowly back and one by one wrung that hard and powerful hand. After them came the other persons in the court-room. The vagrant, the gravedigger, had risen and stood against the wall, at first with a white face and a dazed expression, not knowing what it meant; afterwards, when he understood it, his head dropped suddenly forward and his tears fell thick and hot upon the hands that he could not see. And his were not the only tears. Not a man in the long file but paid his tribute of emotion as he stepped forward to honor that image of sadly eclipsed but still effulgent humanity. It was not grief, it was not gratitude, nor any sense of making reparation for the past. It was the softening influence of an act of heroism, which makes every man feel himself a brother hand in hand with every other; — such power has a single act of moral greatness to reverse the relations of men, lifting up one, and bringing all others to do him homage.

It was the coronation scene in the life of "Ole" King Solomon of Kentucky.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM, an Irish poet, born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1828; died 1889. He began to contribute to literary periodicals at an early age, and, removing to England, he was appointed to a position in the customs. For several years he was editor of "Fraser's Magazine," in which many of his poems first appeared. Among these is "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland," which contains nearly five thousand lines, and sketches the characteristic features of contemporary Irish life. His first volume of poems was published in 1850. This was followed by "Day and Night Songs" (1854); "Fifty Modern Poems" (1865); and "Songs, Poems, and Ballads" (1877), consisting of revised versions of many pieces before published, with the addition of many new ones. His "Lawrence Bloomfield" was also republished in a separate volume, in 1864.

A HOLIDAY.

[1824–1889.]

OUT of the city, far away
With Spring to-day!
Where copses tufted with primrose
Give me repose,
Wood sorrel and wild violet
Soothe my soul's fret,
The pure delicious vernal air
Blows away care,
The birds' reiterated songs
Heal fancied wrongs.

Down the rejoicing brook my grief
Drifts like a leaf,
And on its gently murmuring flow
Doth glide and go;
The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,
The sprouting sedges

Waving beside the water's brink,
Come like cool drink
To fevered lips, like fresh soft mead
To kine that feed.

Much happier than the kine, I fed
My dreaming head
In grass; I see far mountains blue,
Like heaven in view,
Green world and sunny sky above
Alive with love;
All, all, however came they there,
Divinely fair.

The Ruined Chapel.

(From "Day and Night Songs.")

By the shore, a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round,
Buttressed with a grassy mound;
Where Day and Night and Day go by
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
Shaking of the guardian trees,
Piping of the salted breeze;
Day and Night and Day go by
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
And Day and Night and Day go by;
Here the silence is most deep.

The empty ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain
As Day and Night and Day go by;
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funereal tears were shed;
Now the graves are also dead;
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
While Day and Night and Day go by;
And stars move calmly overhead.

THE WINTER PEAR.

(From "Ballads and Songs.")

Is always Age severe?
Is never Youth austere?
Spring-fruits are sour to eat;
Autumn's the mellow time.
Nay, very late in the year,
Short day and frosty rime,
Thought, like a winter pear,
Stone-cold in summer's prime,
May turn from harsh to sweet.

SONG.

(From "Day and Night Songs.")

O SPIRIT of the Summer-time!
Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant clime,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
The gilded evenings calm and late,
When weary children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing; and the scent
Of meadow-lands at dewy prime;
Oh, bring again my heart's content,
Thou Spirit of the Summer-time!

THE BUBBLE.

(From "Ballads and Songs.")

SEE the pretty planet!
Floating sphere!
Faintest breeze will fan it
Far or near;

World as light as feather;
Moonshine rays,
Rainbow tints together,
As it plays.

Drooping, sinking, failing,
Nigh to earth,
Mounting, whirling, sailing,
Full of mirth;

Life there, welling, flowing,
Waving round;
Pictures coming, going,
Without sound.

Quick now, be this airy
Globe repelled!
Never can the fairy
Star be held.

Touched — it in a twinkle
Disappears!
Leaving but a sprinkle,
As of tears.

St. Margaret's Eve.

(From "Ballads and Songs.")

I built my castle upon the seaside,
The waves roll so gayly O,
Half on the land and half in the tide,
Love me true!

Within was silk, without was stone,
The waves roll so gayly O,
It lacks a queen, and that alone,
Love me true!

The gray old harper sang to me,
The waves roll so gayly O,
'Beware of the Damsel of the Sea!"
Love me true!

Saint Margaret's Eve it did befall,
The waves roll so gayly O,
The tide came creeping up the wall,
Love me true!

I opened my gate; who there should stand —
The waves roll so gayly O —
But a fair lady, with a cup in her hand,
Love me true!

The cup was gold and full of wine,
 The waves roll so gayly O,
"Drink," said the lady, "and I will be thine,"
 Love me true!

"Enter my castle, lady fair,"
 The waves roll so gayly O,
"You shall be queen of all that 's there,"
 Love me true!

A gray old harper sang to me,
 The waves roll so gayly O,
"Beware of the Damsel of the Sea!"
 Love me true!

In hall he harpeth many a year,
 The waves roll so gayly O,
And we will sit his song to hear,
 Love me true!

"I love thee deep, I love thee true,"
 The waves roll so gayly O,
"But ah! I know not how to woo,"
 Love me true!

Down dashed the cup, with a sudden shock,
 The waves roll so gayly O,
The wine like blood ran over the rock,
 Love me true!

She said no word, but shrieked aloud,
 The waves roll so gayly O,
And vanished away from where she stood,
 Love me true!

I locked and barred my castle door,
 The waves roll so gayly O,
Three summer days I grievèd sore,
 Love me true!

For myself a day, a night,
 The waves roll so gayly O,
And two to moan that lady bright,
  Love me true!

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS.

Ambrosius, Johanna, a talented German poet and story-writer; born at Lengwethen, East Prussia, August 3, 1854. Daughter of an artisan, and married in 1874 to a peasant's son by the name of Voigt, she led the hard life of a peasant woman till in middle age she wrote verses, which were published in a weekly newspaper; their success led to the publication of other poems and stories of hers, which have had extremely wide circulation.

Invitation.

How long wilt stand outside and cower?
Come straight within, beloved guest.
The winds are fierce this wintry hour:
Come, stay awhile with me and rest.
You wander begging shelter vainly
A weary time from door to door;
I see what you have suffered plainly:
Come, rest with me and stray no more!

And nestle by me, trusting-hearted;
Lay in my loving hands your head:
Then back shall come your peace departed,
Through the world's baseness long since fled;
And deep from out your heart upspringing,
Love's downy wings will soar to view,
The darling smiles like magic bringing
Around your gloomy lips anew.

Come, rest: myself will here detain you,
So long as pulse of mine shall beat;
Nor shall my heart grow cold and pain you,
Till carried to your last retreat.
You gaze at me in doubting fashion,
Before the offered rapture dumb;
Tears and still tears your sole expression:
Bedew my bosom with them — come!

Do Thou Love, Too.

The waves they whisper
  In Luna's glance,
Entrancing music
  For the nixies' dance.
They beckon, smiling,
  And wavewise woo,
While softly plashing:
  "Do thou love, love!"

In blossoming lindens
  Doves fondly rear
Their tender fledglings
  From year to year.
With never a pausing,
  They bill and coo,
And twitter gently:—
  "Do thou love, too!"

SAINT AMBROSE.

Ambrose, or Ambrosius, Saint, a father of the Latin Church, born at Treves, Prussia, about A. D. 340; died at Milan, Italy, in April, 394. He was Bishop of Milan from 375.

Prayer of Saint Ambrose.

Before the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with Thy wonted favor, Thou
Wouldst be our guard and keeper now.
From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.
Our Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

Amicis, Edmondo de, a distinguished Italian traveller and writer; born at Oneglia in Liguria, October 21, 1846. From 1865 till the occupation of Rome by the Italian army he was in the military service of King Victor Emanuel's government; then he returned to civil life at Turin, devoting himself wholly to literature, in which he had already won distinction by several graphic sketches of camp life. Among his writings of this kind the most noteworthy are: "Army Life" (1869) and "Recollections of 1870–71." Of novels we have from his pen: "The College Friends," "A Great Day," "The Paternal Home" (1872), and "Cuore" (Hearts), published in English as "The Heart of a Schoolboy." His works of travel — including "Spain," "Recollections of London," "Holland," "Constantinople," "Recollections of Paris," "Morocco" — have had a very wide circulation, and have been translated into several languages. He has published also a volume of "Verses."

The Wounded Vidette.[1]

(From "Military Life in Italy.")

It was growing dark. The streets of the city were full of people. Those shops which are generally open during the evening were in great part closed, and the remainder were being shut one by one. Here and there, at the corners, on the squares, in front of the cafés, on the steps of the churches, were groups of men and boys, who were talking in low and excited voices, turning from time to time to look around them in order to see that no suspicious person was listening. There was a continuous descent of people from the houses to the street; they stopped a moment on the doorway, looked to the right and left as if uncertain which way to go, and then mingled in the crowd. In the whispering of the crowd, although it was much denser and more noisy than usual, there was perceptible a suppressed and almost timid tone. Now and then a knot of people crossed the street hurriedly, and behind them a long train of gamins who made way for themselves between the legs of the people with their elbows and shoulders, whistling and shrieking as they did so. At the sound of any voice which made itself heard above the general murmur, many stopped and turned back to ask what was the matter. It was only some one who had made use of an expression a little stronger than the others — that was all. After the people had looked at him a moment and he at the people, every one went on his way. A moment later a great blow was heard on one side of the street; every one turned in the direction of the sound. Who is it? What is it? What's happened? It was a shopkeeper who had closed and barred his door. The carriages passed slowly, and the coachmen begged the crowd to make way, with an unusually polite smile, and a motion of the whip that was excessively courteous. On the corners, by the light of the lamps, were seen those poor newspaper venders assailed by ten people at a time, who, holding out the sou with one hand, seized the desired sheet with the other, drew to one side, then unfolded it in haste, and searched with avidity for some important news. Some of the passers-by stopped, formed a circle round the possessor of the journal, and the latter read in a low voice while the others listened attentively.

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Suddenly all the people are seen running toward the end of a street; there is instantly a great press, a loud shout, a tremendous confusion; above the heads can be seen four or five muskets knocked here and there; a clapping of hands is heard; the crowd vacillates, falls back, opens on one side; four or five dark figures appear with muskets in their hands, give a glance about them with an air of triumph, turn into an alley, and off they dash; a troop of boys, howling and whistling, follow them. What was it? What's happened? Nothing, nothing. A patrol of the national guard has been disarmed. A moment later, the crowd opens on another side and four or five unfortunate fellows appear, with pale faces, bare heads, disheveled hair, and clothes torn and disordered. Round about them there rises a murmur of compassion; some sympathetic person takes them by the arm, leads them out of the throng, and accompanies them home, exhorting them by word and gesture to be courageous.

Meanwhile confusion, great excitement, and deafening noises have sprung up in the multitude. "Give way there! Make way there!" is suddenly shouted on one side of the street. All turn in that direction. Who is it? What is it? What's happened? "Make way there! Make way there!" The crowd divides, falls back rapidly, forms a hedge on the sides of the street, and a company of sharpshooters traverse it on a run. A dirty, noisy troop of gamins follow them. The crowd closes up again.

Suddenly a confused sound of angry, menacing voices breaks out on another side; the crowd gathers and forms at this point; above the heads two or three carabineers' hats appear and disappear, then a burst of applause, the crowd opens, a man breathless and disfigured runs out and disappears. "They wanted to put handcuffs on him," some one remarks in a tone of satisfaction, "but they did not succeed in doing so; there were some strong people who took his part. We should like to see them!"

The crowd proceeds slowly in one direction, and reaches the corner of a street. Suddenly the people in front stop and those behind press on to them; the former recede a few steps, the latter are violently forced back, then begin to push forward again, and then recede once more; all of which gives rise to indescribable disorder. "What is the matter? Who is preventing our going on? Forward, forward!" "Oh, yes, it is very fine to say forward! There is a company of soldiers with bayonets fixed who are barring the passage." Then follow shouts, hisses, oaths, and imprecations. "Down with the oppressors! We don't want oppression, down with those muskets, give us a free passage — out of the way!" All at once the crowd turn their backs on the soldiers and take flight, leaving the pavement strewn with the fallen, and invade in less than a moment the side streets, cafés, vestibules, and courts of the neighboring houses. The soldiers have lowered their bayonets.

"Make way there! Make way there!" they shriek, on one side. From one of the side alleys comes the sound of horses' tramp and the clinking of swords; it is a squad of cavalry that is advancing; the gleam of the first helmets is seen; a troop of horses break through the crowd, which spring to the right and left against the walls of the houses; the squad passes in the midst of profound silence; when it is almost by, a voice or a hiss is heard here and there; it has passed — then follow shouts, whistles, reproaches, and a shower of cabbage heads and lemon peel on to the last horses. The squad stops, the last horses back a few paces, the crowd turns and clears the street for a hundred steps.

In the nearest group is heard from time to time a furious outburst of oaths, a beating of sticks, a sharp cry, a feeble moan, and then a long whisper followed by a timid silence. "What has happened? What was it? Nothing, nothing; they have driven a few inches of steel into the back of a public guard." The crowds draw back on the right and left, and a carabineer, with bare head and both hands buried in his hair, crosses the street tottering and staggering like a drunken man. "What is the matter? What have they done?" "They have given him a blow on the head." "To the square! To the square!" suddenly shouts a powerful voice. "To the square!" comes the unanimous response from all sides. And the multitude burst tumultuously into the nearest street and start toward the square.

All this occurred not many years since in one of the principal cities of Italy, while in a neighboring street, in the midst of the tumult, a band of eight soldiers passed with a corporal and sergeant, to relieve another body standing guard at a public building in a little square near by. The squad moved slowly, and the soldiers looked curiously on this side and that. Just in this street the excitement seemed greatest and the conduct of the people most resolute.

The patrol passed near a large group of those people who are only seen on certain evenings, and who with surly and heated faces hold forth loudly in the midst of roughs, around whom there is always a group of gamins. One of the group sees the patrol, turns, and pointing his finger at the soldiers, exclaims, *sotto voce:* "Look at them!" The whole circle turns in that direction, and one after the other, gradually raising his voice, begins to say: "Yes, look at the men who never fail to come out when the people wish to make their rights felt. They reason with the butt end of their muskets; the bayonets are made to drive holes in the bodies of those who are hungry. They don't lack bread, you understand, but others starve; what does it matter to them? Powder and lead for those who are hungry!"

The soldiers went on without turning back. The group moved forward, and, preceded by an advance guard of gamins, followed them. In a moment they caught up with them and accompanied them for a few paces. The soldiers continued to march without turning their heads. One of the group begins to cough; another sneezes; a third coughs harder; a fourth makes ready to expectorate, and, turning toward the band, spits with a rattling sound, which ends in a burst of uncontrollable laughter; all the others clap their hands. The small boys whistle, scream, and, instigated by the larger ones, slowly approach the soldiers. The latter continue to march without giving any sign of having noticed anything. The former approach nearer and walk beside the soldiers, looking them in the face with an expression intended to say: "I defy you." One of them begins to imitate quite grotesquely their regular step, crying in a nasal tone, as he does; "One, two! one, two!" Another mimics the gait of the soldiers bent and limping under the weight of the knapsacks. A third, urged on by one of those at the rear, seizes the hem of the corporal's cloak, gives a tug, and runs off. The corporal turns and raises his hand as if to give him a box on the ear.

"Eh! eh!" they shout all around. "Now we 'll see. Give a blow to a boy! Shame! The time of the Croats has passed! You must try other methods now! A blow to a boy! Try again!"

One of the soldiers, on hearing these words, bites his finger, planting his teeth well in, and uttering a groan of rage. At that point he feels his canteen struck a hard blow; the blood rushes to his head; he turns and gives a hit on the shoulder of the gamin who had struck him, throwing him back several paces.

"Here! Here!" breaks out menacingly from the crowd. "Here are the ruffians! Worse than the Croats! Worse than the bailiffs. Now we 'll give them a lesson; we 'll make you pay, you dog! Oppressors! Worse than Croats! For shame, to beat an unarmed boy!"

The boys, emboldened by the anger of the mob and the surety of impunity, went and stuck their heads between the soldiers, whispering in a hoarse and aggravating voice: "Ugly soldier! Ugly hangman! Traitorous bread eater! Convict officer! Burst, you face of a dog!"

And the throng all around: "Shame! To beat an unarmed boy!"

"You cowards!" said the poor soldier to himself, biting, meanwhile, his lips until he drew blood. "Cowards! An unarmed boy! Don't you know that there are words which kill? Hangman! Croat! To me! To me! Oh!" — And he bit his hand again, shaking his head in a desperate way.

After a few moments, followed always by the people, the squad arrived at the square and entered the guardhouse, which was a little, low, squalid room, lighted by one lantern. The sentinel at the door of the palace was instantly changed twenty or thirty feet from the guard, the squad who had been there first went off, and those newly arrived began arranging their knapsacks on the racks, and hanging their haversacks and canteens on the hooks.

On arriving within fifty paces of the guardroom, the people who had followed the squad stopped, and from there began provoking the soldiers by words and deeds, but the latter paid no attention to them. Seeing that there was no way of exciting a riot, they were on the point of moving off, when one of them observed that the soldier in the sentinel box was the one who a short time before had given the boy a blow on the shoulder. "Is it really he?" "Yes." "Really?" "Yes, I tell you it is that rascal." "You wretch. Now we'll fix you. Just wait!"

And they all moved toward the sentinel. At the distance of about thirty paces they stopped, drew up in line, and began to look at him out of the corner of their eyes. The soldier stood there, near his box, motionless and firmly, with his head erect and his eyes fixed on those provoking faces which were ranged before him. Suddenly, out of the group steps a ragged youth, with a hat crushed over one ear, the stump of a cigar in his mouth, moves forward with his hands in his pockets, humming in a mocking way, and comes and plants himself within fifteen paces of the sentinel, looking insolently into his face, crossing his arms and assuming an attitude of defiant impertinence.

The soldier looked at him.

Then the man whirled suddenly on his heel, turned his back, bursting into a concerted laugh with the others, who stood watching him and urging him on by signs.

The soldier shook his head two or three times, bit his lips, uttered a sigh, tapping the ground impatiently with his foot as if to say: "Ah, patience! patience! it is hard to bear!"

The rough turned, facing the soldier once more and after a moment's hesitation, took from his mouth the cigar stump and threw it at his feet, retreating eight or ten paces to place himself beyond the reach of a sudden assault.

The soldier turned pale, raised his eyes to heaven, clinched his fists, and ground his teeth; his mind was growing confused.

"Why do you do this to me?" he then said sadly to himself, turning his eyes and face toward those people as if he were really speaking to them. "What have you against me? Have I done anything to you? I have done nothing. Why did I give that boy a blow? But why did he come and insult me? Who had provoked him? Who was annoying you? What do you wish of me? I have offended no one, I do not know you even; I am a poor soldier and am doing my duty, and stand here because I am ordered to do so. Yes, ridicule and hiss at me; you do yourselves honor to treat your soldiers in such a way . . . just as if they were brigands!"

At that point, a stump of cabbage thrown with great force grazed the ground, and bouncing and whistling fell at his feet. "God! God!" he murmured in a desperate tone of voice, covering his face with one hand and resting his forehead on the other, which was leaning on the mouth of his gun. "I shall lose my head! I cannot control myself much longer. The blood is rushing to my head! . . .

"But it is quite useless," he added a moment later in a trembling and stifled voice; "it is useless to make us wear these" . . . and he gave a hard blow on the two medals that he wore on his breast, making them hit each other and resound; "it is useless for them to give us medals because we have fought for our country, if afterward they are to throw cigar stumps and cabbage heads in our faces! Oh, you wish to make me abandon my post, do you? You wish me to betray my trust. If you were fifty or even a hundred, you could not force me to move from here; if you should all spring upon me at once, I would sooner be torn to pieces like a dog. Come on, you cowards! Don't insult me from a distance. Yes, yes, I understand, it is useless for you to make signs at me; I know that you have knives in your pockets; but you won't quite dare to plant them in my stomach in broad daylight. You would prefer sticking them into my back at night . . . when . . ."

Suddenly he uttered a sharp cry, let his musket fall, covered his face with his hands, tottered, and fell at the foot of his sentry box: a stone had hit him on the forehead.

All the soldiers rushed forward, the crowd dispersed and disappeared; the wounded man was carried into the guard-room with his face and chest bleeding; the wound was instantly washed, his head bound up, he was given something to drink, and a bed was prepared for him on the table with the camp blankets of the other soldiers. While they were all gathering around him, and overwhelming him with questions and words of comfort, and the sergeant was scolding him for not having asked assistance at the first insult of those people, an officer suddenly entered, and behind him the first file of a squad of soldiers. At the same moment, plunged forward by a vigorous push, there dashed into the middle of the room a man with distorted face, hair hanging over his forehead, and clothes in rags. He had been arrested on that same little square by the soldiers of a squad who were passing, and to whom he had offered a violent resistance.

At the first appearance of the prisoner the wounded soldier sprang up from the table, made a dash at him, placed himself face to face with him, looked at him a moment with flashing eyes, uttered a cry, which came broken and hoarse from between his clinched teeth, took a step backward, and resting proudly on his right foot, and raising his left hand, with the first finger pointing to the face of the man, who was watching him with fear: "Ah, you are the one!" he shrieked in a tone that froze one's blood; "I recognize you! You called me hangman in the street and have broken my head with a stone on the square; now it 's your turn!" Saying which, he sprang at him, seized him by the collar of his jacket and shirt, pinned him with one dash against the wall, raised his clinched and trembling fist, and aimed at his head with angry, bloodshot eyes. . . . All this took place in an instant; those present interfered, separated them, held the wounded man by the arm, a corporal supported the other, who was ready to drop, and both stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes, panting and gasping; the one white from fear, his arms hanging and his head bowed; the other with his face flaming and haughty, his fists clinched, and his whole body shaken by a violent tremor. Meanwhile a crowd of inquisitive people had gathered before the guardroom door.

The officer looked from one to the other, and asked the sergeant the cause of the trouble. The latter related all that he knew. The officer then turned toward the prisoner, who held his chin down on his chest, and in the midst of a profound silence, said in an extraordinarily quiet tone: —

"I can understand that, from a barricade, a man may cast things at a battalion, with some end or aim in view, but this useless and stupid insult to an inoffensive soldier, who has neither the responsibility or right to defend himself, is one of the most disgusting pieces of cowardice that can stain a citizen."

A murmur of approbation was heard among the crowd at the door.

"Take that man away!" added the officer, lighting the end of a cigar in a flame of the lantern.

"And you," he said, turning toward the wounded soldier, while the patrol led the prisoner off, "forgive . . . and forget."

The soldier gave a nod in the affirmative.

"And keep up your spirits," concluded the officer, putting the cigar in his mouth.

"As for me," replied the soldier, closing his teeth on the cigar and taking it between his forefinger and thumb, "I am always in good spirits; but you must understand, lieutenant, that these are things that try one."

So the drama ended with a laugh.

The Land of Pluck.

(From "Holland and Its People.")

Whoever looks for the first time at a large map of Holland wonders that a country so constituted can continue to exist. At the first glance it is difficult to see whether land or water predominates, or whether Holland belongs most to the continent or to the sea. Those broken and compressed coasts; those deep bays; those great rivers that, losing the aspect of rivers, seem bringing new seas to the sea; that sea which, changing itself into rivers, penetrates the land and breaks it into archipelagoes; the lakes, the vast morasses, the canals crossing and recrossing each other, all combine to give the idea of a country that may at any moment disintegrate and disappear. Seals and beavers would seem to be its rightful inhabitants; but since there are men bold enough to live in it, they surely cannot ever sleep in peace.

What sort of a country Holland is, has been told by many in few words. Napoleon said it was an alluvion of French rivers, — the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Meuse, — and with this pretext he added it to the Empire. One writer has defined it as a sort of transition between land and sea. Another, as an immense crust of earth floating on the water. Others, an annex of the old continent, the China of Europe, the end of the earth and the beginning of the ocean, a measureless raft of mud and sand; and Philip II. called it the country nearest to hell.

But they all agreed upon one point, and all expressed it in the same words : — Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea ; it is an artificial country : the Hollanders made it ; it exists because the Hollanders preserve it; it will vanish whenever the Hollanders shall abandon it.

To comprehend this truth, we must imagine Holland as it was when first inhabited by the first German tribes that wandered away in search of a country.

It was almost uninhabitable. There were vast tempestuous lakes, like seas, touching one another ; morass beside morass ; one tract after another covered with brushwood ; immense forests of pines, oaks, and alders, traversed by herds of wild horses and so thick were these forests that tradition says one could travel leagues passing from tree to tree without ever putting foot to the ground. The deep bays and gulfs carried into the heart of the country the fury of the northern tempests. Some provinces disappeared once every year under the waters of the sea, and were nothing but muddy tracts, neither land nor water, where it was impossible either to walk or to sail. The large rivers, without sufficient inclination to descend to the sea, wandered here and there uncertain of their way, and slept in monstrous pools and ponds among the sands of the coasts. It was a sinister place, swept by furious winds, beaten by obstinate rains, veiled in a perpetual fog, where nothing was heard but the roar of the sea and the voices of wild beasts and birds of the ocean. The first people who had the courage to plant their tents there, had to raise with their own hands dikes of earth to keep out the rivers and the sea, and lived within them like shipwrecked men upon desolate islands, venturing forth at the subsidence of the waters in quest of food in the shape of fish and game, and gathering the eggs of marine birds upon the sand.

Cæsar, passing by, was the first to name this people. The other Latin historians speak with compassion and respect of these intrepid barbarians who lived upon a " floating land," exposed to the intemperance of a cruel sky and the fury of the mysterious northern sea ; and the imagination pictures the Roman soldiers, who, from the heights of the uttermost citadels of the empire, beaten by the waves, contemplated with wonder and pity those wandering tribes upon their desolate land, like a race accursed of heaven.

Now, if we remember that such a region has become one of the most fertile, wealthiest, and best regulated of the countries of the world, we shall understand the justice of the saying that Holland is a conquest made by man. But, it must be added, the conquest goes on forever.

To explain this fact — to show how the existence of Holland, in spite of the great defensive works constructed by the inhabitants, demands an incessant and most perilous struggle — it will be enough to touch here and there upon a few of the principal vicissitudes of her physical history, from the time when her inhabitants had already reduced her to a habitable country.

Tradition speaks of a great inundation in Friesland in the sixth century. From that time every gulf, every island, and it may be said every city, in Holland, has its catastrophe to record. In thirteen centuries, it is recorded that one great inundation, besides smaller ones, has occurred every seven years; and the country being all plain, these inundations were veritable floods. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the sea destroyed a part of a fertile peninsula near the mouth of the Ems, and swallowed up more than thirty villages. In the course of the same century, a series of inundations opened an immense chasm in northern Holland, and formed the Zuyder Zee, causing the death of more than eighty thousand persons. In 1421 a tempest swelled the Meuse, so that in one night the waters overwhelmed seventy-two villages and one hundred thousand inhabitants. In 1532 the sea burst the dikes of Zealand, destroying hundreds of villages, and covering forever a large tract of country. In 1570 a storm caused another inundation in Zealand and in the province of Utrecht; Amsterdam was invaded by the waters, and in Friesland twenty thousand people were drowned. Other great inundations took place in the seventeenth century; two terribles ones at the beginning and the end of the eighteenth; one in 1825 that desolated North Holland, Friesland, Over-Yssel, and Gueldres; and another great one of the Rhine, in 1855, which invaded Gueldres and the province of Utrecht, and covered a great part of North Brabant. Besides these great catastrophes, there happened in different centuries innumerable smaller ones, which would have been famous in any other country, but which in Holland are scarcely remembered: like the rising of the lake of Haarlem, itself the result of an inundation of the sea; flourishing cities of the gulf of Zuyder Zee vanished under the waters; the islands of Zealand covered again and again by the sea, and again emerging; villages of the coast, from Helder to the mouths of the Meuse, from time to time inundated and destroyed; and in all these inundations immense loss of life of men and animals. It is plain that miracles of courage, constancy, and industry must have been accomplished by the Hollanders, first in creating and afterwards in preserving such a country. The enemy from which they had to wrest it was triple: the sea, the lakes, the rivers. They drained the lakes, drove back the sea, and imprisoned the rivers.

To drain the lakes the Hollanders pressed the air into their service. The lakes, the marshes, were surrounded by dikes, the dikes by canals; and an army of windmills, putting in motion force-pumps, turned the water into the canals, which carried it off to the rivers and the sea. Thus vast tracts of land buried under the water saw the sun, and were transformed, as if by magic, into fertile fields, covered with villages, and intersected by canals and roads. In the seventeenth century, in less than forty years, twenty-six lakes were drained. At the beginning of the present century, in North Holland alone, more than six thousand hectares (or fifteen thousand acres) were thus redeemed from the waters; in South Holland, before 1844, twenty-nine thousand hectares; in the whole of Holland, from 1500 to 1858, three hundred and fifty-five thousand hectares. Substituting steam-mills for windmills, in thirty-nine months was completed the great undertaking of the draining of the lake of Haarlem, which measured forty-four kilometres in circumference, and forever threatened with its tempests the cities of Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Leyden. And they are now meditating the prodigious work of drying up the Zuyder Zee, which embraces an area of more than seven hundred square kilometres.

The rivers, another eternal enemy, cost no less of labor and sacrifice. Some, like the Rhine, which lost itself in the sands before reaching the sea, had to be channeled and defended at their mouths, against the tides, by formidable cataracts; others, like the Meuse, bordered by dikes as powerful as those that were raised against the ocean; others, turned from their course; the wandering waters gathered together; the course of the affluents regulated; the waters divided with rigorous measure in order to retain that enormous mass of liquid in equilibrium, where the slightest inequality might cost a province; and in this way all the rivers that formerly spread their devastating floods about the country were disciplined into channels and constrained to do service.

But the most tremendous struggle was the battle with the

THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN, HOLLAND

ocean. Holland is in great part lower than the level of the sea; consequently, everywhere that the coast is not defended by sandbanks it has to be protected by dikes. If these interminable bulwarks of earth, granite, and wood were not there to attest the indomitable courage and perseverance of the Hollanders, it would not be believed that the hand of man could, even in many centuries, have accomplished such a work. In Zealand alone the dikes extend to a distance of more than four hundred kilometres. The western coast of the island of Walcheren is defended by a dike, in which it is computed that the expense of construction added to that of preservation, if it were put out at interest, would amount to a sum equal in value to that which the dike itself would be worth were it made of massive copper. Around the city of Helder, at the northern extremity of North Holland, extends a dike ten kilometres long, constructed of masses of Norwegian granite, which descends more than sixty metres into the sea. The whole province of Friesland, for the length of eighty-eight kilometres, is defended by three rows of piles sustained by masses of Norwegian and German granite. Amsterdam, all the cities of the Zuyder Zee, and all the islands, — fragments of vanished lands, — which are strung like beads between Friesland and North Holland, are protected by dikes. From the mouths of the Ems to those of the Scheldt, Holland is an impenetrable fortress, of whose immense bastions the mills are the towers, the cataracts are the gates, the islands the advanced forts; and like a true fortress, it shows to its enemy, the sea, only the tops of its bell-towers and the roofs of its houses, as if in defiance and derision.

Holland is a fortress, and her people live as in a fortress, on a war footing with the sea. An army of engineers, directed by the Minister of the Interior, spread over the country, and, ordered like an army, continually spy the enemy, watch over the internal waters, foresee the bursting of the dikes, order and direct the defensive works. The expenses of the war are divided, — one part to the State, one part to the provinces; every proprietor pays, besides the general imposts, a special impost for the dikes, in proportion to the extent of his lands and their proximity to the water. An accidental rupture, an inadvertence, may cause a flood; the peril is unceasing; the sentinels are at their posts upon the bulwarks; at the first assault of the sea, they shout the war-cry, and Holland sends men, material, and money. And even when there is no great battle, a quiet, silent struggle is forever going on. The innumerable mills, even in the drained districts, continue to work unresting, to absorb and turn into the canals the water that falls in rain and that which filters in from the sea. Every day the cataracts of the bays and rivers close their gigantic gates against the high tide trying to rush into the heart of the land. The work of strengthening dikes, fortifying sand-banks with plantations, throwing out new dikes where the banks are low, straight as great lances, vibrating in the bosom of the sea and breaking the first impetus of the wave, is forever going on. And the sea eternally knocks at the river-gates, beats upon the ramparts, growls on every side her ceaseless menace, lifting her curious waves as if to see the land she counts as hers, piling up banks of sand before the gates to kill the commerce of the cities, forever gnawing, scratching, digging at the coast; and failing to overthrow the ramparts upon which she foams and fumes in angry effort, she casts at their feet ships full of the dead, that they may announce to the rebellious country her fury and her strength.

In the midst of this great and terrible struggle Holland is transformed: Holland is the land of transformations. A geographical map of that country as it existed eight centuries ago is not recognizable. Transforming the sea, men also are transformed. The sea, at some points, drives back the land; it takes portions from the continent, leaves them and takes them again; joins islands to the mainland with ropes of sand, as in the case of Zealand; breaks off bits from the mainland and makes new islands, as in Wieringen; retires from certain coasts and makes land cities out of what were cities of the sea, as Leuvarde; converts vast tracts of plain into archipelagoes of a hundred islets, as Biisbosch; separates a city from the land, as Dordrecht; forms new gulfs two leagues broad, like the gulf of Dollart; divides two provinces with a new sea, like North Holland and Friesland. The effect of the inundations is to cause the level of the sea to rise in some places and to sink in others; sterile lands are fertilized by the slime of the rivers, fertile lands are changed into deserts of sand. With the transformations of the waters alternate the transformations of labor. Islands are united to continents, like the island of Ameland; entire provinces are reduced to islands, as North Holland will be by the new canal of Amsterdam, which is to separate it from South Holland; lakes as large as provinces disappear altogether, like the lake of Beemster; by the extraction of peat, land is converted into lakes, and these lakes are again transformed into meadows. And thus the country changes its aspect according to the violence of nature or the needs of men. And while one goes over it with the latest map in hand, one may be sure that the map will be useless in a few years, because even now there are new gulfs in process of formation, tracts of land just ready to be detached from the mainland, and great canals being cut that will carry life to uninhabited districts.

But Holland has done more than defend herself against the waters; she has made herself mistress of them, and has used them for her own defense. Should a foreign army invade her territory, she has but to open her dikes and unchain the sea and the rivers, as she did against the Romans, against the Spaniards, against the army of Louis XIV., and defend the land cities with her fleet. Water was the source of her poverty, she has made it the source of wealth. Over the whole country extends an immense network of canals, which serves both for the irrigation of the land and as a means of communication. The cities, by means of canals, communicate with the sea; canals run from town to town, and from them to villages, which are themselves bound together by these watery ways, and are connected even to the houses scattered over the country; smaller canals surround the fields and orchards, pastures and kitchen-gardens, serving at once as boundary wall, hedge, and road-way; every house is a little port. Ships, boats, rafts, move about in all directions, as in other places carts and carriages. The canals are the arteries of Holland, and the water her life-blood. But even setting aside the canals, the draining of the lakes, and the defensive works, on every side are seen the traces of marvellous undertakings. The soil, which in other countries is a gift of nature, is in Holland a work of men's hands. Holland draws the greater part of her wealth from commerce; but before commerce comes the cultivation of the soil; and the soil had to be created. There were sand-banks interspersed with layers of peat, broad downs swept by the winds, great tracts of barren land apparently condemned to an eternal sterility. The first elements of manufacture, iron and coal, were wanting; there was no wood, because the forests had already been destroyed by tempests when agriculture began; there was no stone, there were no metals. Nature, says a Dutch poet, had refused all her gifts to Holland; the Hollanders had to do everything in spite of nature. They began by fertilizing the sand. In some places they formed a productive soil with earth brought from a distance, as a garden is made; they spread the silicious dust of the downs over the too watery meadows; they mixed with the sandy earth the remains of peat taken from the bottoms; they extracted clay to lend fertility to the surface of their lands; they labored to break up the downs with the plow; and thus in a thousand ways, and continually fighting off the menacing waters, they succeeded in bringing Holland to a state of cultivation not inferior to that of more favored regions. That Holland, that sandy, marshy country which the ancients considered all but uninhabitable, now sends out yearly from her confines agricultural products to the value of a hundred millions of francs, possesses about one million three hundred thousand head of cattle, and in proportion to the extent of her territory may be accounted one of the most populous of European States.

It may be easily understood how the physical peculiarities of their country must influence the Dutch people; and their genius is in perfect harmony with the character of Holland. It is sufficient to contemplate the monuments of their great struggle with the sea in order to understand that their distinctive characteristics must be firmness and patience, accompanied by a calm and constant courage. That glorious battle, and the consciousness of owing everything to their own strength, must have infused and fortified in them a high sense of dignity and an indomitable spirit of liberty and independence. The necessity of a constant struggle, of a continuous labor, and of perpetual sacrifices in defense of their existence, forever taking them back to a sense of reality, must have made them a highly practical and economical people; good sense should be their most salient quality, economy one of their chief virtues; they must be excellent in all useful arts, sparing of diversion, simple even in their greatness; succeeding in what they undertake by dint of tenacity and a thoughtful and orderly activity; more wise than heroic; more conservative than creative; giving no great architects to the edifice of modern thought, but the ablest of workmen, a legion of patient and laborious artisans. And by virtue of these qualities of prudence, phlegmatic activity, and the spirit of conservatism, they are ever advancing, though by slow degrees; they acquire gradually, but never lose what they have gained; holding stubbornly to their ancient customs, preserving almost intact, and despite the neighborhood of three great nations, their own originality; preserving it through every form of government, through foreign invasions, through political and religious wars, and in spite of the immense concourse of strangers from every country that are always coming among them; and remaining, in short, of all the northern races, that one which, though ever advancing in the path of civilization, has kept its antique stamp most clearly.

It is enough also to remember its form in order to comprehend that this country of three millions and a half of inhabitants, although bound in so compact a political union, although recognizable among all the other northern peoples by certain traits peculiar to the population of all its provinces, must present a great variety. And so it is in fact. Between Zealand and Holland proper, between Holland and Friesland, between Friesland and Gueldres, between Groningen and Brabant, in spite of vicinity and so many common ties, there is no less difference than between the more distant provinces of Italy and France; difference of language, costume, and character; difference of race and of religion. The communal régime has impressed an indelible mark upon this people, because in no other country does it so conform to the nature of things. The country is divided into various groups of interests organized in the same manner as the hydraulic system. Whence, association and mutual help against the common enemy, the sea; but liberty for local institutions and forces. Monarchy has not extinguished the ancient municipal spirit, and this it is that renders impossible a complete fusion of the State, in all the great States that have made the attempt. The great rivers and gulfs are at the same time commercial roads serving as national bonds between the different provinces, and barriers which defend old traditions and old customs in each.

HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.

Amiel, Henri Frédéric, a Swiss poet and philosopher, born at Geneva, Switzerland, September 27, 1821; died there May 11, 1881. He was descended from one of the emigrant families that left Languedoc, France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At twelve years of age he was left an orphan and passed into the care of a relative. He was educated at the College or Public School of Geneva and at the Academy (University). After leaving the Academy he studied for several years at Heidelberg and Berlin, spending his vacations during this time in travel in Italy, Sicily, Scandinavia, Holland, and Germany.

In 1849, after a public competition, he was appointed Professor of Æsthetics and French Literature in the Academy of Geneva. This position he held for four years and then exchanged it for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy. During his lifetime he published only a few essays and several small volumes of poems, which was a disappointment to his friends. But after his death it was found that he had left a large work, a private journal, upon which he had been engaged for many years, noting his observations and meditations, and it is upon this "Journal Intime" that his reputation as a writer rests. A portion of it was published in 1882, and was immediately recognized as a great work, and the author as a man of broad culture, originality, and a profound thinker. A second volume was published in 1884 which in nowise lessened, but added to the fame of the author. His works are "Grains de Mil" (1854); "Il Penseroso" (1858); "La Part du Rêve" (1863); "Jour à Jour" (1880), and "Journal Intime" (1882–84).

Amiel's Journal.

November 6, 1852.—I am capable of all the passions, for I bear them all within me. Like a tamer of wild beasts, I keep them caged and lassoed, but I sometimes hear them growling. I have stifled more than one nascent love. Why? Because with that prophetic certainty which belongs to moral intuition, I felt it lacking in true life, and less durable than myself. I choked it down in the name of the supreme affection to come. The loves of sense, of imagination, of sentiment, I have seen through and rejected them all; I sought the love which springs from the central profundities of being. And I still believe in it. I will have none of those passions of straw which dazzle, burn up, and wither; I invoke, I await, and I hope for the love which is great, pure, and earnest, which lives and works in all the fibers and through all the powers of the soul. And even if I go lonely to the end, I would rather my hope and my dream died with me, than that my soul should content itself with any meaner union.

November 8, 1852. — Responsibility is my invisible nightmare. To suffer through one's own fault is a torment worthy of the lost, for so grief is envenomed by ridicule, and the worst ridicule of all, that which springs from shame of one's self. I have only force and energy wherewith to meet evils coming from outside; but an irreparable evil brought about by myself, a renunciation for life of my liberty, my peace of mind, the very thought of it is maddening — I expiate my privilege indeed. My privilege is to be the spectator of my own life drama, to be fully conscious of the tragi-comedy of my own destiny, and, more than that, to be in the secret of the tragi-comic itself, that is to say, to be unable to take my illusions seriously, to see myself, so to speak, from the theatre on the stage, or to be like a man looking from beyond the tomb into existence. I feel myself forced to feign a particular interest in my individual part, while all the time I am living in the confidence of the poet who is playing with all these agents which seem so important, and knows all that they are ignorant of. It is a strange position, and one which becomes painful as soon as grief obliges me to betake myself once more to my own little *rôle*, binding me closely to it, and warning me that I am going too far in imagining myself, because of my conversations with the poet, dispensed from taking up again my modest part of valet in the piece. Shakespeare must have experienced this feeling often, and Hamlet, I think, must express it somewhere. It is a *Doppelgängerei*, quite German in character, and which explains the disgust with reality and the repugnance to public life, so common among the thinkers of Germany. There is, as it were, a degradation, a gnostic fall, in thus folding one's wings and going back again into the vulgar shell of one's own individuality. Without grief, which is the string of this venturesome kite, man would soar too quickly and too high, and the chosen souls would be lost for the race, like balloons which, save for gravitation, would never return from the empyrean.

How, then, is one to recover courage enough for action? By striving to restore in one's self something of that unconsciousness, spontaneity, instinct, which reconciles us to earth and makes man useful and relatively happy.

By believing more practically in the providence which pardons and allows of reparation.

By accepting our human condition in a more simple and childlike spirit, fearing trouble less, calculating less, hoping more. For we decrease our responsibility, if we decrease our clearness of vision, and fear lessens with the lessening of responsibility.

By extracting a richer experience out of our losses and lessons. . . .

July 14, 1859. — I have just read "Faust" again. Alas, every year I am fascinated afresh by this sombre figure, this restless life. It is the type of suffering toward which I myself gravitate, and I am always finding in the poem words which strike straight to my heart. Immortal, malign, accursed type! Spectre of my own conscience, ghost of my own torment, image of the ceaseless struggle of the soul which has not yet found its true aliment, its peace, its faith — art thou not the typical example of a life which feeds upon itself, because it has not found its God, and which, in its wandering flight across the worlds, carries within it, like a comet, an inextinguishable flame of desire, and an agony of incurable disillusion? I also am reduced to nothingness, and I shiver on the brink of the great empty abysses of my inner being, stifled by longing for the unknown, consumed with the thirst for the infinite, prostrate before the ineffable. I also am torn sometimes by this blind passion for life, these desperate struggles for happiness, though more often I am a prey to complete exhaustion and taciturn despair. What is the reason of it all? Doubt — doubt of one's self, of thought, of men, and of life — doubt which enervates the will and weakens all our powers, which makes us forget God and neglect prayer and duty — that restless and corrosive doubt which makes existence impossible and meets all hope with satire. . . .

April 11, 1865. — How hard it is to grow old, when we have missed our life, when we have neither the crown of completed manhood nor of fatherhood! How sad it is to feel the mind declining before it has done its work, and the body growing weaker before it has seen itself renewed in those who might close our eyes and honor our name! The tragic solemnity of existence strikes us with terrible force, on that morning when we wake to find the mournful word *too late* ringing in our ears! "Too late, the sand is turned, the hour is past! Thy harvest is unreaped — too late! Thou hast been dreaming, forgetting, sleeping — so much the worse! Every man rewards or punishes himself. To whom or of whom wouldst thou complain?" — Alas!

April, 21, 1865. — A morning of intoxicating beauty, fresh as the feelings of sixteen, and crowned with flowers like a bride. The poetry of youth, of innocence, and of love overflowed my soul. Even to the light mist hovering over the bosom of the plain — image of that tender modesty which veils the features and shrouds in mystery the inmost thoughts of the maiden — everything that I saw delighted my eyes and spoke to my imagination. It was a sacred, a nuptial day! and the matin bells ringing in some distant village harmonized marvellously with the hymn of nature. "Pray," they said, "and love! Adore a fatherly and beneficent God." They recalled to me the accent of Haydn; there was in them and in the landscape a childlike joyousness, a naïve gratitude, a radiant, heavenly joy innocent of pain and sin, like the sacred, simple-hearted ravishment of Eve on the first day of her awakening in the new world. How good a thing is feeling, admiration! It is the bread of angels, the eternal food of cherubim and seraphim.

I have not yet felt the air so pure, so life-giving, so ethereal, during the five days that I have been here. To breathe is a beatitude. One understands the delights of a bird's existence, — that emancipation from all encumbering weight, — that luminous and empyrean life, floating in blue space, and passing from one horizon to another with a stroke of the wing. One must have a great deal of air below one before one can be conscious of such inner freedom as this, such lightness of the whole being. Every element has its poetry, but the poetry of air is liberty. Enough; to your work, dreamer!

May 30, 1865. — All snakes fascinate their prey, and pure wickedness seems to inherit the power of fascination granted to the serpent. It stupefies and bewilders the simple heart, which sees it without understanding it, which touches it without being able to believe in it, and which sinks engulfed in the problem of it, like Empedocles in Etna. *Non possum capere te, cape me*, says the Aristotelian motto. Every diminutive of Beelzebub is an abyss, each demoniacal act is a gulf of darkness. Natural cruelty, inborn perfidy and falseness, even in animals, cast lurid gleams, as it were, into that fathomless pit of Satanic perversity which is a moral reality.

Nevertheless behind this thought there rises another which tells me that sophistry is at the bottom of human wickedness, that the majority of monsters like to justify themselves in their own eyes, and that the first attribute of the Evil One is to be the father of lies. Before crime is committed conscience must be corrupted, and every bad man who succeeds in reaching a high point of wickedness begins with this. It is all very well to say that hatred is murder; the man who hates is determined to see nothing in it but an act of moral hygiene. It is to do himself good that he does evil, just as a mad dog bites to get rid of his thirst.

To injure others, while at the same time knowingly injuring one's self, is a step farther; evil then becomes a frenzy, which, in its turn, sharpens into a cold ferocity. Whenever a man, under the influence of such a diabolical passion, surrenders himself to these instincts of the wild or venomous beast, he must seem to the angels a madman — a lunatic, who kindles his own Gehenna that he may consume the world in it, or as much of it as his devilish desires can lay hold upon. Wickedness is forever beginning a new spiral which penetrates deeper still into the abysses of abomination, for the circles of hell have this property — that they have no end. It seems as though divine perfection were an infinite of the first degree, but as though diabolical perfection were an infinite of unknown power. But no; for if so, evil would be the true God, and hell would swallow up creation. According to the Persian and the Christian faiths, good is to conquer evil, and perhaps even Satan himself will be restored to grace — which is as much as to say that the divine order will be everywhere reestablished. Love will be more potent than hatred; God will save his glory, and his glory is in his goodness. But it is very true that all gratuitous wickedness troubles the soul, because it seems to make the great lines of the moral order tremble within us by the sudden withdrawal of the curtain which hides from us the action of those dark, corrosive forces which have ranged themselves in battle against the divine plan.

June 26, 1865. — One may guess the why and wherefore of a tear, and yet find it too subtle to give any account of. A tear may be the poetical *résumé* of so many simultaneous impressions, the quintessence of so many opposing thoughts! It is like a drop of one of those precious elixirs of the East which contain the life of twenty plants fused into a single aroma. Sometimes it is the mere overflow of the soul, the running over of the cup of reverie. All that one cannot or will not say, all that one refuses to confess even to one's self, — confused desires, secret trouble, suppressed grief, smothered conflict, voiceless regret, the emotions we have struggled against, the pain we have sought to hide, our superstitious fears, our vague sufferings, our restless presentiments, our unrealized dreams, the wounds inflicted upon our ideal, the dissatisfied languor, the vain hopes, the multitude of small, indiscernible ills which accumulate slowly in a corner of the heart, like water dropping noiselessly from the roof of a cavern, — all these mysterious movements of the inner life end in an instant of emotion, and the emotion concentrates itself in a tear just visible on the edge of the eyelid.

For the rest, tears express joy as well as sadness. They are the symbol of the powerlessness of the soul to restrain its emotion and to remain mistress of itself. Speech implies analysis; when we are overcome by sensation or by feeling, analysis ceases, and with it speech and liberty. Our only resource, after silence and stupor, is the language of action — pantomime. Any oppressive weight of thought carries us back to a stage anterior to humanity, to a gesture, a cry, a sob, and at last to swooning and collapse; that is to say, incapable of bearing the excessive strain of sensation as men, we fall back successively to the stage of mere animate being, and then to that of the vegetable. Dante swoons at every turn in his journey through hell, and nothing paints better the violence of his emotions and the ardor of his piety.

. . . And intense joy? It also withdraws into itself and is silent. To speak is to disperse and scatter. Words isolate and localize life in a single point; they touch only the circumference of being; they analyze, they treat one thing at a time. Thus they decentralize emotion, and chill it in doing so. The heart would fain brood over its feeling, cherishing and protecting it. Its happiness is silent and meditative; it listens to its own beating and feeds religiously upon itself.

April 1, 1870. — I am inclined to believe that for a woman love is the supreme authority, — that which judges the rest and decides what is good or evil. For a man, love is subordinate to right. It is a great passion, but it is not the source of order, the synonym of reason, the criterion of excellence. It would seem, then, that a woman places her ideal in the perfection of love, and a man in the perfection of justice.

June 5, 1870. — The efficacy of religion lies precisely in that which is not rational, philosophic, or eternal; its efficacy lies in the unforeseen, the miraculous, the extraordinary. Thus religion attracts more devotion in proportion as it demands more faith, — that is to say, as it becomes more incredible to the profane mind. The philosopher aspires to explain away all mysteries, to dissolve them into light. It is mystery, on the other hand, which the religious instinct demands and pursues: it is mystery which constitutes the essence of worship, the power of proselytism. When the cross became the "foolishness" of the cross, it took possession of the masses. And in our own day, those who wish to get rid of the supernatural, to enlighten religion, to economize faith, find themselves deserted, like poets who should declaim against poetry, or women who should decry love. Faith consists in the acceptance of the incomprehensible, and even in the pursuit of the impossible, and is self-intoxicated with its own sacrifices, its own repeated extravagances.

It is the forgetfulness of this psychological law which stultifies the so-called liberal Christianity. It is the realization of it which constitutes the strength of Catholicism.

Apparently, no positive religion can survive the supernatural element which is the reason for its existence. Natural religion seems to be the tomb of all historic cults. All concrete religions die eventually in the pure air of philosophy. So long then as the life of nations is in need of religion as a motive and sanction of morality, as food for faith, hope, and charity, so long will the masses turn away from pure reason and naked truth, so long will they adore mystery, so long — and rightly so — will they rest in faith, the only region where the ideal presents itself to them in an attractive form.

October 26, 1870. — If ignorance and passion are the foes of popular morality, it must be confessed that moral indifference is the malady of the cultivated classes. The modern separation of enlightenment and virtue, of thought and conscience, of the intellectual aristocracy from the honest and vulgar crowd, is the greatest danger that can threaten liberty. When any society produces an increasing number of literary exquisites, of satirists, skeptics, and *beaux esprits*, some chemical disorganization of fabric may be inferred. Take, for example, the century of Augustus and that of Louis XV. Our cynics and railers are mere egotists, who stand aloof from the common duty, and in their indolent remoteness are of no service to society against any ill which may attack it. Their cultivation consists in having got rid of feeling. And thus they fall farther and farther away from true humanity, and approach nearer to the demoniacal nature. What was it that Mephistopheles lacked? Not intelligence, certainly, but goodness.

December 11, 1872. — The ideal which the wife and mother makes for herself, the manner in which she understands duty and life, contain the fate of the community. Her faith becomes the star of the conjugal ship, and her love the animating principle that fashions the future of all belonging to her. Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family. She carries its destinies in the folds of her mantle.

January 22, 1875. — The thirst for truth is not a French passion. In everything appearance is preferred to reality, the outside to the inside, the fashion to the material, that which shines to that which profits, opinion to conscience. That is to say, the Frenchman's centre of gravity is always outside him, — he is always thinking of others, playing to the gallery. To him individuals are so many zeros: the unit which turns them into a number must be added from outside; it may be royalty, the writer of the day, the favorite newspaper, or any other temporary master of fashion. — All this is probably the result of an exaggerated sociability, which weakens the soul's forces of resistance, destroys its capacity for investigation and personal conviction, and kills in it the worship of the ideal.

December 9, 1877. — The modern haunters of Parnassus carve urns of agate and of onyx; but inside the urns what is there? — Ashes. Their work lacks feeling, seriousness, sincerity, and pathos — in a word, soul and moral life. I cannot bring myself to sympathize with such a way of understanding poetry. The talent shown is astonishing, but stuff and matter are wanting. It is an effort of the imagination to stand alone — a substitute for everything else. We find metaphors, rhymes, music, color, but not man, not humanity. Poetry of this factitious kind may beguile one at twenty, but what can one make of it at fifty? It reminds me of Pergamos, of Alexandria, of all the epochs of decadence when beauty of form hid poverty of thought and exhaustion of feeling. I strongly share the repugnance which this poetical school arouses in simple people. It is as though it only cared to please the world-worn, the over-subtle, the corrupted, while it ignores all normal, healthy life, virtuous habits, pure affections, steady labor, honesty, and duty. It is an affectation, and because it is an affectation the school is struck with sterility. The reader desires in the poet something better than a juggler in rhyme, or a conjurer in verse; he looks to find in him a painter of life, a being who thinks, loves, and has a conscience, who feels passion and repentance.

The true critic strives for a clear vision of things as they are — for justice and fairness; his effort is to get free from himself, so that he may in no way disfigure that which he wishes to understand or reproduce. His superiority to the common herd lies in this effort, even when its success is only partial. He distrusts his own senses, he sifts his own impressions, by returning upon them from different sides and at different times, by comparing, moderating, shading, distinguishing, and so endeavoring to approach more and more nearly to the formula which represents the maximum of truth.

The art which is grand and yet simple is that which presupposes the greatest elevation both in artist and in public.

May 19, 1878.—Criticism is above all a gift, an intuition, a matter of tact and *flair*; it cannot be taught or demonstrated, — it is an art. Critical genius means an aptitude for discerning truth under appearances or in disguises which conceal it; for discovering it in spite of the errors of testimony, the frauds of tradition, the dust of time, the loss or alteration of texts. It is the sagacity of the hunter whom nothing deceives for long, and whom no ruse can throw off the trail. It is the talent of the *Juge d'Instruction* who knows how to interrogate circumstances and to extract an unknown secret from a thousand falsehoods. The true critic can understand everything, but he will be the dupe of nothing, and to no convention will he sacrifice his duty, which is to find out and proclaim truth. Competent learning, general cultivation, absolute probity, accuracy of general view, human sympathy, and technical capacity, — how many things are necessary to the critic, without reckoning grace, delicacy, *savoir vivre*, and the gift of happy phrasemaking!

May 22, 1879 (Ascension Day). — Wonderful and delicious weather. Soft, caressing sunlight, — the air a limpid blue, —

twitterings of birds; even the distant voices of the city have something young and springlike in them. It is indeed a new birth. The ascension of the Saviour of men is symbolized by the expansion, this heavenward yearning of nature. . . . I feel myself born again; all the windows of the soul are clear. Forms, lines, tints, reflections, sounds, contrasts, and harmonies, the general play and interchange of things, — it is all enchanting!

In my court-yard the ivy is green again, the chestnut-tree is full of leaf, the Persian lilac beside the little fountain is flushed with red and just about to flower; through the wide openings to the right and left of the old College of Calvin I see the Salève above the trees of St. Antoine, the Voirons above the hill of Cologny; while the three flights of steps which, from landing to landing, lead between two high walls from Rue Verdaine to the terrace of the Tranchées, recall to one's imagination some old city of the south, a glimpse of Perugia or of Malaga.

All the bells are ringing. It is the hour of worship. A historical and religious impression mingles with the picturesque, the musical, the poetical impressions of the scene. All the peoples of Christendom — all the churches scattered over the globe — are celebrating at this moment the glory of the Crucified.

And what are those many nations doing who have other prophets, and honor the Divinity in other ways — the Jews, the Mussulmans, the Buddhists, the Vishnuists, the Guebers? They have other sacred days, other rites, other solemnities, other beliefs. But all have some religion, some ideal end for life — all aim at raising man above the sorrows and smallnesses of the present, and of the individual existence. All have faith in something greater than themselves, all pray, all bow, all adore; all see beyond nature, Spirit, and beyond evil, Good. All bear witness to the Invisible. Here we have the link which binds all peoples together. All men are equally creatures of sorrow and desire, of hope and fear. All long to recover some lost harmony with the great order of things, and to feel themselves approved and blessed by the Author of the universe. All know what suffering is, and yearn for happiness. All know what sin is, and feel the need of pardon.

Christianity, reduced to its original simplicity, is the reconciliation of the sinner with God, by means of the certainty that God loves in spite of everything, and that he chastises because he loves. Christianity furnished a new motive and a new strength for the achievement of moral perfection. It made holiness attractive by giving to it the air of filial gratitude.

July 28, 1880. — This afternoon I have had a walk in the sunshine, and have just come back rejoicing in a renewed communion with nature. The waters of the Rhone and the Arve, the murmur of the river, the austerity of its banks, the brilliancy of the foliage, the play of the leaves, the splendor of the July sunlight, the rich fertility of the fields, the lucidity of the distant mountains, the whiteness of the glaciers under the azure serenity of the sky, the sparkle and foam of the mingling rivers, the leafy masses of the La Bâtie woods, — all and everything delighted me. It seemed to me as though the years of strength had come back to me. I was overwhelmed with sensations. I was surprised and grateful. The universal life carried me on its breast; the summer's caress went to my heart. Once more my eyes beheld the vast horizons, the soaring peaks, the blue lakes, the winding valleys, and all the free outlets of old days. And yet there was no painful sense of longing. The scene left upon me an indefinable impression, which was neither hope, nor desire, nor regret, but rather a sense of emotion, of passionate impulse, mingled with admiration and anxiety. I am conscious at once of joy and of want; beyond what I possess I see the impossible and the unattainable; I gauge my own wealth and poverty: in a word, I am and I am not — my inner state is one of contradiction, because it is one of transition.

April 10, 1881 [he died May 11th]. — What dupes we are of our own desires! . . . Destiny has two ways of crushing us — by refusing our wishes and by fulfilling them. But he who only wills what God wills escapes both catastrophes. "All things work together for his good."

ANACREON.

Anacreon, a Greek lyric poet; born in the Ionian town of Teos in Asia Minor about 563 B.C.; died in the neighboring town of Abdera about 478 B.C. Of the events of his life very little is positively known, though legends of questionable authority relate many incidents; such as that he was invited to the island of Samos to instruct Polycrates, the son of the ruler of the island, in music; that he rose high in the favor of his pupil when he became ruler of the island; that after the overthrow of Polycrates, Anacreon was invited to Athens by Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, after whose assassination he repaired to Larissa, in Thessaly, which was then ruled by Echecratidas, sprung from an Ionian family; and that in his old age he returned to his native country, where he died in his eighty-fifth year, having been choked by attempting to swallow a cherry-pit or, according to others, a dried grape. His writings, consisting of odes, epigrams, elegies, iambics, and hymns, were numerous.

Age.

(Cowley's Translation.)

Oft am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old!
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know;
This I know, without being told,
'T is time to live, if I grow old;
'T is time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

Drinking.

(Cowley's Translation.)

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;

The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

DRINK WHILE YOU LIVE.

(Translated by Thomas Moore.)

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervor of my brows to shade:
Be mine the odors richly sighing,
Amid my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I 'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then —
I 'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us — drink no more!

A Lover's Sigh.

(From Moore's Translation.)

The Phrygian rock that braves the storm
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Procne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh, that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And like my heart I then should be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds;
Or, turned into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave;
Or, better still, the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow!
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, anything that touches thee,
Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Thus to be pressed by thee were sweet!

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Andersen, Hans Christian, a Danish dramatist, poet, and story-writer; born at Odense, island of Fünen, April 2, 1805; died at Copenhagen, August 4, 1875. He entered the University in 1828; but before that time he had gained considerable reputation by his poems, especially by one entitled "The Dying Child." This was followed, in 1829, by a satirical narrative of "A Journey on Foot from the Holm-canal to the Eastern Point of Amak." He now fairly commenced his literary career, publishing a volume of poems in 1830, and another entitled "Fantasies and Sketches," in 1831. All of his numerous works have been translated into German, and many of them into English, French, and other languages. These translations have given him a far more extended reputation than could have been attained by their issue in their original language, which is understood by comparatively few readers. The German edition of his Complete Works comprises about fifty small volumes. Many of these books were the result of travels in various parts of Europe. In 1844, he received a pension from the Danish Government; and in 1875, upon the seventieth anniversary of his birthday, he was invested with the grand cross of the Order of Dannebrog. Some of his dramatic pieces met with a very favorable reception; but he is best known by his tales and his sketches of travel. Prominent among his works are: "The Improvisatore," which describes in a glowing style his impressions of Italy; "O. T.," a novel depicting life in Northern Europe; "Only a Fiddler," a half-autobiographic story of homely life; "A Poet's Bazaar," a collection of miscellanies; and several series of "Tales for Children." He also wrote "The Story of My Life," bringing the somewhat imaginative narrative down to 1847. This work was continued by Jonas, (1879) down to the time of Andersen's death.

The Steadfast Tin Soldier.[1]

(From "Collected Fairy Tales.")

There were once twenty-five tin soldiers, who were all brothers, for they were cast out of one old tin spoon. They

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[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

held their muskets, and their faces were turned to the enemy; red and blue, ever so fine, were the uniforms. The first thing they heard in this world, when the cover was taken from the box where they lay, were the words, "Tin soldiers!" A little boy shouted it, and clapped his hands. He has got them because it was his birthday, and now he set them up on the table. Each soldier was just like the other, only one was a little different. He had but one leg, for he had been cast last, and there was not enough tin. But he stood on his one leg just as firm as the others on two, so he was just the one to be famous.

On the table where they were set up stood a lot of other playthings; but what caught your eye was a pretty castle of paper. Through the little windows you could see right into the halls. Little trees stood in front, around a bit of looking-glass which was meant for a lake. Wax swans swam on it and were reflected in it. That was all very pretty, but still the prettiest thing was a little girl who stood right in the castle gate. She was cut out of paper too, but she had a silk dress, and a little narrow blue ribbon across her shoulders, on which was a sparkling star as big as her whole face. The little girl lifted her arms gracefully in the air, for she was a dancer; and then she lifted one leg so high that the tin soldier could not find it at all, and thought that she had only one leg, just like himself.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he, "but she is too fine for me. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, which I have to share with twenty-four. That is no house for her. But I will see whether I can make her acquaintance." Then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table. From there he could watch the trig little lady who kept standing on one leg without losing her balance. When evening came, the other tin soldiers were all put in their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Then the playthings began to play, first at "visiting," then at "war" and at "dancing." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they would have liked to join in it, but they could not get the cover off. The nutcracker turned somersaults, and the pencil scrawled over the slate. There was such a racket that the canary-bird woke up and began to sing, and that in verses. The only ones that did not stir were the tin soldier and the little dancer. She stood straight on tiptoe and stretched up both arms; he was just as steadfast on his one leg. He did not take his eyes from her a moment.

Now it struck twelve, and bang! up went the cover of the snuff-box, but it was n't tobacco in it: no, but a little black Troll. It was a trick box.

"Tin soldier!" said the Troll, "will you stare your eyes out?" But the tin soldier made believe he did not hear. "You wait till morning!" said the Troll.

When morning came, and the children got up, the tin soldier was put on the window ledge; and whether it was the Troll, or a gust of wind, all at once the window flew open and the tin soldier fell head first from the third story. That was an awful fall. He stretched his leg straight up, and stuck with his bayonet and cap right between the paving-stones.

The maid and the little boy came right down to hunt for him, but they could n't see him, though they came so near that they almost trod on him. If the tin soldier had called, "Here I am," they surely would have found him; but since he was in uniform he did not think it proper to call aloud.

Now it began to rain. The drops chased one another. It was a regular shower. When that was over, two street boys came along.

"Hallo!" said one; "there 's a tin soldier. He must be off and sail."

Then they made a boat out of a newspaper, put the tin soldier in it, and made him sail down the gutter. Both boys ran beside it, and clapped their hands. Preserve us! What waves there were in the gutter, and what a current! It must have rained torrents. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes it whirled around so that the tin soldier shivered. But he remained steadfast, did not lose color, looked straight ahead and held his musket firm.

All at once the boat plunged under a long gutter-bridge. It was as dark there as it had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" thought he. "Yes, yes, that is the Troll's fault. Oh! if the little lady were only in the boat, I would not care if it were twice as dark."

At that instant there came a great water-rat who lived under the gutter-bridge.

"Have you a pass?" said the rat. "Show me your pass."

But the tin soldier kept still, and only held his musket the firmer. The boat rushed on, and the rat behind. Oh! how he gnashed his teeth, and called to the sticks and straws: —

"Stop him! Stop him! He has not paid toll. He has showed no pass."

But the current got stronger and stronger. Before he got to the end of the bridge the tin soldier could see daylight, but he heard also a rushing noise that might frighten a brave man's heart. Just think! at the end of the bridge the gutter emptied into a great canal, which for him was as dangerous as for us to sail down a great waterfall.

He was so near it already that he could not stop. The boat went down. The poor tin soldier held himself as straight as he could. No one should say of him that he had ever blinked his eyes. The boat whirled three or four times and filled with water. It had to sink. The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water, and deeper, deeper sank the boat. The paper grew weaker and weaker. Now the waves went over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little dancer whom he never was to see again, and there rang in the tin soldier's ears: —

"Farewell, warrior! farewell!
Death shalt thou suffer."

Now the paper burst in two, and the tin soldier fell through, — but in that minute he was swallowed by a big fish.

Oh! was n't it dark in there. It was worse even than under the gutter-bridge, and besides, so cramped. But the tin soldier was steadfast, and lay at full length, musket in hand.

The fish rushed around and made the most fearful jumps. At last he was quite still, and something went through him like a lightning flash. Then a bright light rushed in, and somebody called aloud, "The tin soldier!" The fish had been caught, brought to market, sold, and been taken to the kitchen, where the maid had slit it up with a big knife. She caught the soldier around the body and carried him into the parlor, where everybody wanted to see such a remarkable man who had travelled about in a fish's belly. But the tin soldier was not a bit proud. They put him on the table, and there — well! what strange things do happen in the world — the tin soldier was in the very same room that he had been in before. He saw the same children, and the same playthings were on the table, the splendid castle with the pretty little dancer; she was still standing on one leg, and had the other high in the air. She was steadfast, too. That touched the tin soldier so that he could almost have wept tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her and she looked at him, but they said nothing at all.

Suddenly one of the little boys seized the tin soldier and threw him right into the tile-stove, although he had no reason to. It was surely the Troll in the box who was to blame.

The tin soldier stood in full light and felt a fearful heat; but whether that came from the real fire, or from his glowing love, he could not tell. All the color had faded from him; but whether this had happened on the journey, or whether it came from care, no one could say. He looked at the little girl and she looked at him. He felt that he was melting, but still he stood steadfast, musket in hand. Then a door opened. A whiff of air caught the dancer, and she flew like a sylph right into the tile-stove to the tin soldier, blazed up in flame, and was gone. Then the tin soldier melted to a lump, and when the maid next day took out the ashes, she found him as a little tin heart. But of the dancer only the star was left, and that was burnt coal-black.

THE TEAPOT.[1]

(From "Riverside Literature Series.")

THERE was a proud Teapot, proud of being porcelain, proud of its long spout, proud of its broad handle. It had something before and behind — the spout before, the handle behind — and that was what it talked about. But it did not talk of its lid — that was cracked, it was riveted, it had faults; and one does not talk about one's faults — there are plenty of others to do that. The cups, the cream-pot, the sugar-bowl, the whole tea-service would be reminded much more of the lid's weakness, and talk about that, than of the sound handle and the remarkable spout. The Teapot knew it.

"I know you," it said within itself, "I know well enough, too, my fault; and I am well aware that in that very thing is seen my humility, my modesty. We all have faults, but then one also has a talent. The cups get a handle, the sugar-bowl a lid; I get both, and one thing besides in front which they never got, — I get a spout, and that makes me a queen on the tea-table. The sugar-bowl and cream-pot are good-looking serving maids; but I am the one who gives, yes, the one high in council. I spread abroad a blessing among thirsty mankind. In my insides the Chinese leaves are worked up in the boiling, tasteless water."

All this said the Teapot in its fresh young life. It stood on the table that was spread for tea, it was lifted by a very delicate hand; but the very delicate hand was awkward, the Teapot fell. The spout snapped off, the handle snapped off; the lid was no worse to speak of — the worst had been spoken of that. The Teapot lay in a swoon on the floor, while the boiling water ran out of it. It was a horrid shame, but the worst was that they jeered at it; they jeered at it, and not at the awkward hand.

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"I never shall lose the memory of that!" said the Teapot, when it afterward talked to itself of the course of its life. I was called an invalid, and placed in a corner, and the day after was given away to a woman who begged victuals. I fell into poverty, and stood dumb both outside and in; but there, as I stood, began my better life. One is one thing and becomes quite another. Earth was placed in me: for a Teapot that is the same as being buried, but in the earth was placed a flower bulb. Who placed it there, who gave it I know not; given it was, and it took the place of the Chinese leaves and the boiling water, the broken handle and spout. And the bulb lay in the earth, the bulb lay in me, it became my heart, my living heart, such as I never before had. There was life in me, power and might. My pulses beat, the bulb put forth sprouts, it was the springing up of thoughts and feelings; they burst forth in flower. I saw it, I bore it, I forgot myself in its delight. Blessed is it to forget one's self in another. The bulb gave me no thanks, it did not think of me — it was admired and praised. I was so glad at that: how happy must it have been! One day I heard it said that it ought to have a better pot. I was thumped on my back — that was rather hard to bear; but the flower was put in a better pot — and I was thrown away in the yard, where I lie as an old crock. But I have the memory: *that* I can never lose."

The Ugly Duckling.

I. — THE DUCKLING IS BORN.

It was glorious in the country. It was summer; the corn-fields were yellow, the oats were green, the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows; and the stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his mother. All around the fields and meadows were great woods, and in the midst of these woods deep lakes. Yes, it was right glorious in the country.

In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, with deep canals about it; and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the tallest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood, and here sat a Duck upon her nest. She had to hatch her ducklings, but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and she seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit under a burdock and gabble with her.

At last one egg-shell after another burst open. "Pip! pip!" each cried, and in all the eggs there were little things that stuck out their heads.

"Quack! quack!" said the Duck, and they all came quacking out as fast as they could, looking all around them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they liked, for green is good for the eye.

"How wide the world is!" said all the young ones; for they certainly had much more room now than when they were inside the eggs.

"D'ye think this is all the world?" said the mother. "That stretches far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field; but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," and she stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And so she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with this one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not open. Now, only look at the others! They are the prettiest little ducks I ever saw. They are all like their father: the rogue, he never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old Duck. "You may be sure it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much care and trouble with the young ones, for they are afraid of the water. Must I say it to you? I could not make them go in. I quacked, and I clacked, but it was no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that 's a turkey's egg. Let it lie there, and do you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I 've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Pip! pip!" said the little one, and crept forth. He was so big and ugly. The Duck looked at him.

"It 's a very large Duckling," said she. "None of the others looks like that: it really must be a turkey chick! Well, we shall soon find out. Into the water shall he go, even if I have to push him in."

II. — HOW THE DUCKLING WAS TREATED AT HOME.

The next day it was bright, beautiful weather; the sun shone on all the green burdocks. The Mother-Duck, with all her family, went down to the canal. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and one duckling after another plumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam off finely; their legs went of themselves, and they were all in the water; even the ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it 's not a turkey," said she: "look how well he uses his legs, how straight he holds himself. It is my own child! On the whole he 's quite pretty, when one looks at him rightly. Quack! quack! come now with me, and I 'll lead you out into the world, and present you in the duck-yard; but keep close to me all the time, so that no one may tread on you, and look out for the cats."

And so they came into the duck-yard. There was a terrible row going on in there, for two families were fighting about an eel's head, and so the cat got it.

"See, that 's the way it goes in the world!" said the Mother-Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she too wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," she said. "See that you can bustle about, and bend your necks before the old Duck yonder. She 's the grandest of all here; she 's of Spanish blood — that 's why she 's so fat; and do you see? she has a red rag around her leg; that 's something very, very fine, and the greatest mark of honor a duck can have: it means that one does not want to lose her, and that she 's known by the animals and by men too. Hurry! hurry! — don't turn in your toes, a well brought-up duck turns it 's toes quite out, just like father and mother, — so! Now bend you necks and say 'Quack!'"

And they did so; but the other ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly, "Look there! now we 're to have this crowd too! as if there were not enough of us already! And — fie! — how that Duckling yonder looks: we won't stand that." And at once one Duck flew at him, and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said the mother: "he is not doing anything to any one."

"Yes, but he 's too large and odd," said the Duck who had bitten him, "and so he must be put down."

"Those are pretty children the mother has," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg. "They 're all pretty but that one; that is rather unlucky. I wish she could have that one over again."

"That cannot be done, my lady," said the Mother-Duck. "He is not pretty, but he has a really good temper, and swims as well as any of the others; yes, I may even say it, a little better. I think he will grow up pretty, perhaps in time he will grow a little smaller; he lay too long in the egg, and therefore he has not quite the right shape." And she pinched him in the neck, and smoothed his feathers. "Besides, he is a drake," she said, "and so it does not matter much. I think he will be very strong: he makes his way already."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling who had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"He is too big!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who had been born with spurs, and so thought he was an emperor, blew himself up, like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon him; then he gobbled and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where he dared stand or walk; he was quite unhappy because he looked ugly, and was the sport of the whole duck-yard.

So it went on the first day; and then it grew worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were quite angry with him, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the ducks bit him, and the chickens beat him, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at him with her foot.

III. — OUT ON THE MOOR.

Then he ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and he shut his eyes, but flew on further; and so he came out into the great moor, where the wild ducks lived. Here he lay the whole night long, he was so tired and sad.

Toward morning the wild ducks flew up, and looked at their new mate.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned about to each, and bowed as well as he could. "You are really very ugly!" said the Wild Ducks. "But that is all the same to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! he certainly did not think of marrying, and only dared ask leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp water.

There he lay two whole days; then came thither two wild geese, or, more truly, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here is another moor, where are a few sweet lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say 'Quack!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are."

"Piff! paff!" sounded through the air; and both the ganders fell down dead in the reeds, and the water became blood-red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and the whole flock of wild geese flew up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The gunners lay around in the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose like clouds in among the dark trees, and hung over the water; and the hunting dogs came — splash, splash! — into the mud, and the rushes and reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! He turned his head to put it under his wing; and at that very moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his eyes glared horribly. He put his nose close to the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and — splash, splash! — on he went without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so he lay quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, all was still: but the poor little thing did not dare to rise up; he waited several hours still before he looked around, and then hurried away out of the moor as fast as he could. He ran on over field and meadow; there was a storm, so that he had hard work to get away.

IV. — IN THE PEASANT'S HUT.

Towards evening the Duckling came to a peasant's poor little hut: it was so tumbled down that it did not itself know on which side it should fall; and that 's why it stood up. The storm whistled around the Duckling in such a way that he had to sit down to keep from blowing away; and the wind blew worse and worse. Then he noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so slanting that he could slip through the crack into the room; and that is what he did.

Here lived an old woman, with her Cat and her Hen. And the Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr; he could even give out sparks — but for that, one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite small, short legs, and therefore she was called Chickabiddy Shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning they noticed at once the strange Duckling, and the Cat began to purr and the Hen to cluck.

"What 's this?" said the woman, and looked all around; but she could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize!" she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was taken on trial for three weeks, but no eggs came. And the Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was the lady, and always said "We and the world!" for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. It seemed to the Duckling that one might have another mind, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?"

"No."

"Then will you hold your tongue!"

And the Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you will please have no opinion of your own when sensible folks are speaking!"

And the Duckling sat in a corner and was in low spirits; then he began to think of the fresh air and the sunshine; and he was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water, that he could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim in the water," said the Duckling, "so nice to feel it go over one's head, and to dive down to the bottom!"

"Yes, that's a fine thing, truly," said the Hen. "You are clean gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it, — he's the cleverest thing I know, — ask him if he likes to swim in the water, or to dive down: I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress herself, the old woman; no one in the world knows more than she. Do you think she wants to swim, and let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you! Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Cat and the woman — I won't say anything of myself. Don't make a fool of yourself, child, and thank your Maker for all the good you have. Are you not come into a warm room, and have you not folks about you from whom you can learn something? But you are a goose, and it is not pleasant to have you about. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you things you won't like, and by that one may always know one's true friends! Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr, and to give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And so the Duckling went away. He swam on the water, and dived, but he was shunned by every creature because he was so ugly.

V. — WHAT BECAME OF THE DUCKLING.

Now came the fall of the year. The leaves in the wood turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying "Croak! croak!" for mere cold; yes, one could freeze fast if one thought about it. The poor little Duckling certainly had not a good time. One evening — the sun was just going down in fine style — there came a whole flock of great handsome birds out of the bushes; they were shining white, with long, supple necks; they were swans. They uttered a very strange cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! and the ugly Duckling had such a strange feeling as he saw them! He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck towards them, and uttered a cry, so high, so strange, that he was frightened as he heard it.

Oh! he could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and as soon as he could see them no longer, he dived down to the very bottom, and when he came up again, he was quite beside himself. He did not know what the birds were, nor where they were flying to; but he loved them more than he had ever loved any one. He did not envy them at all. How could he think of wishing to have such loveliness as they had? He would have been glad if only the ducks would have let him be among them — the poor, ugly creature!

And the winter grew so cold, so cold! The Duckling had to swim about in the water, to keep it from freezing over; but every night the hole in which he swam about became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy cover sounded; and the Duckling had to use his legs all the time to keep the hole from freezing tight. At last he became worn out, and lay quite still, and thus froze fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by, and found him there; he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. Then the Duckling came to himself again. The children wanted to play with him; but he thought they wanted to hurt him, and in his terror he flew up into the milk-pan, so that the milk spilled over into the room. The woman screamed and shook her hand in the air, at which the Duckling flew down into the tub where they kept the butter, and then into the meal-barrel and out again. How he looked then! The woman screamed, and struck at him with the fire tongs; the children tumbled over one another as they tried to catch the Duckling; and they laughed and they screamed! — well was it that the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the bushes into the newly-fallen snow — there he lay quite worn out.

But it would be too sad if I were to tell all the misery and care which the Duckling had to bear in the hard winter. He lay out on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again and the larks to sing; it was a beautiful spring.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap his wings: they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore him stoutly away; and before he well knew it, he found himself in a great garden, where the elder-trees stood in flower, and bent their long green branches down to the winding canal, and the lilacs smelt sweet. Oh, here it was beautiful, fresh, and springlike! and from the thicket came three glorious white swans; they rustled their wings, and sat lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt a strange sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds! and they will beat me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to come near them. But it is all the same. Better to be killed by them than to be chased by ducks, and beaten by fowls, and pushed about by the girl who takes care of the poultry yard, and to suffer hunger in winter!" And he flew out into the water, and swam toward the beautiful swans: these looked at him, and came sailing down upon him with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bent his head down upon the water, and waited for death. But what saw he in the clear water? He saw below him his own image; and lo! it was no longer a clumsy dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but — a swan!

It matters nothing if one is born in a duck-yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

He felt quite glad at all the need and hard times he had borne; now he could joy in his good luck in all the brightness that was round him. And the great swans swam round him and stroked him with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children, who threw bread and corn into the water; and the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted, "Yes, a new one has come!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown into the water; and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and so handsome!" and the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud, for a good heart is never proud. He thought how he had been driven about and mocked and despised; and now he heard them all saying that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. And the lilacs bent their branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried from the depths of his heart:—

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling."

THE LOVERS.

A WHIP TOP and a little Ball were together in a drawer among some other toys; and the Top said to the Ball, "Shall we not be bridegroom and bride, as we live together in the same box?"

But the Ball, which had a coat of morocco leather, and was just as conceited as any fine lady, would make no answer to such a proposal.

Next day the little boy came to whom the toys belonged; he painted the Top red and yellow, and hammered a brass nail into it; and it looked splendid when the Top turned round!

"Look at me!" he cried to the Ball. "What do you say now? Shall we not be engaged to each other? We suit one another so well! You jump and I dance! No one could be happier than we two should be."

"Indeed! Do you think so?" replied the little Ball. "Perhaps you do not know my papa and mamma were morocco slippers, and that I have a Spanish cork inside me?"

"Yes, but I am made of mahogany," said the Top; "and the mayor himself turned me. He has a turning-lathe of his own, and it amuses him greatly."

"Can I depend upon that?" asked the little Ball.

"May I never be whipped again if it is not true!" replied the Top.

"You can speak well for yourself," observed the Ball, "but I cannot grant your request. I am as good as engaged to a swallow; every time I leap up into the air she puts her head out of her nest and says, 'Will you?' And now I have silently said 'Yes,' and that is as good as half engaged; but I promise I will never forget you."

"Yes, that will be much good!" said the Top.

And they spoke no more to each other.

The next day the Ball was taken out by the boy. The Top saw how high it flew into the air, like a bird; at last one could no longer see it. Each time it came back again, but gave a high leap when it touched the earth, and that was done either from its longing to mount up again, or because it had a Spanish cork in its body. But the ninth time the little Ball remained absent, and did not come back again; and the boy sought and sought, but it was gone.

"I know very well where it is!" sighed the Top. "It is in the swallow's nest, and has married the swallow."

The more the Top thought of this, the more it longed for the Ball. Just because it could not get the Ball, its love increased; and the fact that the Ball had chosen another formed a peculiar feature in the case. So the Top danced round and hummed, but always thought of the little Ball, which became more and more beautiful in his fancy. Thus several years went by, and now it was an old love.

And the Top was no longer young! But one day he was gilt all over; never had he looked so handsome; he was now a golden Top, and sprang till he hummed again. Yes, that was something worth seeing! But all at once he sprang up too high, and — he was gone.

They looked and looked, even in the cellar, but he was not to be found. Where could he be?

He had jumped into the dust box, where all kinds of things were lying: cabbage stalks, sweepings, and dust that had fallen down from the roof.

"Here's a nice place to lie in! The gilding will soon leave me here. Among what a rabble have I alighted."

And then he looked sideways at a long, leafless cabbage stump, and at a curious round thing that looked like an old apple; but it was not an apple — it was an old Ball, which had lain for years in the gutter on the roof, and was quite saturated with water.

"Thank goodness, here comes one of us, with whom one can talk!" said the little Ball, and looked at the gilt Top. "I am really morocco, worked by maiden's hands, and have a Spanish cork within me; but no one would think it to look at me. I was very nearly marrying a swallow, but I fell into the gutter on the roof, and have lain there full five years, and become quite wet through. You may believe me; that's a long time for a young girl."

But the Top said nothing. He thought of his old love; and the more he heard, the clearer it became to him that this was she.

Then came the servant girl, and wanted to turn out the dust box.

"Aha! there's a gilt Top!" she cried.

And so the Top was brought again to notice and honor, but nothing was heard of the little Ball. And the Top spoke no more of his old love; for that dies away when the beloved object has lain for five years in a gutter and got wet through; yes, one does not know her again when he meets her in the dust box.

ANEURIN.

Aneurin, a famous Welsh bard of the sixth century. Of his epic and songs we possess the "Godolin," which is believed to be a description of one of the last great battles of the native Britons with the Saxon invaders. The poem as it has come down to us contains nearly 1000 lines, but it is not complete and lacks unity. The sense is obscure, and several passages are capable of various interpretations.

The Giant Gwrveling falls at Last.

(The bard tells the story of Gwrveling's revelry, impulsive bravery, and final slaughter of the foe before yielding to their prowess.)

Light of lights — the sun,
  Leader of the day,
First to rise and run
  His appointed way,
Crowned with many a ray,
  Seeks the British sky;
Sees the flight's dismay,
  Sees the Britons fly.
The horn in Eiddin's hall
  Had sparkled with the wine,
And thither, at a call
  To drink and be divine,
He went, to share the feast
  Of reapers, wine and mead.
He drank, and so increased
  His daring for wild deed.
The reapers sang of war
  That lifts its shining wings,
  Its shining wings of fire,
Its shields that flutter far,
The bards, too, sang of war,
Of plumed and crested war;
  The song rose ever higher.

Not a shield
Escapes the shock,
To the field
They fiercely flock, —
There to fall.
But of all
Who struck on giant Gwrveling,
Whom he would he struck again,
All he struck in grave were lain,
Ere the bearers came to bring
To his grave stout Gwrveling.

Commencement of the Gododin.

Lo, the youth, in mind a man,
Daring in the battle's van!
See the splendid warrior's speed
On his fleet and thick-maned steed,
As his buckler, beaming wide,
Decks the courser's slender side,
With his steel of spotless mould,
Ermined vest and spurs of gold.
Think not, youth, that e'er from me
Hate or spleen shall flow to thee:
Nobler meed thy virtues claim,
Eulogy and tuneful fame.
Ah! much sooner comes thy bier
Than thy nuptial feast, I fear:
Ere thou mak'st the foeman bleed
Ravens on thy corse shall feed.
Owain, lov'd companion, friend,
To birds a prey — is this thy end?
Tell me, steed, on what sad plain
Thy ill-fated lord was slain.

MICHEL ANGELO.

Angelo Michel, also known as Michelagnolo Buonarroti, the eminent Italian sculptor, painter, architect, and poet; born at Caprese, March 6, 1475; died at Rome, February 18, 1564. Of world-wide and lasting renown as an artist and architect, his claim to literary fame rests upon his sonnets and letters. The best edition of his "Poems" was published at Florence, 1863; an English translation of the sonnets by Symonds, London, 1892. A volume of "Letters" was published at Florence, 1865.

Sonnets of Michel Angelo.

(Translated by J. A. Symonds.)

THE GARLAND AND THE GIRDLE.

What joy hath yon glad wreath of flowers that is
Around her golden hair so deftly twined,
Each blossom pressing forward from behind,
As though to be the first her brows to kiss!
The livelong day her dress hath perfect bliss,
That now reveals her breast, now seems to bind;
And that fair woven net of gold refined
Rests on her cheek and throat in happiness.
Yet still more blissful seems to me the band
Gilt at the tips, so sweetly doth it ring
And clasp the bosom that it serves to lace;
Yea! and the belt to such as understand,
Bound round her waist, saith — "Here I'd ever cling!"
What would my arm do in that girdle's place?

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF BEAUTY.

(*A Dialogue with Love.*)

Nay! prithee tell me, Love! when I behold
My Lady, do mine eyes her beauty see
In truth, or dwells that loveliness in me
Which multiplies her grace a thousandfold?

Thou needs must know, — for thou with her of old
Comest to stir my soul's tranquillity;
Yet would I not seek one sigh less, or be
By loss of that loved flame more simply cold. —
"The beauty thou discernest is all hers;
But grows in radiance as it soars on high
Through mortal eyes unto the soul above:
'T is there transfigured, — for the soul confers,
On what she holds, her own divinity:
And this transfigured beauty wins thy love."

SONNETS TO VITTORIA.

Now on the one foot, on the other now,
'Twixt vice and virtue balancing below,
Wearied and anxious in my troubled mind,
Seeking where'er I may salvation find.
Like one to whom the stars by clouds are crossed;
Who, turn which way he will, errs, and is lost.
Therefore take thou my heart's unwritten page,
And write thou on it what is wanted there;
And hold before it, in life's daily stage,
The line of action which it craves in prayer.
So that, amid the errors of my youth,
My own shortcomings may not hide the truth:
If humble sinners lower in heaven stood,
Than the proud doers of superfluous good.

Not all unworthy of the boundless grace
Which thou, most noble lady, hast bestowed,
I fain at first would pay the debt I owed,
And some small gift for thy acceptance place.
But soon I felt, 't is not alone desire
That opes the way to reach an aim so high;
My rash pretensions their success deny,
And I grow wise while failing to aspire.
And well I see how false it were to think
That any work, faded and frail, of mine,
Could emulate the perfect grace of thine.
Genius and art and daring backward shrink;
A thousand works from mortals like to me
Can ne'er repay what Heaven has given thee!

When godlike art has, with superior thought,
The limbs and motions in idea conceived,
A simple form, in humble clay achieved,

MICHAEL ANGELO READING HIS SONNETS TO
VITTORIA COLONNA

From Painting by H. Schneider

Is the first offering into being brought:
Then stroke on stroke from out the living rock,
Its promised work the practised chisel brings,
And into life a form so graceful springs,
That none can fear for it time's rudest shock.
Such was my birth: in humble mould I lay
At first; to be by thee, oh, lady high!
Renewed, and to a work more perfect brought;
Thou giv'st what lacking is, and filest away
All roughness: yet what tortures lie,
Ere my wild heart can be restrained and taught!

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF VITTORIA.

When she, the aim of every hope and prayer,
Was called by death to yon celestial spheres,
Nature, who ne'er had fashioned aught so fair,
Stood there ashamed, and all who saw shed tears.
O cruel fate, quenching the dreams of love!
O empty hopes! O spirit rare and blest!
Where art thou now? On earth thy fair limbs rest:
Thy holy thoughts have found their home above.
Yet let us think not cruel death could e'er
Have stilled the sound of all thy virtuous ways:
Lethe's oblivion could extinguish nought;
For, robbed of thee, a thousand records fair
Speak of thee yet; and death from heaven conveys
Thy powers divine, and thy immortal thought.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

Annunzio, Gabriele d', a realistic Italian novelist and poet; born on the yacht "Irene" in the Adriatic, near Pescara, in 1864. Educated at Prato; went to Rome in 1880; and is one of the most conspicuous Italian writers of the day. He abandoned Italian traditions for the modern French realism. His poems and novels are brilliant but sensual, the later works pessimistic. They include: "Pleasure" (1889); "The Triumph of Death" (1894); and "Maidens of the Crag" (1895). Among his poems are: "The New Song" (Rome, 1882); "Interludes of Verse" (1883); and "Marine Odes" (1893).

The Drowned Boy.

(From "The Triumph of Death.")

All of a sudden, Albadora, the septuagenarian Cybele, she who had given life to twenty-two sons and daughters, came toiling up the narrow lane into the court, and indicating the neighboring shore, where it skirted the promontory on the left, announced breathlessly: —

"Down yonder there has been a child drowned!"

Candia made the sign of the cross. Giorgio arose and ascended to the loggia, to observe the spot designated. Upon the sand, below the promontory, in close vicinity to the chain of rocks and the tunnel, he perceived a blotch of white, presumably the sheet which hid the little body. A group of people had gathered around it.

As Ippolita had gone to mass with Elena at the chapel of the Port, he yielded to his curiosity and said to his entertainers: —

"I am going down to see."

"Why?" asked Candia. "Why do you wish to put a pain in your heart?"

Hastening down the narrow lane, he descended by a short cut to the beach, and continued along the water. Reaching the spot, somewhat out of breath, he inquired: —

"What has happened?"

The assembled peasants saluted him and made way for him. One of them answered tranquilly: —

"The son of a mother has been drowned."

Another, clad in linen, who seemed to be standing guard over the corpse, bent down and drew aside the sheet.

The inert little body was revealed, extended upon the unyielding sand. It was a lad, eight or nine years old, fair and frail, with slender limbs. His head was supported on his few humble garments, rolled up in place of pillow, — the shirt, the blue trousers, the red sash, the cap of limp felt. His face was but slightly livid, with flat nose, prominent forehead, and long, long lashes; the mouth was half open, with thick lips which were turning blue, between which the widely spaced teeth gleamed white. His neck was slender, flaccid as a wilted stem, and seamed with tiny creases. The jointure of the arms at the shoulder looked feeble. The arms themselves were fragile, and covered with a down similar to the fine plumage which clothes the bodies of newly hatched birds. The whole outline of the ribs was distinctly visible; down the middle of the breast the skin was divided by a darker line; the navel stood out, like a knot. The feet, slightly bloated, had assumed the same sallow color as the little hands, which were callous and strewn with warts, with white nails beginning to turn livid. On the left arm, on the thighs near the groin, and further down, on the knees and along the legs, appeared reddish blotches of scurf. Every detail of this wretched little body assumed, in the eyes of Giorgio, an extraordinary significance, immobile as it was and fixed forever in the rigidity of death.

"How was he drowned? Where?" he questioned, lowering his voice.

The man dressed in linen gave, with some show of impatience, the account which he had probably had to repeat too many times already. He had a brutal countenance, square-cut, with bushy brows, and a large mouth, harsh and savage. Only a little while after leading the sheep back to their stalls, the lad, taking his breakfast along with him, had gone down, together with a comrade, to bathe. He had hardly set foot in the water, when he had fallen and was drowned. At the cries of his comrade, some one from the house overhead on the bluff had hurried down, and wading in up to the knees, had dragged him from the water half dead; they had turned him upside down to make him throw up the water, they had shaken him, but to no purpose. To indicate just how far the poor little fellow had gone in, the man picked up a pebble and threw it into the sea.

"There, only to there; at three yards from the shore!"

The sea lay at rest, breathing peacefully, close to the head of the dead child. But the sun blazed fiercely down upon the sand; and something pitiless, emanating from that sky of flame and from those stolid witnesses, seemed to pass over the pallid corpse.

"Why," asked Giorgio, "do you not place him in the shade, in one of the houses, on a bed?"

"He is not to be moved," declared the man on guard, "until they hold the inquest."

"At least carry him into the shade, down there, below the embankment!"

Stubbornly the man reiterated, "He is not to be moved."

There could be no sadder sight than that frail, lifeless little being, extended on the stones, and watched over by the impassive brute who repeated his account every time in the selfsame words, and every time made the selfsame gesture, throwing a pebble into the sea: —

"There; only to there."

A woman joined the group, a hook-nosed termagant, with gray eyes and sour lips, mother of the dead boy's comrade. She manifested plainly a mistrustful restlessness, as if she anticipated some accusation against her own son. She spoke with bitterness, and seemed almost to bear a grudge against the victim.

"It was his destiny. God had said to him, 'Go into the sea, and end yourself.'"

She gesticulated with vehemence. "What did he go in for if he did not know how to swim?"

A young lad, a stranger in the district, the son of a mariner, repeated contemptuously, "Yes, what did he go in for? We, yes, who know how to swim —"

Other people joined the group, gazed with cold curiosity, then lingered or passed on. A crowd occupied the railroad embankment, another gathered on the crest of the promontory, as if at a spectacle. Children, seated or kneeling, played with pebbles, tossing them into the air and catching them, now on the back and now in the hollow of their hands. They all showed the same profound indifference to the presence of other people's troubles and of death.

Another woman joined the group on her way home from mass, wearing a dress of silk and all her gold ornaments. For her also the harassed custodian repeated his account, for her also he indicated the spot in the water. She was talkative.

"I am always saying to *my* children, 'Don't you go into the water, or I will kill you!' The sea is the sea. Who can save himself?"

She called to mind other instances of drowning; she called to mind the case of the drowned man with the head cut off, driven by the waves all the way to San Vito, and found among the rocks by a child.

"Here, among these rocks. He came and told us, 'There is a dead man there.' We thought he was joking. But we came and we found. He had no head. They had an inquest; he was buried in a ditch; then in the night he was dug up again. His flesh was all mangled and like jelly, but he still had his boots on. The judge said, 'See, they are better than mine!' So he must have been a rich man. And it turned out that he was a dealer in cattle. They had killed him and chopped off his head, and had thrown him into the Tronto."

She continued to talk in her shrill voice, from time to time sucking in the superfluous saliva with a slight hissing sound.

"And the mother? When is the mother coming?"

At that name there arose exclamations of compassion from all the women who had gathered.

"The mother! There comes the mother, now!"

And all of them turned around, fancying that they saw her in the far distance, along the burning strand. Some of the women could give particulars about her. Her name was Riccangela; she was a widow with seven children. She had placed this one in a farmer's family, so that he might tend the sheep, and gain a morsel of bread.

One woman said, gazing down at the corpse, "Who knows how much pains the mother has taken in raising him!" Another said, "To keep the children from going hungry she has even had to ask charity."

Another told how, only a few months before, the unfortunate child had come very near strangling to death in a courtyard in a pool of water barely six inches deep. All the women repeated, "It was his destiny. He was bound to die that way."

And the suspense of waiting rendered them restless, anxious. "The mother! There comes the mother now!"

Feeling himself grow sick at heart, Giorgio exclaimed, "Can't you take him into the shade, or into a house, so that the mother will not see him here naked on the stones, under a sun like this?"

Stubbornly the man on guard objected: — "He is not to be touched. He is not to be moved — until the inquest is held."

The bystanders gazed in surprise at the stranger — Candia's stranger. Their number was augmenting. A few occupied the embankment shaded with acacias; others crowned the promontory rising abruptly from the rocks. Here and there, on the monstrous bowlders, a tiny boat lay sparkling like gold at the foot of the detached crag, so lofty that it gave the effect of the ruins of some Cyclopean tower, confronting the immensity of the sea.

All at once, from above on the height, a voice announced, "There she is."

Other voices followed: — "The mother! The mother!"

All turned. Some stepped down from the embankment. Those on the promontory leaned far over. All became silent, in expectation. The man on guard drew the sheet once more over the corpse. In the midst of the silence, the sea barely seemed to draw its breath, the acacias barely rustled. And then through the silence they could hear her cries as she drew near.

The mother came along the strand, beneath the sun, crying aloud. She was clad in widow's mourning. She tottered along the sand, with bowed body, calling out, "O my son! My son!"

She raised her palms to heaven, and then struck them upon her knees, calling out, "My son!"

One of her older sons, with a red handkerchief bound around his neck, to hide some sore, followed her like one demented, dashing aside his tears with the back of his hand. She advanced along the strand, beating her knees, directing her steps toward the sheet. And as she called upon her dead, there issued from her mouth sounds scarcely human, but rather like the howling of some savage dog. As she drew near, she bent over lower and lower, she placed herself almost on all fours; till, reaching him, she threw herself with a howl upon the sheet.

She arose again. With hand rough and toil-stained, hand toughened by every variety of labor, she uncovered the body. She gazed upon it a few instants, motionless as though turned to stone. Then time and time again, shrilly, with all the power of her voice, she called as if trying to awaken him, "My son! My son! My son!"

Sobs suffocated her. Kneeling beside him, she beat her sides furiously with her fists. She turned her despairing eyes around upon the circle of strangers. During a pause in her paroxysms she seemed to recollect herself. And then she began to sing. She sang her sorrow in a rhythm which rose and fell continually, like the palpitation of a heart. It was the ancient monody which from time immemorial, in the land of the Abruzzi, the women have sung over the remains of their relatives. It was the melodious eloquence of sacred sorrow, which renewed spontaneously, in the profundity of her being, this hereditary rhythm in which the mothers of bygone ages had modulated their lamentations.

She sang on and on: — "Open your eyes, arise and walk, my son! How beautiful you are! How beautiful you are!"

She sang on: — "For a morsel of bread I have drowned you, my son! For a morsel of bread I have borne you to the slaughter! For that have I raised you!"

But the irate woman with the hooked nose interrupted her: — "It was not you who drowned him; it was Destiny. It was not you who took him to the slaughter. You had placed him in the midst of bread." And making a gesture toward the hill where the house stood which had sheltered the lad, she added, "They kept him there, like a pink at the ear."

The mother continued: — "O my son, who was it sent you; who was it sent you here, to drown?"

And the irate woman: — "Who was it sent him? It was our Lord. He said to him, 'Go into the water and end yourself.'"

As Giorgio was affirming in a low tone to one of the bystanders that if succored in time the child might have been saved, and that they had killed him by turning him upside down and holding him suspended by the feet, he felt the gaze of the mother fixed upon him. "Can't you do something for him, sir?" she prayed. "Can't you do something for him?"

And she prayed: — "O Madonna of the Miracles, work a miracle for him!"

Touching the head of the dead boy, she repeated: — "My son! my son! my son! arise and walk!"

On his knees in front of her was the brother of the dead boy; he was sobbing, but without grief, and from time to time he glanced around with a face that suddenly grew indifferent. Another brother, the oldest one, remained at a little distance, seated in the shade of a bowlder; and he was making a great show of grief, hiding his face in his hands. The women, striving to console the mother, were bending over her with gestures of compassion, and accompanying her monody with an occasional lament.

And she sang on: — "Why have I sent you forth from my house? Why have I sent you to your death? I have done everything to keep my children from hunger; everything, everything, except to be a woman with a price. And for a morsel of bread I have lost you! This was the way you were to die!"

Thereupon the woman with the hawk nose raised her petticoats in an impetus of wrath, entered the water up to her knees, and cried: — "Look! He came only to here. Look! The water is like oil. It is a sign that he was bound to die that way."

With two strides she regained the shore. "Look!" she repeated, pointing to the deep imprint in the sand made by the man who recovered the body. "Look!"

The mother looked in a dull way; but it seemed as if she neither saw nor comprehended. After her first wild outbursts of grief, there came over her brief pauses, amounting to an obscurement of consciousness. She would remain silent, she would touch her foot or her leg with a mechanical gesture. Then she would wipe away her tears with the black apron. She seemed to be quieting down. Then, all of a sudden, a fresh explosion would shake her from head to foot, and prostrate her upon the corpse.

"And I cannot take you away! I cannot take you in these arms to the church! My son! My son!"

She fondled him from head to foot, she caressed him softly. Her savage anguish was softened to an infinite tenderness. Her hand — the burnt and callous hand of a hard-working woman — became infinitely gentle as she touched the eyes, the mouth, the forehead of her son.

"How beautiful you are! How beautiful you are!"

She touched his lower lip, already turned blue; and as she pressed it slightly, a whitish froth issued from the mouth. From between his lashes she brushed away some speck, very carefully, as though fearful of hurting him.

"How beautiful you are, heart of your mamma!"

His lashes were long, very long, and fair. On his temples, on his cheeks was a light bloom, pale as gold.

"Do you not hear me? Rise and walk."

She took the little well-worn cap, limp as a rag. She gazed at it and kissed it, saying: —

"I am going to make myself a charm out of this, and wear it always on my breast."

She lifted the child; a quantity of water escaped from the mouth and trickled down upon the breast.

"O Madonna of the Miracles, perform a miracle!" she prayed, raising her eyes to heaven in a supreme supplication. Then she laid softly down again the little being who had been so dear to her, and took up the worn shirt, the red sash, the cap. She rolled them up together in a little bundle, and said: —

"This shall be my pillow; on these I shall rest my head, always, at night; on these I wish to die."

She placed these humble relics on the sand, beside the head of her child, and rested her temple on them, stretching herself out, as if on a bed.

Both of them, mother and son, now lay side by side, on the hard rocks, beneath the flaming sky, close to the homicidal sea. And now she began to croon the very lullaby which in the past had diffused pure sleep over his infant cradle.

She took up the red sash, and said, "I want to dress him."

The cross-grained woman, who still held her ground, assented. "Let us dress him now."

And she herself took the garments from under the head of the dead boy; she felt in the jacket pocket and found a slice of bread and a fig.

"Do you see? They had given him his food just before, — just before. They cared for him like a pink at the ear."

The mother gazed upon the little shirt, all soiled and torn, over which her tears fell rapidly, and said, "Must I put that shirt on him?"

The other woman promptly raised her voice to some one of her family, above on the bluff: — "Quick, bring one of Nufrillo's new shirts!" The new shirt was brought. The mother flung herself down beside him.

"Get up, Riccangela, get up!" solicited the women around her.

She did not heed them. "Is my son to stay like that on the stones, and I not stay there too? — like that, on the stones, my own son?"

"Get up, Riccangela, come away.

She arose. She gazed once more with terrible intensity upon the little livid face of the dead. Once again she called with all the power of her voice, "My son! My son! My son!"

Then with her own hands she covered up with the sheet the unheeding remains.

And the women gathered around her, drew her a little to one side, under shadow of a bowlder; they forced her to sit down, they lamented with her.

Little by little the spectators melted away. There remained only a few of the women comforters; there remained the man clad in linen, the impassive custodian, who was awaiting the inquest.

The dog-day sun poured down upon the strand, and lent to the funeral sheet a dazzling whiteness. Amidst the heat the promontory raised its desolate aridity straight upward from the tortuous chain of rocks. The sea, immense and green, pursued its constant, even breathing. And it seemed as if the languid hour was destined never to come to an end.

Under shadow of the bowlder, opposite the white sheet, which was raised up by the rigid form of the corpse beneath, the mother continued her monody in the rhythm rendered sacred by all the sorrows, past and present, of her race. And it seemed as if her lamentation was destined never to come to an end.

From "The Triumph of Death."

"One day a little girl of the neighborhood came to play with me — a pretty little blond girl named Clarisse. We amused ourselves on the terrace, to the great damage of the vases. My aunt's turtle-dove appeared on the sill, looked at us without suspicion, and squatted down in a corner to enjoy the sunshine. Scarcely had Clarisse perceived it, however, when she started forward to seize it. The poor little creature tried to escape by hopping away, but it limped so comically that we could not control our laughter. Clarisse caught it; she was a cruel child. From laughing we were both as drunk. The turtle-dove trembled with fear in our hands.

"Clarisse plucked one of its feathers; then (I shudder still when I think of it) she plucked the dove almost entirely, before my eyes, with peals of laughter which made me laugh too. One could have believed that she was intoxicated. The poor creature, despoiled of its feathers, bleeding, escaped into the house as soon as it was liberated. We started to pursue it, but, almost at the same moment, we heard the tinkle of the bell, and the calls of my aunt who was coughing in her bed. Clarisse escaped rapidly by the stairway ; I hid myself behind the curtains. The turtle-dove died that same night. My aunt sent me to Rome, convinced that I was guilty of this barbarity. Alas! I never saw Aunt Jane again. How I have wept! My remorse will last forever."

To an Impromptu of Chopin.

When thou upon my breast art sleeping,
I hear across the midnight gray —
I hear the muffled note of weeping,
So near — so sad — so far away!

All night I hear the teardrops falling —
Each drop by drop — my heart must weep;
I hear the falling blood-drops — lonely,
Whilst thou dost sleep — while thou dost sleep.

India.

India — whose enamelled page unrolled
Like autumn's gilded pageant, 'neath a sun
That withers not for ancient kings undone
Or gods decaying in their shrines of gold —
Where were thy vaunted princes, that of old
Trod thee with thunder — of thy saints was none,
To rouse thee when the onslaught was begun,
That shook the tinselled sceptre from thy hold?

Dead — though behind thy gloomy citadels
The fountains lave their baths of porphyry;
Dead — though the rose-trees of thy myriad dells
Breathe as of old their speechless ecstasy;
Dead — though within thy temples, courts, and cells,
Their countless lamps still supplicate for thee.

F. ANSTEY.

Anstey, F., pseudonym of Thomas Anstey Guthrie, an English humorist; born in Kensington in 1856. He graduated from Cambridge in 1875, was called to the bar in 1880, and joined "Punch" staff in 1887. He is the author of "Vice Versâ" (1882); "The Giant's Robe" (1883); "The Black Poodle" (1884); "The Tinted Venus" (1885); "The Pariah" (1889); "Voces Populi" (1890); "Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen" (1893); and "Puppets at Large" (1897).

The Black Poodle.

I have set myself the task of relating in the course of this story, without suppressing or altering a single detail, the most painful and humiliating episode in my life.

I do this not because it will give me the least pleasure, but simply because it affords me an opportunity of extenuating myself which has hitherto been wholly denied to me.

As a general rule I am quite aware that to publish a lengthy explanation of one's conduct in any questionable transaction is not the best means of recovering a lost reputation; but in my own case there is one to whom I shall never more be permitted to justify myself by word of mouth — even if I found myself able to attempt it. And as she could not possibly think worse of me than she does at present, I write this, knowing it can do me no harm, and faintly hoping that it may come to her notice and suggest a doubt whether I am quite so unscrupulous a villain, so consummate a hypocrite, as I have been forced to appear in her eyes.

The bare chance of such a result makes me perfectly indifferent to all else: I cheerfully expose to the derision of the whole reading world the story of my weakness and my shame, since by doing so I may possibly rehabilitate myself somewhat in the good opinion of one person.

Having said so much, I will begin my confession without further delay: —

My name is Algernon Weatherhead, and I may add that I am in one of the Government departments; that I am an only son, and live at home with my mother.

We had had a house at Hammersmith until just before the period covered by this history, when, our lease expiring, my mother decided that my health required country air at the close of the day, and so we took a "desirable villa residence" on one of the many new building estates which have lately sprung up in such profusion in the home counties.

We have called it "Wistaria Villa." It is a pretty little place, the last of a row of detached villas, each with its tiny rustic carriage gate and gravel sweep in front, and lawn enough for a tennis court behind, which lines the road leading over the hill to the railway station.

I could certainly have wished that our landlord, shortly after giving us the agreement, could have found some other place to hang himself in than one of our attics, for the consequence was that a housemaid left us in violent hysterics about every two months, having learnt the tragedy from the tradespeople, and naturally "seen a somethink" immediately afterwards.

Still it is a pleasant house, and I can now almost forgive the landlord for what I shall always consider an act of gross selfishness on his part.

In the country, even so near town, a next-door neighbor is something more than a mere numeral; he is a possible acquaintance, who will at least consider a new-comer as worth the experiment of a call. I soon knew that "Shuturgarden," the next house to our own, was occupied by a Colonel Currie, a retired Indian officer; and often, as across the low boundary wall I caught a glimpse of a graceful girlish figure flitting about amongst the rose-bushes in the neighboring garden, I would lose myself in pleasant anticipations of a time not far distant when the wall which separated us would be (metaphorically) levelled.

I remember — ah, how vividly! — the thrill of excitement with which I heard from my mother on returning from town one evening that the Curries had called, and seemed disposed to be all that was neighborly and kind.

I remember, too, the Sunday afternoon on which I returned their call — alone, as my mother had already done so during the week. I was standing on the steps of the Colonel's villa waiting for the door to open when I was startled by a furious snarling and yapping behind, and, looking round, discovered a large poodle in the act of making for my legs.

He was a coal-black poodle, with half of his right ear gone, and absurd little thick moustaches at the end of his nose; he was shaved in the sham-lion fashion, which is considered, for some mysterious reason, to improve a poodle, but the barber had left sundry little tufts of hair which studded his haunches capriciously.

I could not help being reminded, as I looked at him, of another black poodle which Faust entertained for a short time, with unhappy results, and I thought that a very moderate degree of incantation would be enough to bring the fiend out of this brute.

He made me intensely uncomfortable, for I am of a slightly nervous temperament, with a constitutional horror of dogs and a liability to attacks of diffidence on performing the ordinary social rites under the most favorable conditions, and certainly the consciousness that a strange and apparently savage dog was engaged in worrying the heels of my boots was the reverse of reassuring.

The Currie family received me with all possible kindness: "So charmed to make your acquaintance, Mr. Weatherhead," said Mrs. Currie, as I shook hands. "I see," she added pleasantly, "you 've brought the doggie in with you." As a matter of fact, I had brought the doggie in at the ends of my coat-tails, but it was evidently no unusual occurrence for visitors to appear in this undignified manner, for she detached him quite as a matter of course, and, as soon as I was sufficiently collected, we fell into conversation.

I discovered that the Colonel and his wife were childless, and the slender willowy figure I had seen across the garden wall was that of Lilian Roseblade, their niece and adopted daughter. She came into the room shortly afterwards, and I felt as I went through the form of an introduction, that her sweet fresh face, shaded by soft masses of dusky brown hair, more than justified all the dreamy hopes and fancies with which I had looked forward to that moment.

She talked to me in a pretty, confidential, appealing way, which I have heard her dearest friends censure as childish and affected, but I thought then that her manner had an indescribable charm and fascination about it, and the memory of it makes my heart ache now with a pang that is not all pain.

Even before the Colonel made his appearance I had begun to see that my enemy, the poodle, occupied an exceptional position in that household. It was abundantly clear by the time I took my leave.

He seemed to be the centre of their domestic system, and even lovely Lilian revolved contentedly around him as a kind of satellite; he could do no wrong in his owner's eyes, his prejudices (and he was a narrow-minded animal) were rigorously respected, and all domestic arrangements were made with a primary view to his convenience.

I may be wrong, but I cannot think that it is wise to put any poodle upon such a pedestal as that. How this one in particular, as ordinary a quadruped as ever breathed, had contrived to impose thus upon his infatuated proprietors, I never could understand, but so it was — he even engrossed the chief part of the conversation, which after any lull seemed to veer round to him by a sort of natural law.

I had to endure a long biographical sketch of him — what a Society paper would call an "anecdotal photo" — and each fresh anecdote seemed to me to exhibit the depraved malignity of the beast in a more glaring light, and render the doting admiration of the family more astounding than ever.

"Did you tell Mr. Weatherhead, Lily, about Bingo" (Bingo was the poodle's preposterous name) "and Tacks? No? Oh, I *must* tell him that — it'll make him laugh. Tacks is our gardener down in the village (d' ye know Tacks?). Well, Tacks was up here the other day, nailing up some trellis-work at the top of a ladder, and all the time there was Master Bingo sitting quietly at the foot of it looking on; would n't leave it on any account. Tacks said he was quite company for him. Well, at last, when Tacks had finished and was coming down, what do you think that rascal there did? Just sneaked quietly up behind and nipped him in both calves and ran off. Been looking out for that the whole time! Ha, ha! — deep that, eh?"

I agreed with an inward shudder that it was very deep, thinking privately that, if this was a specimen of Bingo's usual treatment of the natives, it would be odd if he did not find himself deeper still before — probably *just* before — he died.

"Poor faithful old doggie!" murmured Mrs. Currie; "he thought Tacks was a nasty burglar, did n't he? he was n't going to see Master robbed, was he?"

"Capital house-dog, sir," struck in the Colonel. "Gad, I shall never forget how he made poor Heavisides run for it the other day! Ever met Heavisides of the Bombay Fusiliers? Well, Heavisides was staying here, and the dog met him one morning as he was coming down from the bath-room. Did n't recognize him in 'pyjamas' and a dressing-gown, of course, and made at him. He kept poor old Heavisides outside the landing window on the top of the cistern for a quarter of an hour, till I had to come and raise the siege!"

Such were the stories of that abandoned dog's blunderheaded ferocity to which I was forced to listen, while all the time the brute sat opposite me on the hearthrug, blinking at me from under his shaggy mane with his evil bleared eyes, and deliberating where he would have me when I rose to go.

This was the beginning of an intimacy which soon displaced all ceremony. It was very pleasant to go in there after dinner, even to sit with the Colonel over his claret and hear more stories about Bingo, for afterwards I could go into the pretty drawing-room and take my tea from Lilian's hands, and listen while she played Schubert to us in the summer twilight.

The poodle was always in the way, to be sure, but even his ugly black head seemed to lose some of its ugliness and ferocity when Lilian laid her pretty hand on it.

On the whole I think that the Currie family were well disposed towards me; the Colonel considering me as a harmless specimen of the average eligible young man — which I certainly was — and Mrs. Currie showing me favor for my mother's sake, for whom she had taken a strong liking.

As for Lilian, I believed I saw that she soon suspected the state of my feelings towards her and was not displeased by it. I looked forward with some hopefulness to a day when I could declare myself with no fear of a repulse.

But it was a serious obstacle in my path that I could not secure Bingo's good opinion on any terms. The family would often lament this pathetically themselves. "You see," Mrs. Currie would observe in apology, "Bingo is a dog that does not attach himself easily to strangers" — though for that matter I thought he was unpleasantly ready to attach himself to *me*.

I did try hard to conciliate him. I brought him propitiatory buns — which was weak and ineffectual, as he ate them with avidity, and hated me as bitterly as ever, for he had conceived from the first a profound contempt for me and a distrust which no blandishments of mine could remove. Looking back now, I am inclined to think it was a prophetic instinct that warned him of what was to come upon him through my instrumentality.

Only his approbation was wanting to establish for me a firm footing with the Curries, and perhaps determine Lilian's wavering heart in my direction; but, though I wooed that inflexible poodle with an assiduity I blush to remember, he remained obstinately firm.

Still, day by day, Lilian's treatment of me was more encouraging; day by day I gained in the esteem of her uncle and aunt; I began to hope that soon I should be able to disregard canine influence altogether.

Now there was one inconvenience about our villa (besides its flavor of suicide) which it is necessary to mention here. By common consent all the cats of the neighborhood had selected our garden for their evening reunions. I fancy that a tortoise-shell kitchen cat of ours must have been a sort of leader of local feline society — I know she was "at home," with music and recitations, on most evenings.

My poor mother found this interfere with her after-dinner nap, and no wonder, for if a cohort of ghosts had been "shrieking and squealing," as Calpurnia puts it, in our back garden, or it had been fitted up as a *crèche* for a nursery of goblin infants in the agonies of teething, the noise could not possibly have been more unearthly.

We sought for some means of getting rid of the nuisance: there was poison, of course, but we thought it would have an invidious appearance, and even lead to legal difficulties, if each dawn were to discover an assortment of cats expiring in hideous convulsions in various parts of the same garden.

Firearms, too, were open to objection, and would scarcely assist my mother's slumbers, so for some time we were at a loss for a remedy. At last, one day, walking down the Strand, I chanced to see (in an evil hour) what struck me as the very thing — it was an air-gun of superior construction displayed in a gunsmith's window. I went in at once, purchased it, and took it home in triumph; it would be noiseless and would reduce the local average of cats without scandal — one or two examples, and feline fashion would soon migrate to a more secluded spot.

I lost no time in putting this to the proof. That same evening I lay in wait after dusk at the study window, protecting my mother's repose. As soon as I heard the long-drawn wail, the preliminary sputter, and the wild stampede that followed, I let fly in the direction of the sound. I suppose I must have something of the national sporting instinct in me, for my blood was tingling with excitement; but the feline constitution assimilates lead without serious inconvenience, and I began to fear that no trophy would remain to bear witness to my marksmanship.

But all at once I made out a dark indistinct form slinking in from behind the bushes. I waited till it crossed a belt of light which streamed from the back kitchen below me, and then I took careful aim and pulled the trigger.

This time at least I had not failed — there was a smothered yell, a rustle — and then silence again. I ran out with the calm pride of a successful revenge to bring in the body of my victim, and I found underneath a laurel, no predatory tom-cat, but (as the discerning reader will no doubt have foreseen long since) the quivering carcass of the Colonel's black poodle!

I intend to set down here the exact unvarnished truth, and I confess that at first, when I knew what I had done, I was *not* sorry. I was quite innocent of any intention of doing it, but I felt no regret. I even laughed — madman that I was — at the thought that there was the end of Bingo at all events; that impediment was removed, my weary task of conciliation was over forever!

But soon the reaction came; I realized the tremendous nature of my deed, and shuddered. I had done that which might banish me from Lilian's side forever! All unwittingly I had slaughtered a kind of sacred beast, the animal around which the Currie household had wreathed their choicest affections! How was I to break it to them? Should I send Bingo in with a card tied to his neck and my regrets and compliments? That was too much like a present of game. Ought I not to carry him in myself? I would wreathe him in the best crape, I would put on black for him — the Curries would hardly consider a taper and a white sheet, or sackcloth and ashes, an excessive form of atonement — but I could not grovel to quite such an abject extent.

I wondered what the Colonel would say. Simple and hearty as a general rule, he had a hot temper on occasions, and it made me ill as I thought, would he and, worse still, would *Lilian* believe it was really an accident? They knew what an interest I had in silencing the deceased poodle — would they believe the simple truth?

I vowed that they *should* believe me. My genuine remorse and the absence of all concealment on my part would speak powerfully for me. I would choose a favorable time for my confession; that very evening I would tell all.

Still I shrank from the duty before me, and as I knelt down sorrowfully by the dead form and respectfully composed his stiffening limbs, I thought that it was unjust of Fate to place a well-meaning man, whose nerves were not of iron, in such a position.

Then, to my horror, I heard a well-known ringing tramp on the road outside, and smelt the peculiar fragrance of a Burmese cheroot. It was the Colonel himself, who had been taking out the doomed Bingo for his usual evening run.

I don't know how it was exactly, but a sudden panic came over me. I held my breath, and tried to crouch down unseen behind the laurels; but he had seen me, and came over at once to speak to me across the hedge.

He stood there not two yards from his favorite's body! Fortunately it was unusually dark that evening.

"Ha, there you are, eh?" he began heartily; "don't rise, my boy, don't rise." I was trying to put myself in front of the poodle, and did not rise — at least, only my hair did.

"You 're out late, ain't you?" he went on; "laying out your garden, hey?"

I could not tell him that I was laying out his poodle! My voice shook as, with a guilty confusion that was veiled by the dusk, I said it was a fine evening — which it was not.

"Cloudy, sir," said the Colonel, "cloudy — rain before morning, I think. By the way, have you seen anything of my Bingo in here?"

This was the turning point. What I *ought* to have done was to say mournfully, "Yes, I 'm sorry to say I 've had a most unfortunate accident with him — here he is — the fact is, I 'm afraid I 've *shot* him!"

But I could n't. I could have told him at my own time, in a prepared form of words — but not then. I felt I must use all my wits to gain time and fence with the questions.

"Why," I said with a leaden airiness, "he has n't given you the slip, has he?"

"Never did such a thing in his life," said the Colonel, warmly; "he rushed off after a rat, or a frog or something a few minutes ago, and as I stopped to light another cheroot I lost sight of him. I thought I saw him slip in under your gate, but I 've been calling him from the front there, and he won't come out."

No, and he never *would* come out any more. But the Colonel must not be told that just yet. I temporized again: "If," I said unsteadily, "if he had slipped in under the gate, I should have seen him. Perhaps he took it into his head to run home?"

"Oh, I shall find him on the doorstep, I expect, the knowing old scamp! Why, what d'ye think was the last thing he did, now?"

I could have given him the very latest intelligence; but I dared not. However, it was altogether too ghastly to kneel there and laugh at anecdotes of Bingo told across Bingo's dead body; I could not stand that! "Listen," I said suddenly, "wasn't that his bark? There again; it seems to come from the front of your house, don't you think?"

"Well," said the Colonel, "I'll go and fasten him up before he's off again. How your teeth are chattering — you've caught a chill, man — go indoors at once and, if you feel equal to it, look in half an hour later about grog time, and I'll tell you all about it. Compliments to your mother. Don't forget — about grog time!" I had got rid of him at last, and I wiped my forehead, gasping with relief. I would go round in half an hour, and then I should be prepared to make my melancholy announcement. For, even then, I never thought of any other course, until suddenly it flashed upon me with terrible clearness that my miserable shuffling by the hedge had made it impossible to tell the truth! I had not told a direct lie, to be sure, but then I had given the Colonel the impression that I had denied having seen the dog. Many people can appease their consciences by reflecting that, whatever may be the effect their words produce, they did contrive to steer clear of a downright lie. I never quite knew where the distinction lay, morally, but there *is* that feeling — I have it myself.

Unfortunately, prevarication has this drawback, that, if ever the truth comes to light, the prevaricator is in just the same case as if he had lied to the most shameless extent, and for a man to point out that the words he used contained no absolute falsehood will seldom restore confidence.

I might of course still tell the Colonel of my misfortune, and leave him to infer that it had happened after our interview, but the poodle was fast becoming cold and stiff, and they would most probably suspect the real time of the occurrence.

And then Lilian would hear that I had told a string of falsehoods to her uncle over the dead body of their idolized Bingo —

an act, no doubt, of abominable desecration, of unspeakable profanity in her eyes!

If it would have been difficult before to prevail on her to accept a bloodstained hand, it would be impossible after that. No, I had burnt my ships, I was cut off forever from the straightforward course; that one moment of indecision had decided my conduct in spite of me — I must go on with it now and keep up the deception at all hazards.

It was bitter. I had always tried to preserve as many of the moral principles which had been instilled into me as can be conveniently retained in this grasping world, and it had been my pride that, roughly speaking, I had never been guilty of an unmistakable falsehood.

But henceforth, if I meant to win Lilian, that boast must be relinquished forever! I should have to lie now with all my might, without limit or scruple, to dissemble incessantly, and "wear a mask," as the poet Bunn beautifully expressed it long ago, "over my hollow heart." I felt all this keenly — I did not think it was right — but what was I to do?

After thinking all this out very carefully, I decided that my only course was to bury the poor animal where he fell and say nothing about it. With some vague idea of precaution I first took off the silver collar he wore, and then hastily interred him with a garden-trowel and succeeded in removing all traces of the disaster.

I fancy I felt a certain relief in the knowledge that there would now be no necessity to tell my pitiful story and risk the loss of my neighbors' esteem.

By and by, I thought, I would plant a rose-tree over his remains, and some day, as Lilian and I, in the noontide of our domestic bliss, stood before it admiring its creamy luxuriance, I might (perhaps) find courage to confess that the tree owed some of that luxuriance to the long-lost Bingo.

There was a touch of poetry in this idea that lightened my gloom for the moment.

I need scarcely say that I did not go round to Shuturgarden that evening. I was not hardened enough for that yet — my manner might betray me, and so I very prudently stayed at home.

But that night my sleep was broken by frightful dreams. I was perpetually trying to bury a great gaunt poodle, which would persist in rising up through the damp mould as fast as I covered him up. . . . Lilian and I were engaged, and we were in church together on Sunday, and the poodle, resisting all attempts to eject him, forbade our banns with sepulchral barks. . . . It was our wedding-day, and at the critical moment the poodle leaped between us and swallowed the ring. . . . Or we were at the wedding-breakfast, and Bingo, a grizzly black skeleton with flaming eyes, sat on the cake and would not allow Lilian to cut it. Even the rose-tree fancy was reproduced in a distorted form — the tree grew, and every blossom contained a miniature Bingo, which barked; and as I woke I was desperately trying to persuade the Colonel that they were ordinary dog-roses.

I went up to the office next day with my gloomy secret gnawing my bosom, and, whatever I did, the spectre of the murdered poodle rose before me. For two days after that I dared not go near the Curries, until at last one evening after dinner I forced myself to call, feeling that it was really not safe to keep away any longer.

My conscience smote me as I went in. I put on an unconscious easy manner, which was such a dismal failure that it was lucky for me that they were too much engrossed to notice it.

I never before saw a family so stricken down by a domestic misfortune as the group I found in the drawing-room, making a dejected pretence of reading or working. We talked at first — and hollow talk it was — on indifferent subjects, till I could bear it no longer, and plunged boldly into danger.

"I don't see the dog," I began. "I suppose you — you found him all right the other evening, Colonel?" I wondered as I spoke whether they would not notice the break in my voice, but they did not.

"Why, the fact is," said the Colonel, heavily, gnawing his gray moustache, "we 've not heard anything of him since: he 's — he 's run off!"

"Gone, Mr. Weatherhead: gone without a word!" said Mrs. Currie, plaintively, as if she thought the dog might at least have left an address.

"I would n't have believed it of him," said the Colonel; "it has completely knocked me over. Have n't been so cut up for years — the ungrateful rascal!"

"Oh, Uncle!" pleaded Lilian, "don't talk like that; perhaps Bingo could n't help it — perhaps some one has s-s-shot him!"

"Shot!" cried the Colonel, angrily. "By heaven! if I thought there was a villain on earth capable of shooting that poor inoffensive dog, I'd — Why *should* they shoot him, Lilian? Tell me that! I — hope you won't let me hear you talk like that again. *You* don't think he 's shot, eh, Weatherhead?"

I said — Heaven forgive me! — that I thought it highly improbable.

He's not dead!" cried Mrs. Currie. "If he were dead I should know it somehow — I'm sure I should! But I'm certain he's alive. Only last night I had such a beautiful dream about him. I thought he came back to us, Mr. Weatherhead, driving up in a hansom cab, and he was just the same as ever — only he wore blue spectacles, and the shaved part of him was painted a bright red. And I woke up with the joy — so, you know, it's sure to come true!"

It will be easily understood what torture conversations like these were to me, and how I hated myself as I sympathized and spoke encouraging words concerning the dog's recovery, when I knew all the time he was lying hid under my garden mould. But I took it as a part of my punishment, and bore it all uncomplainingly; practice even made me an adept in the art of consolation — I believe I really was a great comfort to them.

I had hoped that they would soon get over the first bitterness of their loss, and that Bingo would be first replaced and then forgotten in the usual way; but there seemed no signs of this coming to pass.

The poor Colonel was too plainly fretting himself ill about it; he went pottering about forlornly — advertising, searching, and seeing people, but all of course to no purpose, and it told upon him. He was more like a man whose only son and heir had been stolen, than an Anglo-Indian officer who had lost a poodle. I had to affect the liveliest interest in all his inquiries and expeditions, and to listen to, and echo, the most extravagant eulogies of the departed, and the wear and tear of so much duplicity made me at last almost as ill as the Colonel himself.

I could not help seeing that Lilian was not nearly so much impressed by my elaborate concern as her relatives; and sometimes I detected an incredulous look in her frank brown eyes that made me very uneasy. Little by little, a rift widened between us, until at last in despair I determined to know the worst before the time came when it would be hopeless to speak at all. I chose a Sunday evening as we were walking across the green from church in the golden dusk, and then I ventured to speak to her of my love. She heard me to the end, and was evidently very much agitated. At last she murmured that it could not be, unless — no, it never could be now.

"Unless what?" I asked. "Lilian — Miss Roseblade, something has come between us lately; you will tell me what that something is, won't you?"

"Do you want to know *really?*" she said, looking up at me through her tears. "Then I'll tell you: it — it's Bingo!"

I started back overwhelmed. Did she know all? If not, how much did she suspect? I must find out that at once! "What about Bingo?" I managed to pronounce, with a dry tongue.

"You never l-loved him when he was here," she sobbed; "you know you did n't!"

I was relieved to find it was no worse than this.

"No," I said candidly; "I did not love Bingo. Bingo did n't love *me*, Lilian; he was always looking out for a chance of nipping me somewhere. Surely you won't quarrel with me for that!"

"Not for that," she said; "only, why do you pretend to be so fond of him now, and so anxious to get him back again? Uncle John believes you, but *I* don't. I can see quite well that you would n't be glad to find him. You can find him easily if you wanted to!"

"What do you mean, Lilian?" I said hoarsely. "*How* could I find him?" Again I feared the worst.

"You're in a Government office," cried Lilian, "and if you only chose, you could easily g-get G-Government to find Bingo! What's the use of Government if it can't do that? Mr. Travers would have found him long ago if I'd asked him!"

Lilian had never been so childishly unreasonable as this before, and yet I loved her more madly than ever; but I did not like this allusion to Travers, a rising barrister, who lived with his sister in a pretty cottage near the station, and had shown symptoms of being attracted by Lilian.

He was away on circuit just then, luckily, but at least even he would have found it a hard task to find Bingo — there was comfort in that.

"You know that is n't just, Lilian," I observed. "But only tell me what you want me to do?"

"Bub — bub — bring back Bingo!" she said.

"Bring back Bingo!" I cried in horror. "But suppose I *can't* — suppose he's out of the country, or — dead, what then, Lilian?"

"I can't help it," she said; "but I don't believe he *is* out of the country or dead. And while I see you pretending to Uncle that you cared awfully about him, and going on doing nothing at all, it makes me think you're not quite — quite *sincere!* And I could n't possibly marry any one while I thought that of him. And I shall always have that feeling unless you find Bingo!"

It was of no use to argue with her; I knew Lilian by that time. With her pretty caressing manner she united a latent obstinacy which it was hopeless to attempt to shake. I feared, too, that she was not quite certain as yet whether she cared for me or not, and that this condition of hers was an expedient to gain time.

I left her with a heavy heart. Unless I proved my worth by bringing back Bingo within a very short time, Travers would probably have everything his own way. And Bingo was dead!

However, I took heart. I thought that perhaps if I could succeed by my earnest efforts in persuading Lilian that I really was doing all in my power to recover the poodle, she might relent in time, and dispense with his actual production.

So, partly with this object, and partly to appease the remorse which now revived and stung me deeper than before, I undertook long and weary pilgrimages after office hours. I spent many pounds in advertisements; I interviewed dogs of every size, color, and breed, and of course I took care to keep Lilian informed of each successive failure. But still her heart was not touched; she was firm. If I went on like that, she told me, I was certain to find Bingo one day — then, but not before, would her doubts be set at rest.

I was walking one day through the somewhat squalid district which lies between Bow Street and High Holborn, when I saw, in a small theatrical costumier's window, a handbill stating that a black poodle had "followed a gentleman" on a certain date, and if not claimed and the finder remunerated before a stated time, would be sold to pay expenses.

I went in and got a copy of the bill to show Lilian, and although by that time I scarcely dared to look a poodle in the face, I thought I would go to the address given and see the animal, simply to be able to tell Lilian I had done so.

The gentleman whom the dog had very unaccountably followed was a certain Mr. William Blagg, who kept a little shop near Endell Street, and called himself a bird-fancier, though I should scarcely have credited him with the necessary imagination. He was an evil-browed ruffian in a fur cap, with a broad broken nose and little shifty red eyes, and after I had told him what I wanted, he took me through a horrible little den, stacked with piles of wooden, wire, and wicker prisons, each quivering with restless, twittering life, and then out into a back yard, in which were two or three rotten old kennels and tubs. "That there's him," he said, jerking his thumb to the farthest tub; "follered me all the way 'ome from Kinsington Gardings, *he* did. Kim out, will yer?"

And out of the tub there crawled slowly, with a snuffling whimper and a rattling of its chain, the identical dog I had slain a few evenings before!

At least, so I thought for a moment, and felt as if I had seen a spectre; the resemblance was so exact — in size, in every detail, even to the little clumps of hair about the hind parts, even to the lop of half an ear, this dog might have been the "doppelgänger" of the deceased Bingo. I suppose, after all, one black poodle is very like any other black poodle of the same size, but the likeness startled me.

I think it was then that the idea occurred to me that here was a miraculous chance of securing the sweetest girl in the whole world, and at the same time atoning for my wrong by bringing back gladness with me to Shuturgarden. It only needed a little boldness; one last deception, and I could embrace truthfulness once more.

Almost unconsciously, when my guide turned round and asked, "Is that there dawg yourn!" I said hurriedly, "Yes, yes — that's the dog I want, that — that's Bingo!"

"He don't seem to be a puttin' of 'isself out about seeing you again," observed Mr. Blagg, as the poodle studied me with a calm interest.

"Oh, he's not exactly *my* dog, you see," I said; "he belongs to a friend of mine!"

He gave me a quick furtive glance. "Then maybe you're mistook about him," he said; "and I can't run no risks. I was a goin' down in the country this 'ere werry evenin' to see a party as lives at Wistaria Willa, — he's been a hadwertisin' about a black poodle, *he* has!"

"But look here," I said, "that's *me*."

He gave me a curious leer. "No offence, you know, guv'nor," he said, "but I should wish for some evidence as to that afore I part with a vallyable dawg like this 'ere!"

"Well," I said, "here's one of my cards; will that do for you?"

He took it and spelt it out with a pretence of great caution, but I saw well enough that the old scoundrel suspected that if I had lost a dog at all, it was not this particular dog. "Ah," he said, as he put it in his pocket, "if I part with him to you, I must be cleared of all risks. I can't afford to get into trouble about no mistakes. Unless you likes to leave him for a day or two, you must pay accordin', you see."

I wanted to get the hateful business over as soon as possible. I did not care what I paid — Lilian was worth all the expense! I said I had no doubt myself as to the real ownership of the animal, but I would give him any sum in reason, and would remove the dog at once.

And so we settled it. I paid him an extortionate sum, and came away with a duplicate poodle, a canine counterfeit which I hoped to pass off at Shuturgarden as the long-lost Bingo.

I know it was wrong — it even came unpleasantly near dog-stealing — but I was a desperate man. I saw Lilian gradually slipping away from me, I knew that nothing short of this could ever recall her, I was sorely tempted, I had gone far on the same road already, it was the old story of being hung for a sheep. And so I fell.

Surely some who read this will be generous enough to consider the peculiar state of the case, and mingle a little pity with their contempt.

I was dining in town that evening and took my purchase home by a late train; his demeanor was grave and intensely respectable; he was not the animal to commit himself by any flagrant indiscretion — he was gentle and tractable, too, and in all respects an agreeable contrast in character to the original. Still, it may have been the after-dinner workings of conscience, but I could not help fancying that I saw a certain look in the creature's eyes, as if he were aware that he was required to connive at a fraud, and rather resented it.

If he would only be good enough to back me up! Fortunately, however, he was such a perfect facsimile of the outward Bingo, that the risk of detection was really inconsiderable.

When I got him home, I put Bingo's silver collar round his neck — congratulating myself on my forethought in preserving it, and took him in to see my mother. She accepted him as what he seemed, without the slightest misgiving; but this, though it encouraged me to go on, was not decisive, the spurious poodle would have to encounter the scrutiny of those who knew every tuft on the genuine animal's body!

Nothing would have induced me to undergo such an ordeal as that of personally restoring him to the Curries. We gave him supper, and tied him up on the lawn, where he howled dolefully all night, and buried bones.

The next morning I wrote a note to Mrs. Currie, expressing my pleasure at being able to restore the lost one, and another to Lilian, containing only the words, "Will you believe *now* that I am sincere?" Then I tied both round the poodle's neck and dropped him over the wall into the Colonel's garden just before I started to catch my train to town.

. . . .

I had an anxious walk home from the station that evening; I went round by the longer way, trembling the whole time lest I should meet any of the Currie household, to which I felt myself entirely unequal just then. I could not rest until I knew whether my fraud had succeeded, or if the poodle to which I had intrusted my fate had basely betrayed me; but my suspense was happily ended as soon as I entered my mother's room. "You can't think how delighted those poor Curries were to see Bingo again," she said at once; "and they said such charming things about you, Algy — Lilian, particularly — quite affected she seemed, poor child! And they wanted you to go round and dine there and be thanked to-night, but at last I persuaded them to come to us instead. And they 're going to bring the dog to make friends. Oh, and I met Frank Travers; he 's back from circuit again now, so I asked him in too, to meet them!"

I drew a deep breath of relief. I had played a desperate game — but I had won! I could have wished, to be sure, that my mother had not thought of bringing in Travers on that of all evenings; but I hoped that I could defy him after this.

The Colonel and his people were the first to arrive; he and his wife being so effusively grateful that they made me very uncomfortable indeed; Lilian met me with downcast eyes, and the faintest possible blush, but she said nothing just then. Five minutes afterwards, when she and I were alone together in the conservatory, where I had brought her on pretence of showing a new begonia, she laid her hand on my sleeve and whispered, almost shyly, "Mr. Weatherhead — Algernon! Can you ever forgive me for being so cruel and unjust to you?" And I replied that, upon the whole, I could.

We were not in that conservatory long, but, before we left it, beautiful Lilian Roseblade had consented to make my life happy. When we re-entered the drawing-room, we found Frank Travers, who had been told the story of the recovery, and I observed his jaw fall as he glanced at our faces, and noted the triumphant smile which I have no doubt mine wore, and the tender dreamy look in Lilian's soft eyes. Poor Travers, I was sorry for him, although I was not fond of him. Travers was a good type of the rising young Common Law barrister; tall, not bad-looking, with keen dark eyes, black whiskers, and the mobile forensic mouth, which can express every shade of feeling, from deferential assent to cynical incredulity; possessed, too, of an endless flow of conversation that was decidedly agreeable, if a trifle too laboriously so, he had been a dangerous rival. But all that was over now — he saw it himself at once, and during dinner sank into dismal silence, gazing pathetically at Lilian, and sighing almost obtrusively between the courses. His stream of small talk seemed to have been cut off at the main.

"You've done a kind thing, Weatherhead," said the Colonel. "I can't tell you all that dog is to me, and how I missed the poor beast. I'd quite given up all hope of ever seeing him again, and all the time there was Weatherhead, Mr. Travers, quietly searching all London till he found him! I shan't forget it. It shows a really kind feeling."

I saw by Travers's face that he was telling himself he would have found fifty Bingos in half the time — if he had only thought of it; he smiled a melancholy assent to all the Colonel said, and then began to study me with an obviously depreciatory air.

"You can't think," I heard Mrs. Currie telling my mother, "how really *touching* it was to see poor dear Bingo's emotion at seeing all the old familiar objects again! He went up and sniffed at them all in turn, quite plainly recognizing everything. And he was quite put out to find that we had moved his favorite ottoman out of the drawing-room. But he *is* so penitent, too, and so ashamed of having run away; he hardly dares to come when John calls him, and he kept under a chair in the hall all the morning — he would n't come in here either, so we had to leave him in your garden."

"He 's been sadly out of spirits all day," said Lilian; "he has n't bitten one of the tradespeople."

"Oh, *he* 's all right, the rascal!" said the Colonel, cheerily; "he 'll be after the cats again as well as ever in a day or two."

"Ah, those cats!" said my poor innocent mother. "Algy, you have n't tried the air-gun on them again lately, have you? They 're worse than ever."

I troubled the Colonel to pass the claret; Travers laughed for the first time. "That 's a good idea," he said, in that carrying "bar-mess" voice of his; "an air-gun for cats, ha, ha! Make good bags, eh, Weatherhead?" I said that I did, *very* good bags, and felt I was getting painfully red in the face.

"Oh, Algy is an excellent shot — quite a sportsman," said my mother. "I remember, oh, long ago, when we lived at Hammersmith, he had a pistol, and he used to strew crumbs in the garden for the sparrows, and shoot at them out of the pantry window; he frequently hit one."

"Well," said the Colonel, not much impressed by these sporting reminiscences, "don't go rolling over our Bingo by mistake, you know, Weatherhead, my boy. Not but what you 've a sort of right after this — only don't. I would n't go through it all twice for anything."

"If you really won't take any more wine," I said hurriedly, addressing the Colonel and Travers, "suppose we all go out and have our coffee on the lawn? It — it will be cooler there." For it was getting very hot indoors, I thought.

I left Travers to amuse the ladies — he could do no more harm now; and taking the Colonel aside, I seized the opportunity, as we strolled up and down the garden path, to ask his consent to Lilian's engagement to me. He gave it cordially. "There 's not a man in England," he said, "that I 'd sooner see her married to after to-day. You 're a quiet steady young fellow, and you 've a good kind heart. As for the money, that 's neither here nor there; Lilian won't come to you without a penny, you know. But really, my boy, you can hardly believe what it is to my poor wife and me to see that dog. Why, bless my soul, look at him now! What 's the matter with him, eh?"

To my unutterable horror I saw that that miserable poodle, after begging unnoticed at the tea-table for some time, had retired to an open space before it, where he was now industriously standing on his head.

We gathered round and examined the animal curiously, as he continued to balance himself gravely in his abnormal position. "Good gracious, John," cried Mrs. Currie, "I never saw Bingo do such a thing before in his life!"

"Very odd," said the Colonel, putting up his glasses; "never learnt that from *me*."

"I tell you what I fancy it is," I suggested wildly. "You see, he was always a sensitive, excitable animal, and perhaps the — the sudden joy of his return has gone to his head — *upset* him, you know."

They seemed disposed to accept this solution, and indeed I believe they would have credited Bingo with every conceivable degree of sensibility; but I felt myself that if this unhappy animal had many more of these accomplishments I was undone, for the original Bingo had never been a dog of parts.

"It's very odd," said Travers, reflectively, as the dog recovered his proper level, "but I always thought that it was half the *right* ear that Bingo had lost?"

"So it is, is n't it?" said the Colonel. "Left, eh? Well, I thought myself it was the right."

My heart almost stopped with terror — I had altogether forgotten that. I hastened to set the point at rest. "Oh, it *was* the left," I said positively; "I know it, because I remember so particularly thinking how odd it was that it *should* be the left ear, and not the right!" I told myself this should be positively my last lie.

"*Why* odd?" asked Frank Travers, with his most offensive Socratic manner.

"My dear fellow, I can't tell you," I said impatiently; "everything seems odd when you come to think at all about it."

"Algernon," said Lilian later on, "will you tell Aunt Mary and Mr. Travers, and — and me, how it was you came to find Bingo? Mr. Travers is quite anxious to hear all about it."

I could not very well refuse; I sat down and told the story, all my own way. I painted Blagg, perhaps, rather bigger and blacker than life, and described an exciting scene, in which I recognized Bingo by his collar in the streets, and claimed and bore him off then and there in spite of all opposition.

I had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Travers grinding his teeth with envy as I went on, and feeling Lilian's soft, slender hand glide silently into mine as I told my tale in the twilight.

All at once, just as I reached the climax, we heard the poodle barking furiously at the hedge which separated my garden from the road. "There's a foreign-looking man staring over the hedge," said Lilian; "Bingo always *did* hate foreigners."

There certainly was a swarthy man there, and, though I had no reason for it then, somehow my heart died within me at the sight of him.

"Don't be alarmed, sir," cried the Colonel, "the dog won't bite you — unless there 's a hole in the hedge anywhere."

The stranger took off his small straw hat with a sweep. "Ah, I am not afraid," he said, and his accent proclaimed him a Frenchman, "he is not enrage at me. May I ask, is it pairmeet to speak wiz Mistere Vezzered?"

I felt I must deal with this person alone, for I feared the worst; and, asking them to excuse me, I went to the hedge and faced the Frenchman with the frightful calm of despair. He was a short, stout little man, with blue cheeks, sparkling black eyes, and a vivacious walnut-colored countenance; he wore a short black alpaca coat, and a large white cravat with an immense oval malachite brooch in the centre of it, which I mention because I found myself staring mechanically at it during the interview.

"My name is Weatherhead," I began, with the bearing of a detected pickpocket. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"Of a great service," he said emphatically; "you can restore to me ze poodle vich I see zere!"

Nemesis had called at last in the shape of a rival claimant. I staggered for an instant; then I said, "Oh, I think you are under a mistake — that dog is not mine."

"I know it," he said; "zere 'as been leetle mistake, so if ze dog is not to you, you give him back to me, *hein?*"

"I tell you," I said, "that poodle belongs to the gentleman over there." And I pointed to the Colonel, seeing that it was best now to bring him into the affair without delay.

"You are wrong," he said doggedly; "ze poodle is my poodle! And I was direct to you — it is your name on ze carte!" And he presented me with that fatal card which I had been foolish enough to give to Blagg as a proof of my identity. I saw it all now; the old villain had betrayed me, and to earn a double reward had put the real owner on my track.

I decided to call the Colonel at once, and attempt to brazen it out with the help of his sincere belief in the dog.

"Eh, what 's that; what 's it all about?" said the Colonel, bustling up, followed at intervals by the others.

The Frenchman raised his hat again. "I do not vant to make a trouble," he began, "but zere is leetle mistake. My word of honor, sare, I see my own poodle in your garden. Ven I appeal to zis gentilman to restore 'im he reffer me to you."

"You must allow me to know my own dog, sir," said the

Colonel. "Why, I've had him from a pup. Bingo, old boy, you know your master, don't you?"

But the brute ignored him altogether, and began to leap wildly at the hedge, in frantic efforts to join the Frenchman. It needed no Solomon to decide *his* ownership!

"I tell you, you 'ave got ze wrong poodle — it is my own dog, my Azor! He remember me well, you see? I lose him it is three, four days. . . . I see a nottice zat he is found, and ven I go to ze address zey tell me, 'Oh, he is reclaim, he is gone wiz a strangaire who has advertise.' Zey show me ze placard, I follow 'ere, and ven I arrive, I see my poodle in ze garden before me!"

"But look here," said the Colonel, impatiently; "it's all very well to say that, but how can you prove it? I give you *my* word that the dog belongs to *me!* You must prove your claim, eh, Travers?"

"Yes," said Travers, judiciously, "mere assertion is no proof: it's oath against oath at present."

"Attend an instant — your poodle was he 'ighly train, had he some talents — a dog viz tricks, eh?"

"No, he's not," said the Colonel; "I don't like to see dogs taught to play the fool — there's none of that nonsense about *him*, sir!"

"Ah, remark him well, then. Azor, mon chou, danse donc un peu!"

And on the foreigner's whistling a lively air, that infernal poodle rose on his hind legs and danced solemnly about half-way round the garden! We inside followed his movements with dismay. "Why, dash it all!" cried the disgusted Colonel, "he's dancing along like a d——d mountebank! But it's my Bingo for all that!"

"You are not convince? You shall see more. Azor, ici! Pour Beesmarck, Azor!" (the poodle barked ferociously). "Pour Gambetta!" (he wagged his tail and began to leap with joy). "Meurs pour la Patrie!" — and the too-accomplished animal rolled over as if killed in battle!

"Where could Bingo have picked up so much French!" cried Lilian, incredulously.

"Or so much French history?" added that serpent Travers.

"Shall I command 'im to jomp, or reverse 'imself?" inquired the obliging Frenchman.

"We've seen that, thank you," said the Colonel, gloomily.

"Upon my word, I don't know what to think. It can't be that that 's not my Bingo after all — I 'll never believe it!"

I tried a last desperate stroke. "Will you come round to the front?" I said to the Frenchman; "I 'll let you in, and we can discuss the matter quietly." Then, as we walked back together, I asked him eagerly what he would take to abandon his claims and let the Colonel think the poodle was his after all.

He was furious — he considered himself insulted; with great emotion he informed me that the dog was the pride of his life (it seems to be the mission of black poodles to serve as domestic comforts of this priceless kind!), that he would not part with him for twice his weight in gold.

"Figure," he began, as we joined the others, "zat zis gentilman 'ere 'as offer me money for ze dog! He agrees zat it is to me, you see? Ver well zen, zere is no more to be said!"

"Why, Weatherhead, have *you* lost faith too, then?" said the Colonel.

I saw that it was no good — all I wanted now was to get out of it creditably and get rid of the Frenchman. I 'm sorry to say," I replied, "that I 'm afraid I 've been deceived by the extraordinary likeness. I don't think, on reflection, that that *is* Bingo!"

"What do you think, Travers?" asked the Colonel.

"Well, since you ask me," said Travers, with quite unnecessary dryness, "I never did think so."

"Nor I," said the Colonel; "I thought from the first that was never my Bingo. Why, Bingo would make two of that beast!"

And Lilian and her aunt both protested that they had had their doubts from the first.

"Zen you pairmeet zat I remove 'im?" said the Frenchman.

"Certainly," said the Colonel; and after some apologies on our part for the mistake, he went off in triumph, with the detestable poodle frisking after him.

When he had gone the Colonel laid his hand kindly on my shoulder. "Don't look so cut up about it, my boy," he said; "you did your best — there was a sort of likeness, to any one who didn't know Bingo as we did."

Just then the Frenchman again appeared at the hedge. "A thousand pardons," he said, "but I find zis upon my dog — it is not to me. Suffer me to restore it viz many compliments."

It was Bingo's collar. Travers took it from his hand and brought it to us.

"This was on the dog when you stopped that fellow, did n't you say?" he asked me.

One more lie — and I was so weary of falsehood! "Y-yes," I said reluctantly, "that was so."

"Very extraordinary," said Travers; "that's the wrong poodle beyond a doubt, but when he 's found, he 's wearing the right dog's collar! Now how do you account for that?"

"My good fellow," I said impatiently, "I 'm not in the witness-box. I *can't* account for it. It — it 's a mere coincidence!"

"But look here, my *dear* Weatherhead," argued Travers (whether in good faith or not I never could quite make out), "don't you see what a tremendously important link it is? Here 's a dog who (as I understand the facts) had a silver collar, with his name engraved on it, round his neck at the time he was lost. Here 's that identical collar turning up soon afterwards round the neck of a totally different dog! We must follow this up; we must get at the bottom of it somehow! With a clew like this, we 're sure to find out, either the dog himself, or what 's become of him! Just try to recollect exactly what happened, there 's a good fellow. This is just the sort of thing I like!"

It was the sort of thing I did not enjoy at all. "You must excuse me to-night, Travers," I said uncomfortably; "you see, just now it 's rather a sore subject for me — and I 'm not feeling very well!" I was grateful just then for a reassuring glance of pity and confidence from Lilian's sweet eyes which revived my drooping spirits for the moment.

"Yes, we 'll go into it to-morrow, Travers," said the Colonel; "and then — hullo, why, there 's that confounded Frenchman *again!*"

It was, indeed; he came prancing back delicately, with a malicious enjoyment on his wrinkled face. "Once more I return to apologize," he said. "My poodle 'as permit 'imself ze grave indiscretion to make a very big 'ole at ze bottom of ze garden!"

I assured him that it was of no consequence. "Perhaps," he replied, looking steadily at me through his keen half-shut eyes, "you vill not say zat ven you regard ze 'ole. And you others, I spik to you: sometimes von loses a somzing vich is qvite near all ze time. It is ver droll, eh? my vord, ha, ha, ha!" And he ambled off, with an aggressively fiendish laugh that chilled my blood.

"What the dooce did he mean by that, eh?" said the Colonel blankly.

"Don't know," said Travers; "suppose we go and inspect the hole?"

But before that I had contrived to draw near it myself, in deadly fear lest the Frenchman's last words had contained some innuendo which I had not understood.

It was light enough still for me to see something, at the unexpected horror of which I very nearly fainted.

That thrice accursed poodle which I had been insane enough to attempt to foist upon the Colonel must, it seems, have buried his supper the night before very near the spot in which I had laid Bingo, and in his attempts to exhume his bone had brought the remains of my victim to the surface!

There the corpse lay, on the very top of the excavations. Time had not, of course, improved its appearance, which was ghastly in the extreme, but still plainly recognizable by the eye of affection.

"It 's a very ordinary hole," I gasped, putting myself before it and trying to turn them back. "Nothing in it — nothing at all!"

"Except one Algernon Weatherhead, Esq., eh?" whispered Travers jocosely in my ear.

"No, but," persisted the Colonel, advancing, "look here! Has the dog damaged any of your shrubs?"

"No, no!" I cried piteously, "quite the reverse. Let 's all go indoors now; it 's getting so cold!"

"See, there *is* a shrub or something uprooted!" said the Colonel, still coming nearer that fatal hole. "Why, hullo, look there! What 's that?"

Lilian, who was by his side, gave a slight scream. "Uncle," she cried, "it looks like — like *Bingo!*"

The Colonel turned suddenly upon me. "Do you hear?" he demanded, in a choked voice. "You hear what she says? Can't you speak out? Is that our Bingo?"

I gave it up at last; I only longed to be allowed to crawl away under something! "Yes," I said in a dull whisper, as I sat down heavily on a garden seat, "yes . . . that 's Bingo . . . misfortune . . . shoot him . . . quite an accident!"

There was a terrible explosion after that; they saw at last how I had deceived them, and put the very worst construction upon everything. Even now I writhe impotently at times, and my cheeks smart and tingle with humiliation, as I recall that scene — the Colonel's very plain speaking, Lilian's passionate reproaches and contempt, and her aunt's speechless prostration of disappointment.

I made no attempt to defend myself; I was not perhaps the complete villain they deemed me, but I felt dully that no doubt it all served me perfectly right.

Still I do not think I am under any obligation to put their remarks down in black and white here.

Travers had vanished at the first opportunity — whether out of delicacy, or the fear of breaking out into unseasonable mirth, I cannot say; and shortly afterwards the others came to where I sat silent with bowed head, and bade me a stern and final farewell.

And then, as the last gleam of Lilian's white dress vanished down the garden path, I laid my head down on the table amongst the coffee-cups and cried like a beaten child.

. . . .

I got leave as soon as I could and went abroad. The morning after my return I noticed, while shaving, that there was a small square marble tablet placed against the wall of the Colonel's garden. I got my opera-glass and read — and pleasant reading it was — the following inscription: —

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY
OF
BINGO,
SECRETLY AND CRUELLY PUT TO DEATH,
IN COLD BLOOD,
BY A
NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND,
JUNE, 1881.

If this explanation of mine ever reaches my neighbors' eyes, I humbly hope they will have the humanity either to take away or tone down that tablet. They cannot conceive what I suffer, when curious visitors insist, as they do every day, in spelling out the words from our windows, and asking me countless questions about them!

Sometimes I meet the Curries about the village, and, as they pass me with averted heads, I feel myself growing crimson. Travers is almost always with Lilian now. He has given her a dog — a fox-terrier — and they take ostentatiously elaborate precautions to keep it out of my garden.

I should like to assure them here that they need not be under any alarm. I have shot one dog.

ANTAR.

Antar or Antarah ben Shedad el Absi; a famous classical Arab poet; born about the middle of the sixth century A.D.; died about 615 A.D. He is the author of one of the seven celebrated "suspended poems." He lauds the beauty of his mistress, and rehearses the story of his adventures in Arabia. Portions were translated into English verse by Terrick Hamilton (1820).

The Valor of Antar.

(From Hamilton's Translation.)

Now Antar was becoming a big boy, and grew up, and used to accompany his mother, Zebeeba, to the pastures, and he watched the cattle; and this he continued to do till he increased in stature. He used to walk and run about to harden himself, till at length his muscles were strengthened, his frame altogether more robust, his bones more firm and solid, and his speech correct. His days were passed in roaming about the mountain sides; and thus he continued till he attained his tenth year.

[He now kills a wolf which had attacked his father's flocks, and breaks into verse to celebrate his victory.]

O thou wolf, eager for death, I have left thee wallowing in dust, and spoiled of life; thou wouldst have the run of my flocks, but I have left thee dyed with blood; thou wouldst disperse my sheep, and thou knowest I am a lion that never fears. This is the way I treat thee, thou dog of the desert. Hast thou ever before seen battle and wars?

[His next adventure brought him to the notice of the chief of the tribe, — King Zoheir. A slave of Prince Shas insulted a poor, feeble woman who was tending her sheep; on which Antar "dashed him against the ground. And his length and breadth were all one mass." This deed won for Antar the hatred of Prince Shas, the friendship of the gentle Prince Malik, and the praise of the king, their father. "This valiant fellow," said the king, "has defended the honor of women."]

ANTAR

From that day both King Zoheir and his son Malik conceived a great affection for Antar, and as Antar returned home, the women all collected around him to ask him what had happened; among them were his aunts and his cousin, whose name was Ibla. Now Ibla was younger than Antar, and a merry lass. She was lovely as the moon at its full; and perfectly beautiful and elegant. . . . One day he entered the house of his uncle Malik and found his aunt combing his cousin Ibla's hair, which flowed down her back, dark as the shades of night. Antar was quite surprised; he was greatly agitated, and could pay no attention to anything; he was anxious and thoughtful, and his anguish daily became more oppressive.

[Meeting her at a feast, he addressed her in verse.]

Antar's Love for his Cousin Ibla.

When the breezes blow from Mount Saadi, their freshness calms the fire of my love and transports. Let my tribe remember I have preserved their faith; but they feel not my worth, and preserve not their engagements with me. Were there not a maid settled in the tents, why should I prefer their society to absence? Slimly made is she, and the magic influence of her eye preserves the bones of a corpse from entering the tomb. The sun as it sets, turns towards her, and says: "Darkness obscures the land; do thou rise in my absence;" and the brilliant moon calls out to her: "Come forth; for thy face is like me when I am at the full, and in all my glory!" The Tamarisk trees complain of her in the morn and the eve, and say: "Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel!" She turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft fair cheeks. She draws her sword from the glances of her eyelashes, sharp and penetrating as the blade of her forefathers, and with it her eyes commit murder, though it be sheathed: is it not surprising that a sheathed sword should be so sharp against its victims! Graceful is every limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her glances, waving is her form. The damsel passes the night with musk under her veil, and its fragrance is increased by the still fresher essence of her breath. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away. When she smiles, between her teeth is a moisture composed of wine, of rain, and of honey.

Her throat complains of the darkness of her necklaces. Alas! alas! the effects of that throat and that necklace! Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure my heart of the sorrows of love? If my eye could see her baggage camels, and her family, I would rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I will kiss the earth where thou art; mayhap the fire of my love and ecstasy may be quenched. Shall thou and I ever meet as formerly on Mount Saadi? or will the messenger come from thee to announce thy meeting, or will he relate that thou art in the land of Nejd? Shall we meet in the land of Shureba and Hima, and shall we live in joy and happiness? I am the well-known Antar, the chief of his tribe, and I shall die; but when I am gone, history shall tell of me. —

When Ibla heard from Antar this description of her charms, she was in astonishment. But Antar continued in this state for days and nights, his love and anguish ever increasing.

[Antar resolves to be either tossed upon the spear-heads or numbered among the noble; and he wanders into the plain of lions.]

As soon as Antar found himself in it, he said to himself, Perhaps I shall now find a lion, and I will slay him. Then, behold, a lion appeared in the middle of the valley; he stalked about and roared aloud; wide were his nostrils, and fire flashed from his eyes; the whole valley trembled at every gnash of his fangs — he was a calamity, and his claws more dreadful than the deadliest catastrophe — thunder pealed as he roared — vast was his strength, and his force dreadful — broad were his paws, and his head immense. Just at that moment Shedad and his brothers came up. They saw Antar address the lion, and heard the verses that he repeated; he sprang forward like a hailstorm, and hissed at him like a black serpent — he met the lion as he sprang, and outroared his bellow; then, giving a dreadful shriek, he seized hold of his mouth with his hand, and wrenched it open to his shoulders, and he shouted aloud — the valley and the country round echoed back the war.

[Those who were watching were astonished at his prowess, and began to fear Antar. The horsemen now set off to attack the tribe of Temeem, leaving the slaves to guard the women.]

Antar was in transports on seeing Ibla appear with the other women. She was indeed like an amorous fawn; and when Antar was attending her, he was overwhelmed in the ocean of his love, and became the slave of her sable tresses. They sat down to eat, and the wine-cups went merrily round. It was the spring of the year, when the whole land shone in all its glory; the vines hung luxuriantly in the arbors; the flowers shed around ambrosial fragrance; every hillock sparkled in the beauty of its colors; the birds in responsive melody sang sweetly from each bush, and harmony issued from their throats; the ground was covered with flowers and herbs; while the nightingales filled the air with their softest notes.

[While the maidens were singing and sporting, lo! on a sudden appeared a cloud of dust walling the horizon, and a vast clamor arose. A troop of horses and their riders, some seventy in number, rushed forth to seize the women, and made them prisoners. Antar instantly rescues Ibla from her captors and engages the enemy.]

He rushed forward to meet them, and harder than flint was his heart, and in his attack was their fate and destiny. He returned home, taking with him five-and-twenty horses, and all the women and children. Now the hatred of Semeeah (his stepmother) was converted into love and tenderness, and he became dearer to her than sleep.

[He had thenceforward a powerful ally in her, a fervent friend in Prince Malik, a wily counsellor in his brother Shiboo. And Antar made great progress in Ibla's heart, from the verses that he spoke in her praise; such verses as these:—]

I love thee with the love of a noble-born hero; and I am content with thy imaginary phantom. Thou art my sovereign in my very blood; and my mistress; and in thee is all my confidence.

[Antar's astonishing valor gained him the praise of the noble Absian knights, and he was emboldened to ask his father Shedad to acknowledge him for his son, that he might become a chief among the Arabs. Shedad, enraged, drew his sword and rushed upon Antar to kill him, but was prevented by Semeeah. Antar, in the greatest agony of spirit, was ashamed that the day should dawn on him after this refusal, or that he should remain any longer in the country. He mounted his horse, put on his armor, and travelled on till he was far from the tents, and he knew not whither he was going.]

Antar had proceeded some way, when lo! a knight rushed out from the ravines in the rocks, mounted on a dark-colored colt, beautiful and compact, and of a race much prized among the Arabs; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin; when he neighed he seemed as if about to speak, and his ears were like quills; his sire was Wasil and his dam Hemama. When Antar cast his eye upon the horse, and observed his speed and his paces, he felt that no horse could surpass him, so his whole heart and soul longed for him. And when the knight perceived that Antar was making toward him, he spurred his horse and it fled beneath him; for this was a renowned horseman called Harith, the son of Obad, and he was a valiant hero.

[By various devices Antar became possessed of the noble horse Abjer, whose equal no prince or emperor could boast of. His mettle was soon tried in an affray with the tribe of Maan, headed by the warrior Nakid, who was ferocious as a lion.]

When Nakid saw the battle of Antar, and how alone he stood against five thousand, and was making them drink of the cup of death and perdition, he was overwhelmed with astonishment at his deeds. "Thou valiant slave," he cried, "how powerful is thine arm — how strong thy wrist!" And he rushed down upon Antar. And Antar presented himself before him, for he was all anxiety to meet him. "O thou base-born!" cried Nakid. But Antar permitted him not to finish his speech before he assaulted him with the assault of a lion, and roared at him; he was horrified and paralyzed at the sight of Antar. Antar attacked him, thus scared and petrified, and struck him with his sword on the head, and cleft him down the back; and he fell, cut in twain, from the horse, and he was split in two as if by a balance; and as Antar dealt the blow he cried out, "Oh, by Abs! oh, by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla." No sooner did the tribe of Maan behold Antar's blow than every one was seized with fear and dismay. The whole five thousand made an attack like the attack of a single man; but Antar received them as the parched ground receives the first of the rain. His eyeballs were fiery red, and foam issued from his lips; whenever he smote he cleft the head; every warrior he assailed, he annihilated; he tore a rider from the back of his horse, he heaved him on high, and whirling him in the air he struck down another with him, and the two instantly expired. "By thine eyes, Ibla," he cried, "to-day will I destroy all this race." Thus he proceeded until he terrified the warriors, and hurled them into woe and disgrace, hewing off their arms and their joints.

[At the moment of Antar's victory his friends arrive to see his triumph. On his way back with them he celebrates his love for Ibla in verses.]

When the breezes blow from Mount Saadi, their freshness calms the fire of my love and transports. . . . Her throat complains of the darkness of her necklace. Alas! the effects of that throat and that necklace! Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure my heart of the sorrows of love? If my eye could see her baggage camels, and her family, I would *rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I will kiss the earth where thou art; mayhap the fire of my love and ecstasy may be quenched. . . . I am the well-known Antar, the chief of his tribe, and I shall die; but when I am gone, histories shall tell of me.*

[From that day forth Antar was named Abool-fawaris, that is to say, the father of horsemen. His sword, Dhami — the trenchant — was forged from a meteor that fell from the sky; it was two cubits long and two spans wide. If it were presented to Nushirvan, King of Persia, he would exalt the giver with favors; or if it were presented to the Emperor of Europe, one would be enriched with treasures of gold and silver.]

As soon as Geihdac saw the tribe of Abs, and Antar the destroyer of horsemen, his heart was overjoyed, and he cried out, "This is a glorious morning; to day will I take my revenge." So he assailed the tribe of Abs and Adnan, and his people attacked behind him like a cloud when it pours forth water and rains. And the Knight of Abs assaulted them likewise, anxious to try his sword, the famous Dhami. And Antar fought with Geíhdac, and wearied him, and shouted at him, and filled him with horror; then assailed him so that stirrup grated stirrup; and he struck him on the head with Dhami. He cleft his visor and wadding, and his sword played away between the eyes, passing through his shoulders down to the back of the horse, even down to the ground; and he and his horse made four pieces; and to the strictest observer it would appear that he had divided them with scales. And God prospered Antar in all that he did, so that he slew all he aimed at, and overthrew all he touched.

"Nobility," said Antar, "among liberal men, is the thrust of the spear, the blow of the sword, and patience beneath the battle-dust. I am the physician of the tribe of Abs in sickness, their protector in disgrace, the defender of their wives when they are in trouble, their horseman when they are in glory, and their sword when they rush to arms."

[This was Antar's speech to Monzar, King of the Arabs, when he was in search of Ibla's dowry. He found it in the land of Irak, where the magnificent Chosroe was ready to reward him, even to the half of his kingdom, for his victory over the champion of the Emperor of Europe.]

"All this grandeur, and all these gifts," said Antar, "have no value to me, no charm in my eyes. Love of my native land is the fixed passion of my soul."

"Do not imagine," said Chosroe, "that we have been able duly to recompense you. What we have given you is perishable, as everything human is, but your praises and your poems will endure forever."

[Antar's wars made him a Nocturnal Calamity to the foes of his tribe. He was its protector and the champion of its women, "for Antar was particularly solicitous in the cause of women." His generosity knew no bounds. "Antar immediately presented the whole of the spoil to his father and his uncles; and all the tribe of Abs were astonished at his noble conduct and filial love." His hospitality was universal; his magnanimity without limit. "Do not bear malice, O Shiboob. Renounce it; for no good ever came of malice. Violence is infamous; its result is ever uncertain, and no one can act justly when actuated by hatred. Let my heart support every evil, and let my patience endure till I have subdued all my foes." Time after time he won new dowries for Ibla, even bringing the treasures of Persia to her feet. Treacheries without count divided him from his promised bride. Over and over again he rescued her from the hands of the enemy; and not only her, but her father and her hostile kinsmen.

At last (in the fourth volume, on the fourteen hundred and fifty-third page) Antar makes his wedding feasts.]

"I wish to make at Ibla's wedding five separate feasts; I will feed the birds and the beasts, the men and the women, the girls and the boys, and not a single person shall remain in the whole country but shall eat at Ibla's marriage festival."

Antar was at the summit of his happiness and delight, congratulating himself on his good fortune and perfect felicity, all trouble and anxiety being now banished from his heart. Praise be to God, the disperser of all grief from the hearts of virtuous men.

[The three hundred and sixty tribes of the Arabs were invited to the feast, and on the eighth day the assembled chiefs presented their gifts — horses, armor, slaves, perfumes, gold, velvet, camels. The number of slaves Antar received that day was five-and-twenty hundred, to each of whom he gave a damsel, a horse, and weapons. And they all mounted when he rode out, and halted when he halted.]

Now when all the Arab chiefs had presented their offerings, each according to his circumstances, Antar rose, and called out to Mocriul-Wahsh. "O Knight of Syria," said he, "let all the he and she camels, high-priced horses, and all the various rarities I have received this day, be a present from me to you. But the perfumes of ambergris, and fragrant musk, belong to my cousin Ibla; and the slaves shall form my army and troops." And the Arab chiefs marvelled at his generosity. . . .

And now Ibla was clothed in the most magnificent garments, and superb necklaces; they placed the coronet of Chosroe on her head, and tiaras round her forehead. They lighted brilliant and scented candles before her — the perfumes were scattered — the torches blazed — and Ibla came forth in state. All present gave a shout, while the malicious and ill-natured cried aloud, "What a pity that one so beautiful and fair should be wedded to one so black!"

CAIUS SALLIUS SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS.

Apollinaris, Caius Sallius Sidonius, a poet and letter-writer of the fifth century, was born at Lugdunum (Lyons) about 431. He married the daughter of Flavius Avitus, who became Emperor in 456. After attaining the rank of Senator and Prefect of Rome, his father-in-law's downfall for a time clouded his fortunes, but a poem which he wrote in praise of Majorian brought him the title of Count. He was again Prefect of Rome and honored with a statue. In 472 he was made Bishop of Clermont, though not a priest, and served acceptably until his death in 482. He left twenty-four Carmina on various subjects, and nine books of Letters containing one hundred and forty-seven pieces interspersed with poems. His thought is subtle but his expression harsh and obscure; he was a keen, powerful, and cultivated man.

Roman and Provincial Life in the Fifth Century.

(From the Letters of Apollinaris Sidonius: translated by Thomas Hodgkin in "Italy and her Invaders," with his comments.)

BARBARIAN LIFE.

Sidonius wishes health to [his brother-in-law] Agricola.

You have many times asked me to write to you a letter describing the bodily appearance and manner of life of Theodoric, king of the Goths, whose love for our civilization is justly reported by common fame. I willingly accede to your request, so far as the limits of my paper will allow, and I praise the noble and delicate anxiety for information which you have thus exhibited.

Theodoric is "a noticeable man," one who would at once attract attention even from those who casually beheld him, so richly have the will of God and the plan of nature endowed his person with gifts corresponding to his completed prosperity. His character is such that not even the detraction which waits on kings can lessen the praises bestowed upon it. If you inquire as to his bodily shape, he has a well-knit frame, shorter than the very tallest, but rising above men of middle stature. His head is round and domelike, his curling hair retreats a little from the forehead towards the top. He is not bull-necked. A shaggy arch of eyebrows crowns his eyes; but if he droops his eyelids, the lashes seem to fall wellnigh to the middle of his cheeks. The lobes of his ears, after the fashion of his nation, are covered by wisps of overlying hair. His nose is most beautifully curved; his lips are thin, and are not enlarged when the angles of his mouth are dilated; if by chance they open and show a regular but rather prominent set of teeth, they at once remind you of the color of milk. He cuts every day the hairs which grow at the bottom of his nostrils. At his temples, which are somewhat hollowed out, begins a shaggy beard, which in the lower part of his face is plucked out by the roots by the assiduous care of his barber. His chin, his throat, his neck, all fleshy without obesity, are covered with a milk-white skin, which, when more closely inspected, is covered with a youthful glow. For it is modesty, not anger, which so often brings this color into his face.

His shoulders are well turned, his arms powerful, his forearms hard, his hands widespread: he is a well set-up man, with chest prominent and stomach drawn in. You can trace on the surface of his back the points where the ribs terminate in the deeply recessed spine. His sides are swollen out with prominent muscles. Strength reigns in his well-girded loins. His thigh is as hard as horn; the leg joints have a very masculine appearance; his knee, which shows but few wrinkles, is especially comely. The legs rest upon full round calves, and two feet of very moderate size support these mighty limbs.

You will ask, perhaps, what is the manner of his daily life in public. It is this. Before dawn he attends the celebration of divine service by his [Arian] priests, attended by a very small retinue. He shows great assiduity in this practice, though, if you are admitted to his confidence, you may perceive that it is with him rather a matter of habit than of religious feeling. The rest of the morning is devoted to the care of the administration of his kingdom. Armed nobles stand round his chair; the crowd of skin-clothed guards are admitted to the palace, in order to insure their being on duty; they are kept aloof from the royal presence that their noise may not disturb him, and so their growling talk goes on before the doors, shut out as they are by the curtain, though shut in by the railings. Within the inclosure are admitted the ambassadors of foreign powers: he hears them at great length, he answers in few words. In negotiation his tendency is to delay, in action to promptitude.

It is now the second hour after sunrise: he rises from his throne and spends his leisure in inspecting his treasury or his stables. If a hunting day is announced, he rides forth, not carrying his bow by his side — that would be beneath his kingly dignity — but if in the chase, or on the road, you point out to him beast or bird within shooting distance, his hand is at once stretched out behind him, and the slave puts into it the bow with its string floating in the air; for he deems it a womanish thing to have your bow strung for you by another, and a childish thing to carry it in a case. When he has received it, sometimes he bends the two ends towards one another in his hand, sometimes he lets the unknotted end drop to his heel, and then with quickly moving finger tightens the loose knot of the wandering string. Then he takes the arrows, fits them in, sends them forth, first desiring you to tell him what mark you wish him to aim at. You choose what he has to hit, and he hits it. If there is a mistake made by either party, it is more often the sight of the chooser than the aim of the archer that is at fault.

If you are asked to join him in the banquet (which, however, on non-festal days, is like the entertainment of a private person), you will not see there the panting servants laying on the groaning table a tasteless heap of discolored silver. The weight, then, is to be found in the conversation rather than in the plate, since all the guests, if they talk of anything at all, talk of serious matters. The tapestry and curtains are sometimes of purple [cloth], sometimes of cotton. The meats on the table please you, not by their high price, but by the skill with which they are cooked; the silver by its brightness, not by its weight. The cups and goblets are so seldom replenished that you are more likely to complain of thirst than to be accused of drunkenness. In short, you may see there Greek elegance, Gallic abundance, Italian quickness, the pomp of a public personage, the assiduity of a private citizen, the discipline of a king's household. Of the luxury which is displayed on high days and holidays I need not give you any account, because it cannot be unknown even to the most unknown persons. Let me return to my task.

The noontide slumber, when the meal is ended, is never long, and is frequently omitted altogether. Often at this time he takes a fancy to play at backgammon: then he collects the counters quickly, views them anxiously, decides on his moves skilfully, makes them promptly, talks to the counters jocularly, waits his turn patiently. At a good throw he says nothing, at a bad one he laughs; neither good nor bad makes him lose his temper or his philosophical equanimity. He does not like a speculative game either on the part of his adversary or himself, dislikes a lucky chance offered to himself, and will not reckon on its being offered to his opponent. You get your men out of his table without unnecessary trouble, he gets his out of yours without collusion. You would fancy that even in moving his counters he was planning a campaign. His sole anxiety is to conquer.

When a game is on hand, he drops for a little time the severity of royal etiquette, and invites his companions in play to free and social intercourse. To tell you what I think, he fears to be feared. At the end he is delighted to see the vexation of a conquered rival, and takes credit to himself for having really won the game, when his opponent's ill temper shows that he has not yielded out of courtesy. And here notice a strange thing: often that very complacency of his, arising from such a trifling cause, insures the successful carriage of serious business. Then petitions, which have well-nigh been shipwrecked by the injudiciousness of those who favored them, suddenly find a harbor of safety. In this way, I myself, when I have had somewhat to ask of him, have been fortunate enough to be beaten, and have seen my table ruined with a light heart, because I knew that my cause would triumph.

About the ninth hour [three o'clock] comes back again all that weary turmoil of kingship. The suitors return, the guards return whose business it is to remove them. Everywhere you hear the hum of claimants; and this is protracted till nightfall, and only ceases when it is cut short by the royal supper. Then the petitioners, following their various patrons, are dispersed throughout the palace, where they keep watch till bedtime arrives. At the supper sometimes, though rarely, comic actors are introduced who utter their satiric pleasantries: in such fashion, however, that none of the guests shall be wounded by their biting tongues. At these repasts no hydraulic organs blow, no band of vocalists under the guidance of a singing master intone together their premeditated harmony. No harpist, no flute player, no choir master, no female player on the tambourine or the cithara, makes melody. The king is charmed only by those instruments under whose influence virtue soothes the soul as much as sweet sounds soothe the ear. When he rises from table the royal treasury receives its sentinels for the night, and armed men stand at all the entrances to the palace, by whom the hours of his first sleep will be watched over.

But what has all this to do with my promise, which was to tell you a little about the king, not a great deal about his manner of reigning? I really must bid my pen to stop, for you did not ask to be made acquainted with anything more than the personal appearance and favorite pursuits of Theodoric: and I sat down to write a letter, not a history. Farewell.

THE BURGUNDIANS.

While our poet was residing at Lyons (apparently) he was asked by one of his friends, an ex-consul named Catulinus, to compose an epithalamium, perhaps for his daughter's marriage.

In a short humorous poem of apology, Sidonius incidentally touches off some of the physical characteristics of the Burgundians by whom he was surrounded; and who, it is important to observe, troubled him not by their hostility, but by their too hearty and demonstrative friendship.

Ah me! my friend, why bid me, e'en if I had the power,
To write the light Fescennine verse, fit for the nuptial bower?
Do you forget that I am set among the long-haired hordes,
That daily I am bound to bear the stream of German words,
That I must hear, and then must praise with sorrowful grimace
(Disgust and approbation both contending in my face),
Whate'er the gormandizing sons of Burgundy may sing,
While they upon their yellow hair the rancid butter fling?

Now let me tell you what it is that makes my lyre be dumb:
It cannot sound when all around barbarian lyres do hum.
The sight of all those patrons tall (each one is seven feet high),
From my poor Muse makes every thought of six-foot meters fly.
Oh! happy are thine eyes, my friend; thine ears, how happy those!
And oh! thrice happy I would call thine undisgusted nose.
'Tis not round thee that every morn ten talkative machines
Exhale the smell of onions, leeks, and all their vulgar greens.

There do not seek thy house, as mine, before the dawn of day,
So many giants and so tall, so fond of trencher play
That scarce Alcinous himself, that hospitable king,
Would find his kitchen large enough for the desires they bring.
They do not, those effusive souls, declare they look on thee
As father's friend or foster sire — but, alas! they do on me.

But stop, my Muse! pull up! be still! or else some fool will say,
"Sidonius writes lampoons again." Don't you believe them, pray!

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY LYRIC.

COULD I answer love like thine,
  All earth to me were heaven anew;
But were thy heart, dear child, as mine,
  What place for love between us two?
Bright things for tired eyes vainly shine:
  A grief the pure heaven's simple blue.
Alas, for lips past joy of wine,
  That find no blessing in God's dew!
From dawning summits crystalline
Thou lookest down; thou makest sign
  Toward this bleak vale I wander through.
I cannot answer: that pure shrine
  Of childhood, though my love be true,
Is hidden from my dim confine;
  I must not hope for clearer view.
The sky, the earth, the wrinkled brine,
  Would wear to me a fresher hue,
And all once more be half divine,
Could I answer love like thine.

Anonymous.

LUCIUS APULEIUS.

Apuleius, Lucius, a famous Latin satirist and writer of philosophic fiction; lived in the 2d century, and was a native of northern Africa. Having inherited an ample fortune, he devoted himself to study and travel, attending first the schools of Carthage, then the Athenian schools of philosophy. His principal work is "Metamorphosis" or "The Golden Ass," which includes the charming epilogue of "Cupid and Pysche;" well known also is his witty "Apology," a defence against a charge of sorcery brought by the sons of a widow twice his age whom he had married.

Praise of Poverty.

(From the "Apology.")

Poverty has long been the handmaid of Philosophy: frugal, temperate, contented with little, eager for praise, averse from the things sought by wealth, safe in her ways, simple in her requirements, in her counsels a promoter of what is right. No one has she ever puffed up with pride, no one has she corrupted by the enjoyment of power, no one has she maddened with tyrannical ambition; for no pampering of the appetite or of the passions does she sigh, nor can she indulge it. But it is your fosterlings of wealth who are in the habit of perpetrating these disgraceful excesses, and others of a kindred nature. If you review all the greatest enormities that have been committed in the memory of mankind, you will not find a single poor man among the perpetrators; whilst, on the other hand, in the number of illustrious men hardly any of the rich are to be found; poverty has nurtured from his very cradle every individual in whom we find anything to admire and commend. Poverty, I say — she who in former ages was the foundress of all cities, the inventress of all arts, she who is guiltless of all offence, who is lavish of all glory, who has been honored with every praise among all nations. For this same Poverty it was that, among the Greeks, showed herself just in Aristides, humane in Phocion, resolute in Epaminondas, wise in Socrates, and eloquent in Homer. It was this same Poverty, too, that for the Roman people laid the very earliest foundations of their sway, and that offers sacrifice to the immortal gods in their behalf, with the ladle and the dish of clay, even to this day.

If there were now sitting as judges at this trial C. Fabricius, Cneius Scipio, and Manius Curius, whose daughters, by reason of their poverty, went home to their husbands portioned at the public expense, carrying with them the glories of their family and the money of the public; if Publicola, the expeller of the kings, and [Menenius] Agrippa, the reconciler of the people, the expense of whose funerals was, in consequence of their limited fortunes, defrayed by the Roman people, by contributions of the smallest coins; if Attilius Regulus, whose little field was, in consequence of a like poverty, cultivated at the public expense; if, in fine, all those ancient families, ennobled by consulships, censorships, and triumphs, could obtain a short respite, and return to light, and take part in this trial, would you then have dared to reproach a philosopher for his poverty, in the presence of so many consuls distinguished for theirs? . . . I could show that none of us are poor who do not wish for superfluities, and who possess the things that are necessary, which, by nature, are but few indeed. For he has the most who desires the least; he who wants but little is most likely to have as much as he wants. It is with the mind just as with the body; in a healthy state it is lightly clad, but in sickness it is wrapped in cumbrous clothing; and it is a sure sign of infirmity to have many wants. It is with life just as with swimming: that man is the most expert who is the most disengaged from all encumbrances. . . . For my part, I have learned that in this especially the gods surpass mankind, that they have to satisfy no necessities. Hence it is that him among us who has the fewest possible necessities, I consider most strongly to resemble a god.

THE AWAKENING OF CUPID.

(Translation of Bohn Library, revised.)

[THE story of "Cupid and Psyche" is the purest, daintiest, most poetic of fancies; in essence a fairy tale that might be told of an evening by the firelight in the second century or the nineteenth, but embodying also a high and beautiful allegory, and treated with a delicate art which is in extreme contrast with the body of the "Golden Ass."

The contrast is even more rasping when we remember that the tale is not put into the mouth of a girl gazing dreamily into the glowing coals on the hearth, or of some elegant reciter amusing a social group in a Roman drawing-room or garden, but of a grizzled hag who is maid of all work in a robbers' cave. She tells it to divert the mind of a lovely young bride held for ransom. It begins like a modern fairy tale, with a great king and queen who had "three daughters of remarkable beauty," the loveliest being the peerless Psyche. Even Venus becomes envious of the honors paid to Psyche's charms, and summons Cupid to wing one of his shafts which shall cause her "to be seized with the most burning love for the lowest of mankind," so as to disgrace and ruin her. Cupid undertakes the task, but instead falls in love with her himself. Meanwhile an oracle from Apollo, instigated by Venus, dooms her to be sacrificed in marriage to some unknown aërial monster, who must find her alone on a naked rock. She is so placed, awaiting her doom in terror; but the zephyrs bear her away to the palace of Love. Cupid hides her there, lest Venus wreak vengeance on them both; and there, half terrified but soon soothed, in the darkness of night she hears from Cupid that he, her husband, is no monster, but the fairest of immortals. He will not disclose his identity, however; not only so, but he tenderly warns her that she must not seek to discover it, or even to behold him, till he gives permission, unless she would bring hopeless disaster on both. Nor must she confide in her two sisters, lest their unwisdom or sudden envy cause harm.

The simple-hearted and affectionate girl, however, in her craving for sympathy, cannot resist the temptation to boast of her happiness to her sisters. She invites them to pass a day in her magnificent new home, and tells contradictory stories about her husband. Alas! they depart bitterly envious, and plotting to make her ruin her own joy out of fear and curiosity.]

"What are we to say, sister," said one to the other, "of the monstrous lies of that silly creature? At one time her husband is a young man, with the down just showing itself on his chin; at another he is of middle age, and his hair begins to be silvered with gray. . . . You may depend upon it, sister, either the wretch has invented these lies to deceive us, or else she does not know herself how her husband looks. Whichever is the case, she must be deprived of these riches as soon as possible. And yet, if she is really ignorant of her husband's appearance, she must no doubt have married a god, and who knows what will happen? At all events, if — which heaven forbid — she does become the mother of a divine infant, I shall instantly hang myself. Meanwhile let us return to our parents, and devise some scheme based on what we have just been saying."

The sisters, thus inflamed with jealousy, called on their parents in a careless and disdainful manner; and after being kept awake all night by the turbulence of their spirits, made all haste at morning to the rock, whence, by the wonted assistance of the breeze, they descended swiftly to Psyche, and with tears squeezed out by rubbing their eyelids, thus craftily addressed her: —

"Happy indeed are you, and fortunate in your very ignorance of so heavy a misfortune. There you sit, without a thought of danger; while we, your sisters, who watch over your interests with the most vigilant care, are in anguish at your lost condition. For we have learned as truth, and as sharers in your sorrows and misfortunes cannot conceal it from you, that it is an enormous serpent, gliding along in many folds and coils, with a neck swollen with deadly venom, and prodigious gaping jaws, that secretly sleeps with you by night. Remember the Pythian Oracle. Besides, a great many of the husbandmen, who hunt all round the country, and ever so many of the neighbors, have observed him returning home from his feeding-place in the evening. All declare, too, that he will not long continue to pamper you with delicacies, but will presently devour you. Will you listen to us, who are so anxious for your precious safety, and avoiding death, live with us secure from danger, or die horribly? But if you are fascinated by your country home, or by the endearments of a serpent, we have at all events done our duty toward you, like affectionate sisters."

Poor, simple, tender-hearted Psyche was aghast with horror at this dreadful story; and quite bereft of her senses, lost all remembrance of her husband's admonitions and of her own promises, and hurled herself headlong into the very abyss of calamity. Trembling, therefore, with pale and livid cheeks and an almost lifeless voice, she faltered out these broken words: —

"Dearest sisters, you have acted toward me as you ought, and with your usual affectionate care; and, indeed, it appears to me that those who gave you this information have not invented a falsehood. For, in fact, I have never yet beheld my husband's face, nor do I know at all whence he comes. I only hear him speak in an undertone by night, and have to bear with a husband of an unknown appearance, and one that has an utter aversion to the light of day. He may well, therefore, be some monster or other. Besides, he threatens some shocking misfortune as the consequence of indulging any curiosity to view his features. So, then, if you are able to give any aid to your sister in this perilous emergency, don't delay a moment."

[One of them replies: —]

"Since the ties of blood oblige us to disregard peril when your safety is to be insured, we will tell you the only means of safety. We have considered it over and over again. On that side of the bed where you are used to lie, conceal a very sharp razor; and also hide under the tapestry a lighted lamp, well trimmed and full of oil. Make these preparations with the utmost secrecy. After the monster has glided into bed as usual, when he is stretched out at length, fast asleep and breathing heavily, as you slide out of bed, go softly along with bare feet and on tiptoe, and bring out the lamp from its hiding-place; then having the aid of its light, raise your right hand, bring down the weapon with all your might, and cut off the head of the creature at the neck. Then we will bring you away with all these things, and if you wish, will wed you to a human creature like yourself."

[They then depart, fearing for themselves if they are near when the catastrophe happens.]

But Psyche, now left alone, except so far as a person who is agitated by maddening Furies is not alone, fluctuated in sorrow like a stormy sea; and though her purpose was fixed and her heart was resolute when she first began to make preparations for the impious work, her mind now wavered, and feared. She hurried, she procrastinated; now she was bold, now tremulous; now dubious, now agitated by rage; and what was the most singular thing of all, in the same being she hated the beast and loved the husband. Nevertheless, as the evening drew to a close, she hurriedly prepared the instruments of her enterprise.

The night came, and with it her husband. After he fell asleep, Psyche, to whose weak body and spirit the cruel influence of fate imparted unusual strength, uncovered the lamp, and seized the knife with the courage of a man. But the instant she advanced, she beheld the very gentlest and sweetest of all creatures, even Cupid himself, the beautiful God of Love, there fast asleep; at sight of whom, the joyous flame of the lamp shone with redoubled vigor, and the sacrilegious dagger repented the keenness of its edge.

But Psyche, losing the control of her senses, faint, deadly pale, and trembling all over, fell on her knees, and made an attempt to hide the blade in her own bosom; and this no doubt she would have done had not the blade, dreading the commission of such a crime, glided out of her rash hand. And now, faint and unnerved as she was, she felt herself refreshed at heart by gazing upon the beauty of those divine features. She looked upon the genial locks of his golden head, teeming with ambrosial perfume, the circling curls that strayed over his milk-white neck and roseate cheeks, and fell gracefully entangled, some before and some behind, causing the very light of the lamp itself to flicker by their radiant splendor. On the shoulders of the god were dewy wings of brilliant whiteness ; and though the pinions were at rest, yet the tender down that fringed the feathers wantoned to and fro in tremulous, unceasing play. The rest of his body was smooth and beautiful, and such as Venus could not have repented of giving birth to. At the foot of his bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows, the auspicious weapons of the mighty god.

While with insatiable wonder and curiosity Psyche is examining and admiring her husband's weapons, she draws one of the arrows out of the quiver, and touches the point with the tip of her thumb to try its sharpness; but happening to press too hard, for her hand still trembled, she punctured the skin, so that some tiny drops of rosy blood oozed forth. And thus did Psyche, without knowing it, fall in love with Love. Then, burning more and more with desire for Cupid, gazing passionately on his face, and fondly kissing him again and again, her only fear was lest he should wake too soon.

But while she hung over him, bewildered with delight so overpowering, the lamp, whether from treachery or baneful envy, or because it longed to touch, and to kiss as it were, so beautiful an object, spurted a drop of scalding oil from the summit of its flame upon the right shoulder of the god. . . . The god, thus scorched, sprang from the bed, and seeing the disgraceful tokens of forfeited fidelity, started to fly away, without a word, from the eyes and arms of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche, the instant he arose, seized hold of his right leg with both hands, and hung on to him, a wretched appendage to his flight through the regions of the air, till at last her strength failed her, and she fell to the earth.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

Aquinas, Thomas, or Thomas of Aquin, Saint, a great mediæval theologian and philosopher; born at or near Aquino in the kingdom of Naples, about 1225; died at Fossa Nuova, in the diocese of Terracina, March 7, 1274. His writings are very voluminous, being comprised in 28 vols. quarto. His greatest work is the "Sum of Theology." Among his other works are: "Sum of Catholic Belief against the Heathen"; "Exposition of all the Epistles of St. Paul."

How can the Absolute be a Cause?

(From the "Quæstiones Disputatæ.")

The relations which are spoken of as existing between God and creatures are not really in Him. A real relation is that which exists between two things. It is mutual or bilateral, then, only when its basis in both correlates is the same. Such is the case in all quantitive relations. Quantity being essentially the same in all quanta, gives rise to relations which are real in both terms — in the part, for instance, and in the whole, in the unit of measurement and in that which is measured.

But where a relation originates in causation, as between that which is active and that which is passive, it does not always concern both terms. True, that which is acted upon, or set in motion, or produced, must be related to the source of these modifications, since every effect is dependent upon its cause. And it is equally true that such causes or agencies are in some cases related to their effects, namely, when the production of those effects redounds in some way to the well-being of the cause itself. This is evidently what happens when like begets like, and thereby perpetuates, so far as may be, its own species. . . . There are cases, nevertheless, in which a thing, without being related, has other things related to it. The cognizing subject is related to that which is the object of cognition — to a thing which is outside the mind. But the thing itself is in no way affected by this cognition, since the mental process is confined to the mind, and therefore does not bring about any change in the object. Hence the relation established by the act of knowing cannot be in that which is known.

The same holds good of sensation. For though the physical object sets up changes in the sense-organ, and is related to it as other physical agencies are related to the things on which they act, still, the sensation implies, over and above the organic change, a subjective activity of which the external activity is altogether devoid. Likewise, we say that a man is at the right of a pillar because, with his power of locomotion, he can take his stand at the right or the left, before or behind, above or below. But obviously these relations, vary them as we will, imply nothing in the stationary pillar, though they are real in the man who holds or changes his position. Once more, a coin has nothing to do with the action that gives it its value, since this action is a human convention; and a man is quite apart from the process which produces his image. Between a man and his portrait there is a relation, but this is real in the portrait only. Between the coin and its current value there is a relation, but this is not real in the coin.

Now for the application. God's action is not to be understood as going out from Him and terminating in that which He creates. His action is Himself; consequently altogether apart from the genus of created being whereby the creature is related to Him. And again, he gains nothing by creating, or, as Avicenna puts it, His creative action is in the highest degree generous. It is also manifest that His action involves no modification of His being — without changing, He causes the changeable. Consequently, though creatures are related to Him, as effects to their cause, He is not really related to them.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

From "The History of King Omar ben Ennuman, and his sons Sherkan and Zoulmekan."

(Nights 15, 16, 17, and 18: Translation of Professor John Payne.)

THE MEETING OF PRINCE SHERKAN AND PRINCESS ABRIZEH.

There reigned once in the city of Peace [Bagdad], before the Khalifate of Abdulmelik ben Merwan, a king called Omar ben Ennuman, who was of the mighty giants, and had subdued the kings of Persia and the emperors of the East, for none could warm himself at his fire nor cope with him in battle; and when he was angry there came sparks out of his nostrils. He had gotten him dominion over all countries, and God had subjected unto him all creatures; his commands were obeyed in all the great cities, and his armies penetrated the most distant lands: the East and West came under his rule, with the regions between them, Hind and Sind and China and Hejaz and Yemen and the islands of India and China, Syria and Mesopotamia and the lands of the blacks and the islands of the ocean, and all the famous rivers of the earth, Jaxartes and Baetrus and Nile and Euphrates. He sent his ambassadors to the farthest parts of the earth to fetch him true report, and they returned with tidings of justice and peace, bringing him assurance of loyalty and obedience, and invocations of blessings on his head; for he was a right noble king, and there came to him gifts and tribute from all parts of the world. He had a son called Sherkan, who was one of the prodigies of the age and the likest of all men to his father, who loved him with an exceeding love and had appointed him to be king after him. The prince grew up till he reached man's estate, and was twenty years old, and God subjected all men to him, for he was gifted with great might and prowess in battle, humbling the champions and destroying all who made head against him. So, before long, this Sherkan became famous in all quarters of the world, and his father rejoiced in him ; and his might waxed till he passed all bounds, and magnified himself, taking by storm the citadels and strong places.

[The Prince being sent to assist King Afridoun, of the Greeks, against an enemy, is intrusted with an army of ten thousand soldiers, and leaves Bagdad in military state.]

Then they loaded the beasts and beat the drums and blew the clarions and unfurled the banners and the standards, whilst Sherkan mounted, with the Vizier Dendan by his side, and the standards waving over them; and the army set out and fared on with the [Greek] ambassadors in the van till the day departed and the night came, when they halted and encamped for the night. On the morrow, as soon as God brought in the day, they took horse and continued their march, nor did they cease to press onward, guided by the ambassadors, for the space of twenty days. On the twenty-first day, at nightfall, they came to a wide and fertile valley whose sides were thickly wooded and covered with grass, and there Sherkan called a three-days' halt. So they dismounted and pitched their tents, dispersing right and left in the valley, whilst the Vizier Dendan and the ambassadors alighted in the midst.

As for Sherkan, when he had seen the tents pitched and the troops dispersed on either side, and had commanded his officers and attendants to camp beside the Vizier Dendan, he gave reins to his horse, being minded to explore the valley, and himself to mount guard over the army, having regard to his father's injunctions and to the fact that they had reached the frontier of the Land of Roum and were now in the enemy's country. So he rode on alone, along the valley, till a fourth part of the night was past, when he grew weary and sleep overcame him so that he could no longer spur his horse. Now he was used to sleep on horseback; so when drowsiness got the better of him, he fell asleep, and the horse paced on with him half the night and entered a forest: but Sherkan awoke not till the steed smote the earth with his hoof. Then he started from sleep and found himself among trees: and the moon arose and lighted the two horizons. He was troubled at finding himself alone in this place, and spoke the words which whoso says shall never be confounded — that is to say, "There is no power and no virtue but in GOD, the most High, the Supreme!" But as he rode on, in fear of the wild beasts, behold, the trees thinned out, and the moon shone out upon a meadow as it were one of the meads of Paradise, and he heard therein the noise of talk and pleasant laughter, such as ravishes the wit of men. So King Sherkan dismounted, and tying his horse to a tree, fared on a little further, till he espied a stream of running water, and heard a woman talking and saying in Arabic, "By the virtue of the Messiah, this is not handsome of you! But whoso speaks the word I will throw her down and bind her with her girdle!" He followed in the direction of the voice, and saw gazelles frisking and wild cattle pasturing, and birds in their various voices expressing joy and gladness; and the earth was embroidered with all manner flowers and green herbs, even as says of it the poet, in the following verses: —

Earth has no fairer sight to show than this its
blossom-time, With all the gently running streams
that wander o'er its face,
It is indeed the handiwork of God Omnipotent, The
Lord of every noble gift, and giver of all grace!

Midmost the meadow stood a monastery, and within the inclosure a citadel that rose high into the air in the light of the moon. The stream passed through the midst of the monastery; and therenigh sat ten damsels like moons, high-bosomed maids clad in dresses and ornaments that dazzled the eyes, as says of them the poet: —

The meadow glitters with the troops Of lovely ones
that wander there;
Its grace and beauty doubled are By these that are
so passing fair;
Virgins, that with their swimming gait, The hearts of
all that see ensnare,
Along whose necks, like trails of grapes, Stream down
the tresses of their hair;
Proudly they walk, with eyes that dart The Shafts and
arrows of despair,
And all the champions of the world Are slain by
their seductive air.

Sherkan looked at the ten girls, and saw in their midst a lady like the moon at its full, with ringleted and shining forehead, great black eyes and curling brow-locks, perfect in person and attributes, as says the poet: —

Her beauty beamed on me with glances wonder-bright: The
slender Syrian spears are not so straight and slight:
She laid her veil aside, and, lo, her cheeks rose-red! All manner of loveliness was in their sweetest sight;
The locks, that o'er her brow fell down, were like the night,
From out of which there shines a morning of delight.

Then Sherkan heard her say to the girls, "Come on, that I may wrestle with you, ere the moon set and the dawn come." So they came up to her, one after another, and she overthrew them, one by one, and bound their hands behind them, with their girdles. When she had thrown them all, there turned to her an old woman who was before her, and said, as if she were wroth with her, "O shameless! dost thou glory in overthrowing these girls? Behold I am an old woman, yet have I thrown them forty times! So what hast thou to boast of? But if thou have strength to wrestle with me, stand up that I may grip thee, and put thy head between thy feet." The young lady smiled at her words, although her heart was full of anger against her, and said, "O my lady Dhat ed Dewahi, wilt indeed wrestle with me — or dost thou jest with me?" "I mean to wrestle with thee in very deed," replied she. "Stand up to me then," said the damsel, "if thou have strength to do so!" When the old woman heard this she was sore enraged, and her hair stood on end like that of a hedgehog. Then she sprang up, whilst the damsel confronted her . . . and they took hold of one another, whilst Sherkan raised his eyes to heaven and prayed to God that the damsel might conquer the old hag. Presently . . . the old woman strove to free herself, and in the struggle wriggled out of the girl's hands and fell on her back . . . and behold the young lady . . . throwing over her a veil of fine silk, helped her to dress herself, making excuses to her and saying, "O my lady Dhat ed Dewahi, I did not mean to throw thee so roughly, but thou wriggledst out of my hands; so praised be God for safety." She returned her no answer, but rose in her confusion and walked away out of sight, leaving the young lady standing alone, by the other girls thrown down and bound.

Then said Sherkan, "To every fortune there is a cause. Sleep fell not on me, nor did the steed bear me hither but for my good fortune; for of a surety this damsel and what is with her shall be my prize." So he turned back and mounted, and drew his scimitar; then he gave his horse the spur and he started off with him like an arrow from a bow, whilst he brandished his naked blade and cried out, "God is most great!" When the damsel saw him she sprang to her feet, and running to the bank of the river, which was there six cubits wide, made a spring and landed on the other side, where she turned, and standing cried out in a loud voice, "Who art thou, sirrah, that breakest in on our pasture as if thou wert charging an army? Whence comest thou and whither art thou bound? Speak the truth and it shall profit thee, and do not lie, for lying is of the losel's fashion. Doubtless thou hast strayed this night from thy road, that thou hast happened on this place. So tell me what thou seekest: if thou wouldst have us set thee in the right road, we will do so: or if thou seek help, we will help thee."

When Sherkan heard her words he replied, "I am a stranger of the Muslims, who am come out by myself in quest of booty, and I have found no fairer purchase this moonlit night than these ten damsels; so I will take them and rejoin my comrades with them." Quoth she, "I would have thee to know that thou hast not yet come at the booty; and as for these ten damsels, by Allah, they are no purchase for thee! Indeed the fairest purchase thou canst look for is to win free of this place: for thou art in a mead, where, if we gave one cry, there would be with us anon four thousand knights. Did I not tell thee that lying is shameful?" And he said, "The fortunate man is he to whom God sufficeth, and who hath no need of other than him." "By the virtue of the Messiah," replied she, "did I not fear to have thy death at my hand, I would give a cry that would fill the meadow on thee, with horse and foot! but I have pity on the stranger; so, if thou seek booty, I require of thee that thou dismount from thy horse, and swear to me by thy faith that thou wilt not approach me with aught of arms, and we will wrestle — I and thou. If thou throw me, lay me on thy horse and take all of us to thy booty; and if I throw thee, thou shalt be at my commandment. Swear this to me; for I fear thy perfidy, since experience has it that as long as perfidy is in men's natures, to trust in every one is weakness. But if thou wilt swear I will come over to thee." Quoth Sherkan, "Impose on me whatever oath thou deemest binding, and I will swear not to draw near thee until thou hast made thy preparations, and sayest 'Come wrestle with me.' If thou throw me I have wealth wherewith to ransom myself, and if I throw thee I shall get fine purchase." Then said she, "Swear to me by Him who hath lodged the soul in the body and given laws to mankind that thou wilt not hurt me with aught of violence save in the way of wrestling — else mayest thou die out of the pale of Islam." "By Allah," exclaimed Sherkan, "if a Cadi should swear me, though he were Cadi of the Cadis, he would not impose on me the like of this oath!" Then he took the oath she required, and tied his horse to a tree, sunken in the sea of reverie, and saying in himself, "Glory to Him who fashioned her!" Then he girt himself, and made ready for wrestling, and said to her, "Cross the stream to me." Quoth she, "It is not for me to come to thee: if thou wilt, do thou cross over to me." "I cannot do that," replied he; and she said, "O boy! I will come to thee." So she gathered her skirts, and making a spring landed on the other side of the river by him; whereupon he drew near to her, wondering at her beauty and grace, and saw a form that the hand of Omnipotence had turned with the leaves of Jinn, and which had been fostered by divine solicitude, a form on which the zephyrs of fair fortune had blown, and over whose creation favorable planets had presided. Then she called out to him saying, "O Muslim, come and wrestle before the daybreak!" and tucked up her sleeves, showing a forearm like fresh curd; the whole place was lighted up by its whiteness and Sherkan was dazzled by it. Then he bent forward and clapped his hands, and she did the like, and they took hold and gripped each other. He laid his hands on her slender waist . . . and fell a trembling like the Persian reed in the hurricane. So she lifted him up, and throwing him to the ground sat down on his breast. Then she said to him, "O Muslim, it is lawful among you to kill Christians: what sayest thou to my killing thee?" "O my lady," replied he, "as for killing me, it is unlawful; for our Prophet (whom God bless and preserve!) hath forbidden the slaying of women and children and old men and monks." "Since this was revealed unto your prophet," rejoined she, "it behooves us to be even with him therein; so rise: I give thee thy life, for beneficence is not lost upon men." Then she got up, and he rose and brushed the earth from his head, and she said to him, "Be not abashed; but indeed one who enters the land of the Greeks in quest of booty and to succor kings against kings, how comes it that there is no strength in him to defend himself against a woman?" "It was not lack of strength in me," replied he, "nor was it thy strength that overthrew me, but thy beauty; so if thou wilt, grant me another bout, it will be of thy favor." She laughed and said, "I grant thee this: but these damsels have been long bound, and their arms and shoulders are weary, and it were fitting I should loose them, since this next bout may peradventure be a long one." Then she went up to the girls, and unbinding them said to them in the Greek tongue, "Go and put yourselves in safety, till I have brought to naught this Muslim." So they went away, whilst Sherkan looked at them, and they gazed at him and the young lady. Then he and she drew near again and set to. . . . But [again by admiration of her beauty] his strength failed him, and she feeling this, lifted him in her hands swifter than the blinding lightning and threw him to the ground. He fell on his back, and she said to him, "Rise; I give thee thy life a second time. I spared thee before for the sake of thy prophet, for that he forbade the killing of women, and I do so this second time because of thy weakness and tender age, and strangerhood: but I charge thee, if there be in the army sent by King Omar ben Ennuman a stronger than thou, send him hither and tell him of me." "By Allah, O my lady," replied Sherkan (and indeed he was greatly incensed against her), "it was not by thy strength that thou overthrewest me, but by [thy beauty], so that nor wit nor foresight was left in me. But now, if thou have a mind to try another fall with me, with my wits about me, I have a right to this one bout more by the rules of the game, for my presence of mind has now returned to me." "Hast thou not had enough of wrestling, O conquered one?" rejoined she. "However, come, if thou wilt: but know that this bout must be the last." Then they took hold of each other, and he set to in earnest and warded himself against being thrown down: so they wrestled awhile and the damsel found in him strength such as she had not before observed, and said to him, "O Muslim, thou art on thy guard!" "Yes," replied he, "thou knowest that there remaineth but this bout, and after each of us will go his own way." She laughed and he laughed too: then she seized the opportunity to bore in upon him unawares, and gripping him by the thigh, threw him to the ground, so that he fell on his back. She laughed at him and said, "Thou art surely an eater of bran: for thou art like a Bedouin bonnet that falls off at a touch, or a child's toy that a puff of air overturns. Out on thee, thou poor creature! Go back to the army of the Muslims and send us other than thyself, for thou lackest thews; and cry as among the Arabs and Persians and Turks and Medes, 'Whoso has might in him let him come to us!'" Then she made a spring and landed on the other side of the stream and said to Sherkan laughing, "It goes to my heart to part with thee! get thee to thy friends, O my lord, before the morning, lest the knights come upon thee and take thee on the points of their lances. Thou hast not strength enough to defend thee against women; so how couldst thou make head against men and cavaliers!" And she turned to go back to the monastery. Sherkan was confounded, and called out to her, saying "O my lady! Wilt thou go away, and leave the wretched stranger, the broken-hearted slave of love?" So she turned to him laughing, and said, "What wouldst thou? I grant thy prayer." "Have I set foot in thy country and tasted the sweetness of thy favors," replied Sherkan, "and shall I return without eating of thy victual and tasting of thy hospitality? Indeed, I am become one of thy servitors." Quoth she, "None but the base refuses hospitality: on my head and eyes be it! Do me the favor to mount and ride along the stream, abreast of me, for thou art my guest." At this Sherkan rejoiced, and hastening back to his horse, mounted and rode along the river-bank, keeping abreast of her, till he came to a drawbridge that hung by pulleys and chains of steel, made fast with hooks and padlocks. Here stood the ten damsels awaiting the lady, who spoke to one of them in the Greek tongue and said to her, "Go to him; take his horse's rein and bring him over into the monastery." . . . They went on till they reached a vaulted gate, arched over with marble. This she opened, and entered with Sherkan into a long vestibule, vaulted with ten arches, from each of which hung a lamp of crystal, shining like the rays of the sun. The damsels met her at the end of the vestibule, bearing perfumed flambeaux and having on their heads kerchiefs embroidered with all manner of jewels, and went on before her, till they came to the inward of the monastery, where Sherkan saw couches sat up all around, facing one another and overhung with curtains spangled with gold. The floor was paved with all kinds of variegated marbles, and in the midst was a basin of water with four and twenty spouts of gold around it from which issued water like liquid silver; whilst at the upper end stood a throne covered with silks of royal purple. Then said the damsel, "O my lord, mount this throne." So he seated himself on it, and she withdrew: and when she had been absent awhile, he asked the servants of her, and they said, "She hath gone to her sleeping-chamber; but we will serve thee as thou shalt order." So they set before him rare meats, and he ate till he was satisfied, when they brought him a basin of gold and an ewer of silver, and he washed his hands. Then his mind reverted to his troops, and he was troubled, knowing not what had befallen them in his absence, and thinking how he had forgotten his father's injunctions, so that he abode, oppressed with anxiety and repenting of what he had done, till the dawn broke and the day appeared, when he lamented and sighed and became drowned in the sea of melancholy, repeating the following verses: —

"I lack not of prudence, and yet in this case, I've been fooled;
so what shift shall avail unto me?
If any could ease me of love and its stress, Of my might and
my virtue I'd set myself free.
But alas, my heart's lost in maze of desire, And no helper save
God in my strait can I see."

Hardly had he finished when up came more than twenty damsels like moons, encompassing the young lady, who appeared among them as the full moon among stars. She was clad in royal brocade, and girt with a woven girdle set with various kinds of jewels that straitly clasped her waist. . . . On her head she wore a network of pearls, gemmed with various kinds of jewels, and she moved with a coquettish, swimming gait, swaying wonder-gracefully, whilst the damsels held up her skirts. . . . She fixed her eyes on him, and considered him awhile, till she was assured of him, when she came up to him and said, "Indeed the place is honored and illumined with thy presence, O Sherkan! How didst thou pass the night, O hero, after we went away and left thee? Verily, lying is a defect and a reproach in kings; especially in great kings: and thou art Sherkan, son of King Omar ben Ennuman; so henceforth tell me naught but truth, and strive not to keep the secret of thy condition, for falsehood engenders hatred and enmity. The arrow of destiny hath fallen upon thee, and it behooves thee to show resignation and submission." When Sherkan heard what she said, he saw nothing for it but to tell her the truth: so he said, "I am indeed Sherkan, son of Omar ben Ennuman; whom fortune hath afflicted and cast into this place: so now do whatsoever thou wilt."

FROM "SINDBAD THE SEAMAN AND SINDBAD THE LANDSMAN."

(Portions of Nights 536 to 542, presenting the Introduction and the first of the seven "Voyages": Translation of Captain Sir Richard Burton.)

THERE lived in the City of Bagdad, during the reign of the Commander of the Faithful, Harun al-Rashid, a man named Sindbad the Hammal [Porter], one in poor case, who bore burdens on his head for hire. It happened to him one day of great heat that whilst he was carrying a heavy load, he became exceeding weary and sweated profusely; the heat and the weight alike oppressing him. Presently, as he was passing the gate of a merchant's house, before which the ground was swept and watered, and where the air was temperate, he sighted a broad bench beside the door; so that he sat his load thereon, to take rest and smell the air. —

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day, and ceased saying her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH NIGHT,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Hammal set his load upon the bench to take rest and smell the air, there came out upon him from the court-door a pleasant breeze and a delicious fragrance. He sat down on the edge of the bench, and at once heard from within the melodious sound of lutes and other stringed insruments, and mirth-exciting voices singing and reciting, together with the song of birds warbling and glorifying Almighty Allah in various tunes and tongues; turtles, mocking-birds, merles, nightingales, cushats, and stone curlews: whereat he marvelled in himself and was moved to mighty joy and solace. Then he went up to the gate and saw within a great flower-garden wherein were pages and black slaves, and such a train of servants and attendants and so forth as is found only with Kings and Sultans; and his nostrils were greeted with the savory odors of all manner meats rich and delicate, and delicious and generous wines. So he raised his eyes heavenwards and said, "Glory to Thee, O Lord, O Creator and Provider, who providest whomso Thou wilt without count or stint! O mine Holy One, I cry Thee pardon for all sins and turn to Thee repenting of all offenses! O Lord, there is no gainsaying Thee in Thine ordinance and Thy dominion, neither wilt Thou be questioned of that Thou dost, for Thou indeed over all things art Almighty! Extolled be Thy perfection: whom Thou wilt Thou makest poor and whom Thou wilt Thou makest rich! Whom Thou wilt Thou exaltest and whom Thou wilt Thou abasest, and there is no god but Thou! How mighty is Thy majesty and how enduring Thy dominion and how excellent Thy government! Verily, Thou favorest

"A grand sitting room wherein he saw a company of Nobles and Great Lords"

whom Thou wilt of Thy servants, whereby the owner of this place abideth in all joyance of life and delighteth himself with pleasant scents and delicious meats and exquisite wines of all kinds. For indeed Thou appointest unto Thy creatures that which Thou wilt and that which Thou hast foreordained unto them ;,wherefore are some weary and others are at rest, and some enjoy fair fortune and affluence whilst others suffer the extreme of travail and misery, even as I do." And he fell to reciting:

How many by my labors, that evermore endure, All goods of life
enjoy and in cooly shade recline?
Each morn that dawns I wake in travail and in woe, And strange is
my condition and my burden gars me pine:
Many others are in luck and from miseries are free, And Fortune
never loads them with loads the like o' mine:
They live their happy days in all solace and delight; Eat, drink, and
dwell in honor 'mid the noble and the digne:
All living things were made of a little drop of sperm, Thine origin
is mine and my provenance is thine:
Yet the difference and distance 'twixt the twain of us are far As
the difference of savor 'twixt vinegar and wine:
But at Thee, O God All-wise! I venture not to rail Whose ordinance
is just and whose justice cannot fail.

When Sindbad the Porter had made an end of reciting his verses, he bore up his burden and was about to fare on, when there came forth to him from the gate a little foot-page, fair of face and shapely of shape and dainty of dress, who caught him by the hand, saying, "Come in and speak with my lord, for he calleth for thee." The Porter would have excused himself to the page, but the lad would take no refusal; so he left his load with the doorkeeper in the vestibule and followed the boy into the house, which he found to be a goodly mansion, radiant and full of majesty, till he brought him to a grand sitting-room wherein he saw a company of nobles and great lords, seated at tables garnished with all manner of flowers and sweet-scented herbs besides great plenty of dainty viands and fruits dried and fresh and confections and wine of the choicest vintages. There also were instruments of music and mirth, and lovely slave girls playing and singing. All the company was ranged according to rank, and in the highest place sat a man of worshipful and noble aspect, whose beard-sides hoariness had stricken; and he was stately of stature and fair of favor, agreeable of aspect and full of gravity and dignity and majesty. So Sindbad the Porter was confounded at that which he beheld, and said in himself, "By Allah, this must be either a piece of Paradise or some king's palace!" Then he saluted the company with much respect, praying for their prosperity; and kissing ground before them, stood with his head bowed down in humble attitude.—

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH NIGHT,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Sindbad the Porter, after kissing ground between their hands, stood with his head bowed down in humble attitude. The master of the house bade him draw near and be seated and bespoke him kindly, bidding him welcome. Then he set before him various kinds of viands, rich and delicious, and the Porter, after saying his Bismillah, fell to and ate his fill, after which he exclaimed, "Praised be Allah whatso be our case!" and washing his hands, returned thanks to the company for his entertainment. Quoth the host, "Thou art welcome and thy day is a-blessed. But what are thy name and calling?" Quoth the other, "O my lord, my name is Sindbad the Hammal, and I carry folk's goods on my head for hire." The house-master smiled and rejoined, "Know, O Porter, that thy name is even as mine, for I am Sindbad the Seaman; and now, O Porter, I would have thee let me hear the couplets thou recitedst at the gate anon. The Porter was abashed and replied, "Allah upon thee! Excuse me, for toil and travail and lack of luck when the hand is empty teach a man ill manners and boorish ways." Said the host, "Be not ashamed; thou art become my brother: but repeat to me the verses, for they pleased me whenas I heard thee recite them at the gate." Hereupon the Porter repeated the couplets, and they delighted the merchant, who said to him:—

Know, O Hammal, that my story is a wonderful one, and thou shalt hear all that befell me and all I underwent ere I rose to this state of prosperity and became the lord of this place wherein thou seest me; for I came not to this high estate save after travail sore and perils galore, and how much toil and trouble have I not suffered in days of yore! I have made seven voyages, by each of which hangeth a marvellous tale, such as confoundeth the reason, and all this came to pass by doom of fortune and fate; for from what destiny doth write there is neither refuge nor flight.

Know then, good my lords (continued he), that I am about to relate the

FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD HIGHT THE SEAMAN.

My father was a merchant, one of the notables of my native place, a moneyed man and ample of means, who died whilst I was yet a child, leaving me much wealth in money and lands, and farmhouses. When I grew up I laid hands on the whole and ate of the best and drank freely and wore rich clothes and lived lavishly, companioning and concerting with youths of my own age, and considering that this course of life would continue for ever and ken no change. Thus did I for a long time, but at last I awoke from my heedlessness, and returning to my senses, I found my wealth had become unwealth and my condition ill-conditioned, and all I once hent had left my hand. And recovering my reason I was stricken with dismay and confusion, and bethought me of a saying of our lord Solomon, son of David, (upon whom be Peace!) which I had heard aforetime from my father, "Three things are better than other three: the day of death is better than the day of birth, a live dog is better than a dead lion, and the grave is better than want." Then I got together my remains of estates and property and sold all, even my clothes, for three thousand dirhams, with which I resolved to travel to foreign parts, remembering the saying of the poet: —

By means of toil man shall scale the height: Who to fame aspires must n't sleep o' night:
Who seeketh pearl in the deep must dive, Winning weal and wealth by his main and might:
And who seeketh Fame without toil and strife Th' impossible seeketh and wasteth life.

So taking heart I bought me goods, merchandise, and all needed for a voyage, and, impatient to be at sea, I embarked, with a company of merchants, on board a ship bound for Bassorah. There we again embarked and sailed many days and nights, and we passed from isle to isle and sea to sea and shore to shore, buying and selling and bartering everywhere the ship touched, and continued our course till we came to an island as it were a garth of the garden of Paradise. Here the captain cast anchor, and making fast to the shore, put out the landing planks. So all on board landed and made furnaces, and lighting fires therein, busied themselves in various ways, some cooking and some washing, whilst other some walked about the island for solace, and the crew fell to eating and drinking and playing and sporting. I was one of the walkers; but as we were thus engaged, behold the master, who was standing on the gunwale, cried out to us at the top of his voice, saying, "Ho there! passengers, run for your lives and hasten back to the ship and leave your gear and save yourselves from destruction, Allah preserve you! For this island whereon ye stand is no true island, but a great fish stationary a-middlemost of the sea, whereon the sand hath settled and trees have sprung up of old time, so that it is become like unto an island; but when ye lighted fires on it, it felt the heat and moved; and in a moment it will sink with you into the sea and ye will all be drowned. So leave your gear and seek your safety ere ye die." —

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH NIGHT,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the ship-master cried to the passengers, "Leave your gear and seek safety ere ye die," all who heard him left gear and goods, clothes washed and unwashed, fire-pots and brass cooking-pots, and fled back to the ship for their lives, and some reached it while others (among whom was I) did not, for suddenly the island shook and sank into the abysses of the deep, with all that were thereon, and the dashing sea surged over it with clashing waves. I sank with the others down, down into the deep, but Almighty Allah preserved me from drowning and threw in my way a great wooden tub of those that had served the ship's company for tubbing. I gripped it for the sweetness of life, and bestriding it like one riding, paddled with my feet like oars, whilst the waves tossed me as in sport right and left. Meanwhile, the captain made sail and departed with those who had reached the ship, regardless of the drowning and the drowned;

and I ceased not following the vessel with my eyes, till she was hid from sight and I made sure of death. Darkness closed in upon me while in this plight, and the winds and waves bore me on all that night and the next day, till the tub brought to with me under the lee of a lofty island, with trees overhanging the tide. I caught hold of a branch and by its aid clambered up on to the land, after coming nigh upon death; but when I reached the shore, I found my legs cramped and numbed, and my feet bore traces of the nibbling of fish upon their soles; withal I had felt nothing for excess of anguish and fatigue. I threw myself down on the island-ground, like a dead man, and drowned in desolation swooned away, nor did I return to my senses till next morning, when the sun rose and revived me. But I found my feet swollen, so made shift to move by shuffling on my breech and crawling on my knees, for in that island were found store of fruit and springs of sweet water. I ate of the fruits, which strengthened me; and thus I abode days and nights, till my life seemed to return and my spirits began to revive and I was better able to move about. So after due consideration I fell to exploring the island and diverting myself with gazing upon all things that Allah Almighty had created there; and rested under the trees, from one of which I cut me a staff to lean upon. One day as I walked along the marge, I caught sight of some object in the distance, and thought it a wild beast or one of the monster creatures of the sea; but as I drew near it, looking hard the while, I saw that it was a noble mare, tethered on the beach. Presently I went up to her, but she cried out against me with a great cry, so that I trembled for fear and turned to go away, when there came forth a man from under the earth and followed me, crying out and saying, "Who and whence art thou, and what caused thee to come hither?" "O my lord," answered I, "I am in very sooth a waif, a stranger, and was left to drown with sundry others by the ship we voyaged in; but Allah graciously sent me a wooden tub, so I saved myself thereon, and it floated with me till the waves cast me up on this island." When he heard this he took my hand, and saying "Come with me," carried me into a great Sardáb, or underground chamber, which was spacious as a saloon. He made me sit down at its upper end; then he brought me somewhat of food, and, being anhungered, I ate till I was satisfied and refreshed. And when he had put me at mine ease he questioned me of myself, and I told him all that had befallen me from first to last. And as he wondered at my adventure, I said, "By Allah, O my lord, excuse me; I have told thee the truth of my case and the accident which betided me. And now I desire that thou tell me who thou art, and why thou abidest here under the earth, and why thou hast tethered yonder mare on the brink of the sea." Answered he, "Know that I am one one of the several who are stationed in different parts of this island, and we are of the grooms of King Mihrján, and under our hand are all his horses. . . . And Inshallah! I will bear thee to King Mihrján —"

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH NIGHT,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Syce said to Sindbad the Seaman, "I will bear thee to King Mihrján and show thee our country. And know that hadst thou not happened on us, thou hadst perished miserably and none had known of thee; but I will be the means of the saving of thy life and of thy return to thine own land." I called down blessings on him and thanked him for his kindness and courtesy. . . . After this, we sat awhile, till the rest of the grooms came up, each leading a mare, and seeing me with their fellow-Syce questioned me of my case, and I repeated my story to them. Thereupon they drew near me, and spreading the table, ate and invited me to eat; so I ate with them, after which they took horse, and mounting me on one of the mares, set out with me and fared on without ceasing, till we came to the capital city of King Mihrján, and going in to him acquainted him with my story. Then he sent for me, and when they set me before him and salams had been exchanged, he gave me a cordial welcome and wishing me long life bade me tell him my tale. So I related to him all that I had seen and all that had befallen me from first to last, whereat he marvelled and said to me, "By Allah, O my son, thou hast indeed been miraculously preserved! Were not the term of thy life a long one, thou hadst not escaped from these straits; but praised be Allah for safety!" Then he spoke cheerily to me and entreated me with kindness and consideration; moreover, he made me his agent for the port and registrar of all ships that entered the harbor. I attended him regularly, to receive his commandments, and he favored me and did me all manner of kindness and invested me with costly and splendid robes. Indeed, I was high in credit with him, as an intercessor for the folk and an intermediary between them and him, when they wanted aught of him. I abode thus a great while, and as often as I passed through the city to the port, I questioned the merchants and travellers and sailors of the city of Bagdad; so haply I might hear of an occasion to return to my native land, but could find none who knew it or knew any who resorted thither. At this I was chagrined, for I was weary of long strangerhood; and my disappointment endured for a time till one day, going in to King Mihrján, I found with him a company of Indians. I saluted them and they returned my salam; and politely welcomed me and asked me of my country —

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST NIGHT,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Sindbad the Seaman said: — When they asked me of my country I questioned them of theirs, and they told me that they were of various castes, some being called Shakiriyah, who are the noblest of their castes and neither oppress nor offer violence to any, and other Brahmans, a folk who abstain from wine, but live in delight and solace and merriment, and own camels and horses and cattle. Moreover, they told me that the people of India are divided into two-and-seventy castes, and I marvelled at this with exceeding marvel. Amongst other things that I saw in King Mihrján's dominions was an island called Kásil, wherein all night is heard the beating of drums and tabrets; but we were told by the neighboring islanders and by travellers that the inhabitants are people of diligence and judgment. In this sea I saw also a fish two hundred cubits long, and the fishermen fear it; so they strike together pieces of wood and put it to flight. I also saw another fish, with a head like that of an owl, besides many other wonders and rarities, which it would be tedious to recount. I occupied myself thus in visiting the islands, till one day, as I stood in the port, with a staff in my hand, according to my custom, behold, a great ship, wherein were many merchants, came sailing for the harbor. When it reached the small inner port where ships anchor under the city, the master furled his sails and making fast to the shore, put out the landing-planks, whereupon the crew fell to breaking bulk and landing cargo whilst I stood by, taking written note of them. They were long in bringing the goods ashore, so I asked the master, "Is there aught left in thy ship?" and he answered, "O my lord, there are divers bales of merchandise in the hold, whose owner was drowned from amongst us at one of the islands on our course; so his goods remained in our charge by way of trust, and we propose to sell them and note their price, that we may convey it to his people in the city of Bagdad, the Home of Peace." "What was the merchant's name?" quoth I, and quoth he, "Sindbad the Seaman;" whereupon I straitly considered him and knowing him, cried out to him with a great cry, saying, "O captain, I am that Sindbad the Seaman who traveled with other merchants; and when the fish heaved and thou calledst to us, some saved themselves and others sank, I being one of them. But Allah Almighty threw in my way a great tub of wood, of those the crew had used to wash withal, and the winds and waves carried me to this island, where by Allah's grace I fell in with King Mihrján's grooms and they brought me hither to the King their master. When I told him my story he entreated me with favor and made me his harbor-master, and I have prospered in his service and found acceptance with him. These bales, therefore, are mine, the goods which God hath given me —"

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND NIGHT,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Sindbad the Seaman said to the captain, "These bales are mine, the goods which Allah hath given me," the other exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Verily, there is neither conscience nor good faith left among men!" Said I, "O Rais, what mean these words, seeing that I have told thee my case?" And he anwered, "Because thou heardest me say that I had with me goods whose owner was drowned thou thinkest to take them without right; but this is forbidden by law to thee, for we saw him drown before our eyes, together with many other passengers, nor was one of them saved. So how canst thou pretend that thou art the owner of the goods ?" "O captain," said I, "listen to my story and give heed to my words, and my truth will be manifest to thee ; for lying and leasing are the letter-marks of the hypocrites." Then I recounted to him all that had befallen me since I sailed from Bagdad with him to the time when we came to the fish-island where we were nearly drowned ; and I reminded him of certain matters which had passed between us ; whereupon both he and the merchants were certified of the truth of my story and recognized me and gave me joy of my deliverance, saying, "By Allah, we thought not that thou hadst escaped drowning ! But the Lord hath granted thee new life." Then they delivered my bales to me, and I found my name written thereon, nor was aught thereof lacking. So I opened them, and making up a present for King Mihrján of the finest and costliest of the contents, caused the sailors to carry it up to the palace, where I went in to the King and laid my present at his feet, acquainting him with what had happened, especially concerning the ship and my goods ; whereat he wondered with exceeding wonder and the truth of all that I had told him was made manifest to him. His affection for me redoubled after that, and he showed me exceeding honor and bestowed on me a great present in return for mine. Then I sold my bales and what other matters I owned, making a great profit on them, and bought me other goods and gear of the growth and fashion of the island-city. When the merchants were about to start on their homeward voyage, I embarked on board the ship all that I possessed, and going in to the King, thanked him for all his favors and friendship, and craved his leave to return to my own land and friends. He farewelled me and bestowed upon me great store of the country-stuffs and produce ; and I took leave of him and embarked. Then we set sail and fared on nights and days by the permission of Allah Almighty ; and Fortune served us and Fate favored us, so that we arrived in safety at Bassorah-city where I landed rejoiced at my safe return to my natal soil. After a short stay, I set out for Bagdad, the House of Peace, with store of goods and commodities of great price. Reaching the city in due time, I went straight to my own quarter and entered my house, where all my friends and kinsfolk came to greet me. Then I bought me eunuchs and concubines, servants and negro slaves, till I had a large establishment, and I bought me houses, and lands and gardens, till I was richer and in better case than before, and returned to enjoy the society of my friends and familiars more assiduously than ever, forgetting all I had suffered of fatigue and hardship and strangerhood and every peril of travel; and I applied myself to all manner joys and solaces and delights, eating the daintiest viands and drinking the deliciousest wines, and my wealth allowed this state of things to endure. This, then, is the story of my first voyage, and to-morrow, Inshallah! I will tell you the tale of the second of my seven voyages. Saith he who telleth the tale: Then Sindbad the Seaman made Sindbad the Landsman sup with him and bade give him an hundred gold pieces, saying, "Thou hast cheered us with thy company this day." The Porter thanked him, and taking the gift, went his way, pondering that which he had heard and marvelling mightily at what things betide mankind.

Conclusion of the "Thousand Nights and a Night."

(Translation of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton.)

Now during this time Shahrazad had borne the King three boy children; so, when she had made an end of the story of Ma'aruf, she rose to her feet and kissing ground before him, said, "O King of the time and unique one of the age and the tide, I am thine handmaid, and these thousand nights and a night have I entertained thee with stories of folk gone before and admonitory instances of the men of yore. May I then make bold to crave a boon of thy highness?" He replied, "Ask, O Shahrazad, and it shall be granted to thee." Whereupon she cried out to the nurses and the eunuchs, saying, "Bring me my children." So they brought them to her in haste, and they were three boy children, one walking, one crawling, and one sucking. She took them, and setting them before the King, again kissed ground and said, "O King of the Age, these are thy children and I crave that thou release me from the doom of death, as a dole to these infants; for, an thou kill me, they will become motherless and will find none among women to rear them as they should be reared." When the King heard this, he wept and straining the boys to his bosom, said, "By Allah, O Shahrazad, I pardoned thee before the coming of these children, for that I found thee chaste, pure, ingenuous, and pious! Allah bless thee and thy father and thy mother and thy root and thy branch! I take the

Almighty to witness against me that I exempt thee from aught that can harm thee."

So she kissed his hands and feet and rejoiced with exceeding joy, saying, "The Lord make thy life long and increase thee in dignity and majesty!" presently adding, "Thou marvelledst at which befell thee on the part of women; yet there betided the Kings of the Chosroës before thee greater mishaps and more grievous than that which hath befallen thee, and indeed I have set forth unto thee that which happened to Caliphs and Kings and others with their women, but the relation is longsome, and hearkening groweth tedious, and in this is all-sufficient warning for the man of wits and admonishment for the wise." Then she ceased to speak, and when King Shahryar heard her speech and profited by that which she had said, he summoned up his reasoning powers and cleansed his heart and caused his understanding to revert, and turned to Allah Almighty and said to himself, "Since there befell the Kings of the Chosroës more than that which hath befallen me, never whilst I live shall I cease to blame myself for the past. As for this Shahrazad, her like is not found in the lands; so praise be to Him who appointed her a means for delivering His creatures from oppression and slaughter!" Then he arose from his séance and kissed her head, whereat she rejoiced, she and her sister Dunyazad, with exceeding joy.

When the morning morrowed the King went forth, and sitting down on the throne of the Kingship, summoned the Lords of his land; whereupon the Chamberlains and Nabobs and Captains of the host went in to him and kissed ground before him. He distinguished the Wazir, Shahrazad's sire, with special favor and bestowed on him a costly and splendid robe of honor, and entreated him with the utmost kindness, and said to him, "Allah protect thee for that thou gavest me to wife thy noble daughter, who hath been the means of my repentance from slaying the daughters of folk. Indeed, I have found her pure and pious, chaste and ingenuous, and Allah hath vouchsafed me by her three boy children; wherefore praised be He for His passing favor." Then he bestowed robes of honor upon his Wazirs and Emirs and Chief Officers, and he set forth to them briefly that which had betided him with Shahrazad, and how he had turned from his former ways and repented him of what he had done, and proposed to take the Wazir's daughter Shahrazad to wife, and let draw up the marriage-contract with her. When those who were present heard this, they kissed ground before him and blessed him and his betrothed Shahrazad, and the Wazir thanked her.

Then Shahryar made an end of his sitting in all weal, whereupon the folk dispersed to their dwelling-places, and the news was bruited abroad that the King proposed to marry the Wazir's daughter, Shahrazad. Then he proceeded to make ready the wedding gear, and presently he sent after his brother, King Shah Zaman, who came, and King Shahryar went forth to meet him with the troops. Furthermore, they decorated the city after the goodliest fashion and diffused scents from censers and burnt aloes-wood and other perfumes in all the markets and thoroughfares and rubbed themselves with saffron, what while the drums beat and the flutes and pipes sounded and mimes and mountebanks played and plied their arts, and the King lavished on them gifts and largesse, and in very deed it was a notable day. When they came to the palace, King Shahryar commanded to spread the table with beasts roasted whole, and sweetmeats, and all manner of viands, and bade the crier cry to the folk that they should come up to the Diwan and eat and drink, and that this should be a means of reconciliation between him and them. So high and low, great and small, came up unto him, and they abode on that wise, eating and drinking, seven days with their nights.

Then the King shut himself up with his brother, and related to him that which had betided him with the Wazir's daughter Shahrazad during the past three years, and told him what he had heard from her of proverbs and parables, chronicles and pleasantries, quips and jests, stories and anecdotes, dialogues and histories, and elegies and other verses; whereat King Shah Zaman marvelled with the utmost marvel and said, "Fain would I take her younger sister to wife, so we may be two brothers-german to two sisters-german, and they on like wise be sisters to us; for that the calamity which befell me was the cause of our discovering that which befell thee, and all this time of three years past I have taken no delight in woman; but now I desire to marry thy wife's sister Dunyazad."

When King Shahryar heard his brother's words, he rejoiced with joy exceeding, and arising forthright went in to his wife Shahrazad and acquainted her with that which his brother purposed, namely, that he sought her sister Dunyazad in wedlock; whereupon she answered, "O King of the Age, we seek of him one condition, to wit, that he take up his abode with us; for that I cannot brook to be parted from my sister an hour, because we were brought up together, and may not endure separation each from another. If he accept this pact, she is his handmaid." King Shahryar returned to his brother and acquainted him with that which Shahrazad had said; and he replied, "Indeed, this is what was in my mind, for that I desire nevermore to be parted from thee one hour. As for the kingdom, Allah the Most High shall send to it whomso He chooseth, for that I have no longer a desire for the kingship."

When King Shahryar heard his brother's words, he rejoiced exceedingly and said, "Verily, this is what I wished, O my brother. So Alhamdolillah — praised be Allah! — who hath brought about union between us." Then he sent after the Kazis and Olema, Captains and Notables, and they married the two brothers to the two sisters. The contracts were written out, and the two Kings bestowed robes of honor of silk and satin on those who were present, whilst the city was decorated and the rejoicings were renewed. The King commanded each Emir and Wazir and Chamberlain and Nabob to decorate his palace, and the folk of the city were gladdened by the presage of happiness and contentment. King Shahryar also bade slaughter sheep, and set up kitchens and made bride-feasts and fed all comers, high and low; and he gave alms to the poor and needy and extended his bounty to great and small.

Then the eunuchs went forth that they might perfume the Hammam for the brides; so they scented it with rosewater and willow-flower water and pods of musk, and fumigated it with Kákilí eaglewood and ambergris. Then Shahrazad entered, she and her sister Dunyazad, and they cleansed their heads and clipped their hair. When they came forth of the Hammam-bath, they donned raiment and ornaments such as men were wont prepare for the Kings of the Chosroës; and among Shahrazad's apparel was a dress purfled with red gold and wrought with counterfeit presentments of birds and beasts. And the two sisters encircled their necks with necklaces of jewels of price, in the like whereof Iskander rejoiced not, for therein were great jewels such as amazed the wit and dazzled the eye; and the imagination was bewildered at their charms, for indeed each of them was brighter than the sun and the moon. Before them they lighted brilliant flambeaux of wax in candelabra of gold, but their faces outshone the flambeaux, for that they had eyes sharper than unsheathed swords, and the lashes of their eyelids bewitched all hearts. Their cheeks were rosy red, and their necks and shapes gracefully swayed, and their eyes wantoned like the gazelle's; and the slave-girls came to meet them with instruments of music.

Then the two Kings entered the Hammam-bath, and when they came forth they sat down on a couch set with pearls and gems, whereupon the two sisters came up to them and stood between their hands, as they were moons, bending and leaning from side to side in their beauty and loveliness. Presently they brought forward Shahrazad and displayed her, for the first dress, in a red suit; whereupon King Shahryar rose to look upon her, and the wits of all present, men and women, were bewitched for that she was even as saith of her one of her describers:—

A sun on wand in knoll of sand she showed, * Clad in her cramoisy-hued chemisette:
Of her lips' honey-dew she gave me drink * And with her rosy cheeks quencht fire she set.

Then they attired Dunyazad in a dress of blue brocade, and she became as she were the full moon when it shineth forth. So they displayed her in this, for the first dress, before King Shah Zaman, who rejoiced in her and well-nigh swooned away for love-longing and amorous desire; yea, he was distraught with passion for her whenas he saw her, because she was, as saith of her one of her describers in these couplets:—

She comes apparelled in an azure vest * Ultramarine as skies are deckt and dight:
I view'd th' unparall'd sight, which showed my eyes * A Summer-moon upon a Winter-night.

Then they returned to Shahrazad and displayed her in the second dress, a suit of surpassing goodliness, and veiled her face with her hair like a chin-veil. Moreover, they let down her side-locks, and she was even as saith of her one of her describers in these couplets:—

O hail to him whose locks his cheeks o'ershade, * Who slew my life by cruel hard despight:
Said I, "Hast veiled the Morn in Night?" He said, * "Nay, I but veil the Moon in hue of Night."

Then they displayed Dunyazad in a second and a third and a fourth dress, and she paced forward like the rising sun, and swayed to and fro in the insolence of her beauty; and she was even as saith the poet of her in these couplets:—

The sun of beauty she to all appears * And, lovely coy, she mocks all loveliness:
And when he fronts her favor and her smile * A-morn, the sun of day in clouds must dress.

Then they displayed Shahrazad in the third dress and the fourth and the fifth, and she became as she were a Bán-branch snell of a thirsting gazelle, lovely of face and perfect in attributes of grace, even as saith of her one in these couplets:—

She comes like fullest moon on happy night, * Taper of waist with shape of magic might;
She hath an eye whose glances quell mankind, * And ruby on her cheeks reflects his light;
Enveils her hips the blackness of her hair; * Beware of curls that bite with viper-bite!
Her sides are silken-soft, what while the heart * Mere rock behind that surface 'scapes our sight;
From the fringed curtains of her eyne she shoots * Shafts that at furthest range on mark alight.

Then they returned to Dunyazad and displayed her in the fifth dress, and in the sixth, which was green, when she surpassed with her loveliness the fair of the four quarters of the world, and outvied, with the brightness of her countenance, the full moon at rising tide; for she was even as saith of her the poet in these couplets:—

A damsel 'twas the tirer's art had decked with snare and sleight,
* And robed with rays as though the sun from her had borrowed light;
She came before us wondrous clad in chemisette of green, * As veilèd by his leafy screen Pomegranate hides from sight;
And when he said, "How callest thou the fashion of thy dress?"
* She answered us in pleasant way, with double meaning dight,
"We call this garment *crève-cœur*; and rightly is it hight, * For many a heart wi' this we brake and harried many a sprite."

Then they displayed Shahrazad in the sixth and seventh dresses and clad her in youth's clothing, whereupon she came forward swaying from side to side, and coquettishly moving, and indeed she ravished wits and hearts and ensorcelled all eyes with her glances. She shook her sides and swayed her haunches, then put her hair on sword-hilt and went up to King Shahryar, who embraced her as hospitable host embraceth guest, and threatened her in her ear with the taking of the sword; and she was even as saith the poet of her in these words:—

Were not the Murk of gender male, * Than feminines surpassing fair,
Tire-women they had grudged the bride, * Who made her beard and whiskers wear!

Thus also they did with her sister Dunyazad; and when they had made an end of the display, the King bestowed robes of honor on all who were present, and sent the brides to their own apartments. Then Shahrazad went in to King Shahryar and Dunyazad to King Shah Zaman, and each of them solaced himself with the company of his beloved consort, and the hearts of the folk were comforted. When morning morrowed, the Wazir came in to the two Kings and kissed ground before them; wherefore they thanked him and were large of bounty to him. Presently they went forth and sat down upon couches of kingship, whilst all the Wazirs and Emirs and Grandees and Lords of the land presented themselves and kissed ground. King Shahryar ordered them dresses of honor and largesse, and they prayed for the permanence and prosperity of the King and his brother. Then the two Sovrans appointed their sire-in-law the Wazir to be Viceroy in Samarcand, and assigned him five of the Chief Emirs to accompany him, charging them attend him and do him service. The Minister kissed ground and prayed that they might be vouchsafed length of life: then he went in to his daughters, whilst the Eunuchs and Ushers walked before him, and saluted them and farewelled them. They kissed his hands and gave him joy of the kingship and bestowed on him immense treasures; after which he took leave of them, and setting out, fared days and nights, till he came near Samarcand, where the townspeople met him at a distance of three marches and rejoiced in him with exceeding joy. So he entered the city, and they decorated the houses and it was a notable day. He sat down on the throne of his kingship, and the Wazirs did him homage, and the Grandees and Emirs of Samarcand, and all prayed that he might be vouchsafed justice and victory and length of continuance. So he bestowed on them robes of honor and entreated them with distinction, and they made him Sultan over them. As soon as his father-in-law had departed for Samarcand, King Shahryar summoned the Grandees of his realm and made them a stupendous banquet of all manner of delicious meats and exquisite sweetmeats. He also bestowed on them robes of honor and guerdoned them, and divided the kingdoms between himself and his brother in their presence, whereat the folk rejoiced. Then the two Kings abode, each ruling a day in turn, and they were ever in harmony each with other, while on similar wise their wives continued in the love of Allah Almighty and in thanksgiving to Him; and the peoples and the provinces were at peace, and the preachers prayed for them from the pulpits, and their report was bruited abroad and the travelers bore tidings of them to all lands. In due time King Shahryar summoned chronicles and copyists, and bade them write all that had betided him with his wife, first and last; so they wrote this and named it "The Stories of the Thousand Nights and A Night." The book came to thirty volumes, and these the King laid up in his treasure. And the two brothers abode with their wives in all pleasaunce and solace of life and its delights, for that indeed Allah the Most High had changed their annoy into joy; and on this wise they continued till there took them the Destroyer of delights and the Severer of societies, the Desolator of dwelling-places, and Garnerer of grave-yards, and they were translated to the ruth of Almighty Allah; their houses fell waste and their palaces lay in ruins, and the Kings inherited their riches. Then there reigned after them a wise ruler, who was just, keen-witted, and accomplished, and loved tales and legends, especially those which chronicle the doings of Sovrans and Sultans, and he found in the treasury these marvellous stories and wondrous histories, contained in the thirty volumes aforesaid. So he read in them a first book and a second and a third and so on to the last of them, and each book astounded and delighted him more than that which preceded it, till he came to the end of them. Then he admired what so he had read therein of description and discourse and rare traits and anecdotes and moral instances and reminiscences, and bade the folk copy them and dispread them over all lands and climes; wherefore their report was bruited abroad and the people named them "The marvels and wonders of the Thousand Nights and A Night." This is all that hath come down to us of the origin of this book, and Allah is All-knowing. So Glory be to Him Whom the Shifts of Time waste not away, nor doth aught of chance or change affect His sway! Whom one case diverteth not from other case, and Who is sole in the attributes of perfect grace. And prayer and the Peace be upon the Lord's Pontiff and Chosen One among His creatures, our Lord MOHAMMED, the Prince of mankind, through whom we supplicate Him for a goodly and a godly end.

ARABIC POETRY.

(Translation of C. J. Lyall.)

PATIENCE.

(From Ibrahîm, Son of Kunaif of Nabhan.)

BE patient: for free-born men to bear is the fairest thing,
And refuge against Time's wrong or help from his hurt is none;
And if it availed man aught to bow him to fluttering Fear,
Or if he could ward off hurt by humbling himself to Ill,
To bear with a valiant front the full brunt of every stroke
And onset of Fate were still the fairest and best of things.
But how much the more, when none outruns by a span his Doom,
And refuge from God's decree nor was nor will ever be,
And sooth, if the changing Days have wrought us — their wonted way —
A lot mixed of weal and woe, yet one thing they could not do:
They have not made soft or weak the stock of our sturdy spear;
They have not abased our hearts to doing of deeds of shame.
We offer to bear their weight, a handful of noble souls:
Though laden beyond all weight of man, they uplift the load.
So shield we with Patience fair our souls from the stroke of Shame;
Our honors are whole and sound, though others be lean enow.

ABU SAKHR.

(On a lost love. From the "Hamásah.")

BY Him who brings weeping and laughter | who deals Death and Life as He wills —
  she left me to envy the wild deer | that graze twain and twain without fear!
Oh, love of her, heighten my heart's pain, | and strengthen the pang every night;
  oh, comfort that days bring, forgetting | — the last of all days be thy tryst!
I marvelled how swiftly the time sped | between us, the moment we met;
  but when that brief moment was ended | how wearily dragged he his feet!

AN ADDRESS TO THE BELOVED.

(By Abu l-'Ata of Sind. From the "Hamásah.")

OF thee did I dream, while spears between us were quivering —
and sooth, of our blood full deep had drunken the tawny shafts!
I know not — by Heaven I swear, and here is the word I say! —
this pang, is it love-sickness, or wrought by a spell from thee?
If it be a spell, then grant me grace of thy love-longing —
if other the sickness be, then none is the guilt of thine!

A FORAY.

(By Ja'far ibn 'Ulbah. From the "Hamásah.")

THAT even when, under Sábhal's twin peaks, upon us drave
the horsemen, troop upon troop, and the foeman pressed us sore —
They said to us, "Two things lie before you; now must ye choose
the points of the spears couched at ye; or if ye will not, chains!"
We answered them, "Yea this thing may fall to *you* after the fight,
when men shall be left on ground, and none shall arise again;
But we know not, if we quail before the assault of Death,
how much may be left of life — the goal is too dim to see."
We rode to the strait of battle; there cleared us a space, around
the white swords in our right hands which the smiths had furbished fair.
On them fell the edge of my blade, on that day of Sabhal date;
And mine was the share thereof, wherever my fingers closed.

FATALITY.

(By Katari, ibn al-Fujâ'ah, ibn Ma'zin. From the "Hamásah.")

I SAID to her, when she fled in amaze and breathless
before the array of battle, "Why dost thou tremble?
Yea, if but a day of Life thou shouldst beg with weeping,
beyond what thy Doom appoints, thou wouldst not gain it!
Be still, then; and face the onset of Death, high-hearted,
for none upon earth shall win to abide forever.
No raiment of praise the cloak of old age and weakness;
none such for the coward who bows like a reed in the tempest.
The pathway of death is set for all men to travel.
the crier of Death proclaims through the earth his empire.
Who dies not when young and sound, dies old and weary —
cut off in his length of days from all love and kindness;
And what for a man is left of delight of living, —
past use — flung away — a worthless and worn-out chattel?"

IMPLACABILITY.

(By al-Fadl, ibn al-Abbas, ibn Utbah. From the "Hamásah.")

Sons of our uncle, peace! Cousins of ours, be still!
  drag not to light from its grave the strife that we buried there.
Hope not for honor from us, while ye heap upon us shame,
  or think that we shall forbear from vexing when ye vex us.
Sons of our uncle, peace! lay not our rancor raw;
  walk now gently awhile, as once ye were wont to go.
Ay, God knows that we, we love you not, in sooth!
  and that we blame ye not that ye have no love for us.
Each of us has his ground for the loathing his fellow moves:
  a grace it is from the Lord that we hate ye — ye us!

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

(A poem by Hiṭṭân ibn al-Mu'allà of Tayyi. From the "Hamásah.")

Fortune has brought me down — her wonted way —
  from stature high and great, to low estate;
Fortune has rent away my plenteous store;
  of all my wealth, honor alone is left.
Fortune has turned my joy to tears — how oft
  did Fortune make me laugh with what she gave!
But for these girls, the *ḳaṭā's* downy brood,
  unkindly thrust from door to door as hard —
Far would I roam, and wide, to seek my bread,
  in earth, that has no lack of breadth and length.
Nay, but our children in our midst, what else
  but our hearts are they, walking on the ground?
If but the breeze blow harsh on one of them,
  mine eye says "no" to slumber, all night long!

DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS ARAGO.

Arago, Dominique François, an eminent French statesman, astronomer and physicist; born near Perpignan, February 26, 1786; died in Paris, Oct. 2, 1853. His biographical notices of distinguished men of science hold a high place in literature for clearness of thought and beauty of style. Elected to the Chamber of Deputies after the revolution of 1830, he eloquently took part with the advanced republicans. After the fall of Louis Philippe in 1848, he effected, as Minister of War and of Marine, many salutary reforms, such as the abolition of flogging in the navy and of negro slavery in the colonies. His scientific observations and discoveries were numerous and important. English translations of separate portions of his works have been published, notably his "Autobiography;" "Popular Lectures on Astronomy;" "Meteorological Essays;" and "Biographies of Scientific Men."

From His Autobiography.

The members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the presidents, with the secretaries of the four classes, and with the Academicians who had special publications to offer to the Chief of the State, they assembled in one of the saloons of the Tuileries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these savants, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform.

I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure in seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be themselves noticed.

"You are very young," said Napoleon to me on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added, "What is your name?" And my neighbor on the right, not leaving me time to answer the certainly simple enough question just addressed to me, hastened to say: —

"*His* name is Arago."

"What science do you cultivate?"

My neighbor on the left immediately replied: —

"*He* cultivates astronomy."

"What have you done?"

My neighbor on the right, jealous of my left-hand neighbor for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said: —

"*He* has just been measuring the line of the meridian in Spain."

The Emperor, imagining doubtless that he had before him either a dumb or an imbecile man, passed on to another member of the Institute. This one was not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarck. The old man presented a book to Napoleon.

"What is that?" said the latter; "it is your absurd *meteorology*, in which you rival Matthieu Laensberg. It is this 'annuaire' which dishonors your old age. Do something in Natural History, and I should receive your productions with pleasure. As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hair. Here!" And he passed the book to an aid-de-camp.

Poor M. Lamarck, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, "It is a work on Natural History which I present to you," was weak enough to fall into tears.

The Emperor immediately afterwards met with a more energetic antagonist in the person of M. Lanjuinais. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said to him, sneeringly: —

"The entire Senate, then, will have to give place to the Institute?" "Sire," replied Lanjuinais, "it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature."

The Emperor, displeased at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and busied himself among the great epaulets which filled the room.

Immediately after my nomination, I was exposed to strange attempts on the part of the military authorities. I had left for Spain, still holding the title of pupil of the Polytechnic School. My name could not remain on the books more than four years; consequently I had been enjoined to return to France to go through the examinations necessary on quitting the school. But in the mean time Lalande died, and thus a place in the Bureau of Longitude became vacant. I was named assistant astronomer. These places were submitted to the nomination of the Emperor. M. Lacuée, Director of the Conscription, thought that, through this latter circumstance, the law would be satisfied, and I was authorized to continue my operations.

M. Matthieu Dumas, who succeeded him, looked at the question from an entirely different point of view; he enjoined me either to furnish a substitute, or else to set off myself with the contingent of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris.

All my remonstrances and those of my friends having been fruitless, I announced to the honorable General that I should present myself in the Place de l'Estrapade, whence the conscripts had to depart, in the costume of a member of the Institute; and that thus I should march on foot through the city of Paris. General Matthieu Dumas was alarmed at the effect which this scene would produce on the Emperor, himself a member of the Institute, and hastened, under fear of my menace, to confirm the decision of General Lacuée.

In the year 1809 I was chosen by the "conseil du perfectionnement" of the Polytechnic School to succeed M. Monge, in his chair of Analysis applied to Geometry. The circumstances attending that nomination have remained a secret; I seize the first opportunity which offers itself to me to make them known.

M. Monge took the trouble to come to me one day, at the Observatory, to ask me to succeed him. I declined this honor, because of a proposed journey which I was going to make into Central Asia with M. de Humboldt. "You will certainly not set off for some months to come," said the illustrious geometer; "you could, therefore, take my place temporarily." "Your proposal," I replied, "flatters me infinitely; but I do not know whether I ought to accept it. I have never read your great work on partial differential equations; I do not, therefore, feel certain that I should be competent to give lessons to the pupils of the Polytechnic School on such a difficult theory." "Try," said he, "and you will find that that theory is clearer than it is generally supposed to be." Accordingly, I did try; and M. Monge's opinion appeared to me to be well founded.

The public could not comprehend, at that time, how it was that the benevolent M. Monge obstinately refused to confide the delivery of his course to M. Binet (a private teacher under him), whose zeal was well known. It is this motive which I am going to reveal.

There was then in the Bois de Boulogne a residence named the Gray House, where there assembled round M. Coessin, a great preacher of a new religion, a number of adepts, such as Lesueur, the musician, Colin, private teacher of chemistry at the school, M. Binet, etc. A report from the prefect of police had signified to the Emperor that the frequenters of the Gray House were connected with the Society of Jesuits. The Emperor was uneasy and irritated at this. "Well," said he to M. Monge, "there are your dear pupils become disciples of Loyola!" And on Monge's denial, "You deny it," answered the Emperor; "well, then, know that the private teacher of your course is in that clique." Every one can understand that after such a remark, Monge could not consent to being succeeded by M. Binet.

Having entered the Academy, young, ardent, and impassioned, I took much greater part in the nominations than may have been suitable for my position and at my age. Arrived at an epoch of life whence I examine retrospectively all my actions with calmness and impartiality, I can render this amount of justice to myself, that, excepting in three or four instances, my vote and interest were always in favor of the most deserving candidate, and more than once I succeeded in preventing the Academy from making the most deplorable choice. Who could blame me for having maintained with energy the election of Malus, considering that his competitor, M. Girard, unknown as a physicist, obtained twenty-two votes out of fifty-three, and that an addition of five votes would have given him the victory over the savant who had just discovered the phenomenon of polarization by reflection, over the savant whom Europe would have named by acclamation? The same remarks are applicable to the nomination of Poisson, who would have failed against this same M. Girard, if four votes had been otherwise given. Does not this suffice to justify the unusual ardor of my conduct? Although in a third trial the majority of the Academy was decided in favor of the same engineer, I cannot repent that I maintained up to the last moment with conviction and warmth the election of his competitor, M. Dulong.

I do not suppose that, in the scientific world, any one will be disposed to blame me for having preferred M. Liouville to M. de Pontécoulant.

Sometimes it happened that the government wished to influence the choice of the Academy; with a strong sense of my rights, I invariably resisted all dictation. Once this resistance acted unfortunately on one of my friends — the venerable Legendre; as to myself, I had prepared myself beforehand for all the persecutions of which I could be made the object. Having received from the Minister of the Interior an invitation to vote for M. Binet against M. Navier on the occurrence of a vacant place in the section of mechanics, Legendre nobly answered that he would vote according to his soul and his conscience. He was immediately deprived of a pension which his great age and his long services rendered due to him. The protégé of the authorities failed; and, at the time, this result was attributed to the activity with which I enlightened the members of the Academy as to the impropriety of the Minister's proceedings.

On another occasion the King wished the Academy to name Depuytren, the eminent surgeon, but one whose character at the time lay under the imputation of grave charges. Depuytren was nominated, but several blanks protested against the interference of the authorities in Academic elections.

I said above that I had saved the Academy from some deplorable choices; I will only cite a single instance, on which occasion I had the sorrow of finding myself in opposition to M. de Laplace. The illustrious geometer wished a vacant place in the astronomical section to be granted to M. Nicollet, — a man without talent and moreover suspected of misdeeds which reflected on his honor in the most serious degree. At the close of a contest which I maintained undisguisedly, notwithstanding the danger which might follow from thus braving the powerful protectors of M. Nicollet, the Academy proceeded to the scrutiny; the respected M. Damoiseau, whose election I had supported, obtained forty-five votes out of forty-eight. Thus M. Nicollet had collected but three.

"I see," said M. de Laplace to me, "that it is useless to struggle against young people; I acknowledge that the man who is called the *great elector* of the Academy is more powerful than I am."

"No," replied I; "M. Arago can only succeed in counterbalancing the opinion justly preponderating for M. de Laplace, when the right is found to be without possible contradiction on his side."

A short time afterwards M. Nicollet had run away to America, and the Bureau of Longitude had a warrant passed to repel him ignominiously from its bosom.

I would warn those savants who, having early entered the Academy, might be tempted to imitate my example, to expect nothing beyond the satisfaction of their conscience. I warn them, with a knowledge of the case, that gratitude will almost always be found wanting.

The elected Academician, whose merits you have sometimes exalted beyond measure, pretends that you have done no more than justice to him — that you have fulfilled a duty, and that he therefore owes you no thanks.

Delambre died the 19th of August, 1822. After the necessary delay, they proceeded to fill his place. The situation of perpetual secretary is not one which can long be left vacant. The Academy named a commission to present it with candidates; it was composed of Messrs. de Laplace, Arago, Legendre, Rossel, Prony, and Lacroix. The list presented was composed of the names of Messrs. Biot, Fourier, and Arago. It is not necessary for me to say with what obstinacy I opposed the inscription of my name on this list; I was compelled to give way to the will of my colleagues, but I seized the first opportunity of declaring publicly that I had neither the expectation nor the wish to obtain a single vote; that, moreover, I had on my hands already as much work as I could get through; that in this respect M. Biot was in the same position; and that, in short, I should vote for the nomination of M. Fourier.

It was supposed, but I dare not flatter myself that it was the fact, that my declaration exercised a certain influence on the result of the ballot. The result was as follows: M. Fourier received thirty-eight votes, and M. Biot ten. In a case of this nature each man carefully conceals his vote, in order not to run the risk of future disagreement with him who may be invested with the authority which the Academy gives to the perpetual secretary. I do not know whether I shall be pardoned if I recount an incident which amused the Academy for a long time.

M. de Laplace, at the moment of voting, took two plain pieces of paper; his neighbor was guilty of the indiscretion of looking, and saw distinctly that the illustrious geometer wrote the name of Fourier on both of them. After quietly folding them up, M. de Laplace put the papers into his hat, shook it, and said to this same curious neighbor: "You see I have written two papers; I am going to tear up one, I shall put the other into the urn; I shall thus be myself ignorant for which of the two candidates I have voted."

All went on as the celebrated Academician had said, only that every one knew with certainty that his vote had been for Fourier; and "the calculation of probabilities" was in no way necessary for arriving at this result.

After having fulfilled the duties of secretary with much distinction but not without some feebleness, some negligence in consequence of his bad health, Fourier died the 16th of May, 1830. I declined several times the honor which the Academy appeared willing to do me, in naming me to succeed him. I believed, without false modesty, that I had not the qualities necessary to fill this important place suitably. When thirty-nine out of forty-four voters had appointed me, it was quite time that I should give in to an opinion so flattering and so plainly expressed. On the 7th of June, 1830, I, therefore, became perpetual secretary of the Academy for the Mathematical Sciences; but, conformably to the plea of an accumulation of offices, of which I had made use as an argument to support, in November, 1822, the election of M. Fourier, I declared that I should give in my resignation of the Professorship in the Polytechnic School. Neither the solicitations of Marshal Soult, the Minister of War, nor those of the most eminent members of the Academy, could succeed in persuading me to renounce this resolution.

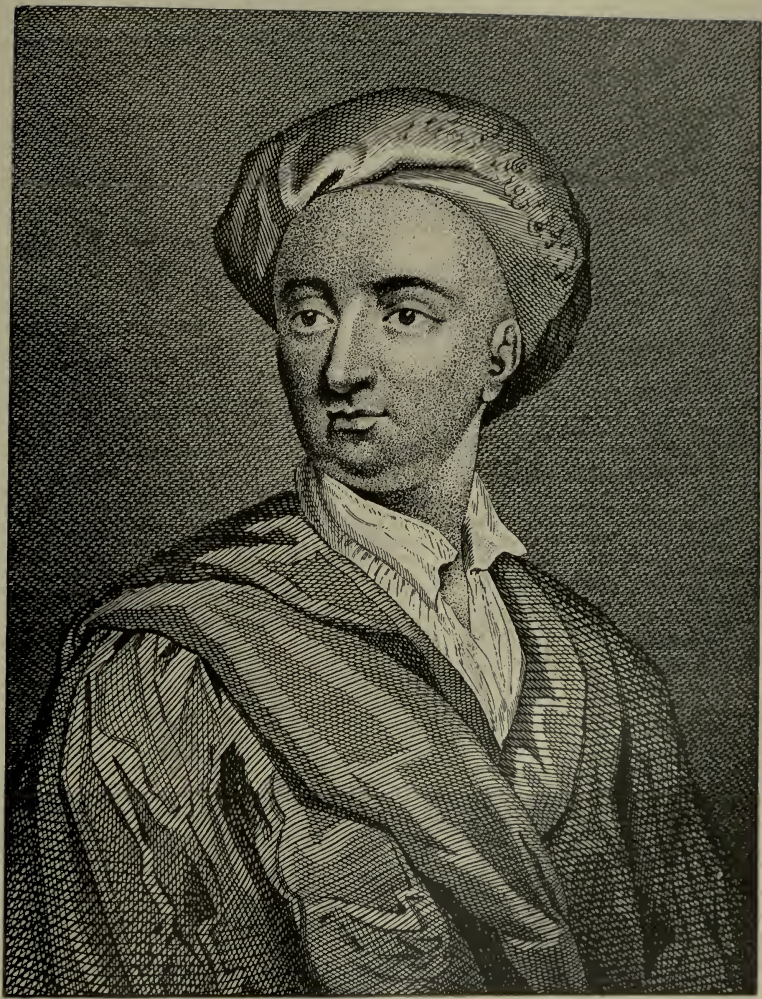
JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

Arbuthnot, John, a Scottish humorist; born near Arbuthnot Castle, Kincardineshire, Scotland, April 29, 1667; died in London, February 27, 1735. He was physician to Queen Anne. His literary fame rests mainly on "The History of John Bull" (1712), at first attributed to Swift, but proved to have been the work of Arbuthnot. Primarily designed to satirize the Duke of Marlborough, and to oppose the continuance of the War of the Spanish Succession, this work was the means of fastening the sobriquet and the typical character of John Bull upon the English nation; but owing to its ardent and extreme Toryism it is now little read, and known chiefly by brilliant extracts. It is said to have suggested to Swift the composition of "Gulliver's Travels." He also wrote a number of serious works which have been highly valued.

The History of John Bull.

HOW BULL AND FROG GREW JEALOUS THAT THE LORD STRUTT INTENDED TO GIVE ALL HIS CUSTOM TO HIS GRANDFATHER, LEWIS BABOON [LOUIS XIV.].

It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighborhood that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) a false loon, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack of all trades: sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broadcloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather [a famous toy man] could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe buckles; when shop was shut up, he would go about the neighborhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at backsword, quarterstaff, and cudgel play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. "It is not impossible," says Frog to Bull, "but this



JOHN ARBUTHNOT M.D.

Engraved from a scarce Print in the Collection of S.^{r} Will.^{m} Musgrave Bar.^{t}

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old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon: therefore, neighbor, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter."

A COPY OF BULL AND FROG'S LETTER TO LORD STRUTT.

My Lord, — I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery ware time out of mind; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire, old Lewis Baboon, this is to inform your lordship that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

John Bull,
Nic. Frog.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in ready, either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised upon his word of honor that he would not change his drapers: but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

HOW BULL AND FROG WENT TO LAW WITH LORD STRUTT ABOUT THE PREMISES, AND WERE JOINED BY THE REST OF THE TRADESMEN.

All endeavors of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain; jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumored abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up man, rouse thyself! I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of Jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned, the chimney sweeper of Savoy,[1] and Tom, the Portugal dustman,[2] put in their claims; and the cause [the war of the Spanish Succession] was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus, the attorney [Duke of Marlborough].

A declaration was drawn up to show "that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling, and cudgel play;" and abundance more to this purpose.

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG, AND HOCUS.

For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

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[1] The Duke.

[2] The King.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain: no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and, though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all. The neighbors reported that he was hen-pecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

OF THE VARIOUS SUCCESS OF THE LAWSUIT.

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business: yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address, was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve his cause; there wanted not yellow boys [gold] to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favor [won no battles]; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but, alas! That final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared [fresh securities exacted from France]; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyer's pockets; then John began to borrow money upon Bank stock and East India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot; at last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes; now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shirt, though he had as many as any other; his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and barefooted; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck beef and bullock's liver; in short, nobody got much by the matter but the men of law.

HOW JOHN BULL WAS SO MIGHTILY PLEASED WITH HIS SUCCESS THAT HE WAS GOING TO LEAVE OFF HIS TRADE AND TURN LAWYER.

It is wisely observed by a great philosopher that habit is a second nature: this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench. He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner: "How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature! It is plain I was intended for a man of law; how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter! Bless me, what immense estates these fellows raise by the law! Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure it is to be victorious in a cause, to swagger at the bar! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade, for a lawyer I was born and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; these he used to battle indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses; so that his neighbor tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs at Blackwell Hall [woollen-goods market], and price of broadcloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeases, certioraris, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipes, and dedimus. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges; that, if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice [hold the balance of power]: as for the advice of honest friends and neighbors, John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor grovelling mechanics; John reckoned it more honor to have got one favorable verdict than to have sold a bale of broadcloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for, though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

RENÉ LOUIS D'ARGENSON.

ARGENSON, RENÉ LOUIS, Marquis de, French statesman and wit, the son of the Marquis d'Argenson that created the secret police and the system of *lettres de cachet*, was born in 1694 and died in 1757. He won the enmity of the celebrated Marquise de Pompadour in 1747, and spent some time in England. He wrote a volume of anecdotes and essays which also enjoyed popularity in English translation.

ON IMAGINATION.

THE imagination is a quality of the soul, not only a brilliant but a happy one, for it is more frequently the cause of our happiness, than of our misery; it presents us with more pleasures than vexations, with more hopes than fears. Men of dull and heavy dispositions, who are not affected by anything, vegetate and pass their lives in a kind of tranquillity, but without pleasure or delight; like animals which see, feel, and taste nothing but that which is under their eyes, paws, or teeth; but the imagination, which is proper to man, transports us beyond ourselves, and makes us taste future and the most distant pleasures. Let us not be told that it makes us also foresee evils, pains, and accidents, which will perhaps never arrive: it is seldom that imagination carries us to these panic fears, unless it be deranged by physical causes. The sick man sees dark phantoms and has melancholy ideas; the man in health has no dreams but such as are agreeable, and as we are more frequently in a good than a bad state of health, our natural state is to desire, to hope, and to enjoy. It is true that the imagination, which gives us some agreeable moments, exposes us, when once we are undeceived, to others which are painful. There is no person who does not wish to preserve his life, his health, and his property; but the imagination represents to us our life as a thing which ought to be very long; our health established and unchangeable; and our fortune inexhaustible: when the two latter of these illusions cease before the former, we are much to be pitied.

ON MORALITY.

MORALITY teaches us how we ought to live with men; what a number of discourses, sermons, and books there are, which instruct us in the first principles of it! But there are few which teach us how to live with ourselves, and for ourselves alone: it is because the master and the lessons are in our own hearts and depend upon our characters. There are people who have lived sixty years without ever having known themselves, because they have never been at the trouble of studying their characters; for the most trifling research is sufficient to give us that knowledge to perfection. Let it not be imagined that self-love hinders us from judging truly of our own character; on the contrary, it informs us of our defects, and engages us to correct them, because our happiness is interested therein: it only hinders us from confessing them before others. Let us be sincere, we may be deceived about our defects, but we cannot totally conceal them.

ON THE PRACTICE OF MORALITY.

THE Chinese are persuaded that there is but one science which merits to be profoundly studied, and that it is necessary to study it one's whole life; it is morality: from this results, say our relations of them, that all the Chinese are philosophers. I maintain that these relations are not authentic; it is neither true nor possible that they should be so; and I should greatly pity a people who passed their whole lives in the study of morality. The first year of their studies they would know everything necessary to be known; and when men obstinately pursue the study of a thing, which they possess in the most ample manner, they terminate in perplexity. What we ought to do during our lives, is not to study morality, but to practise it; it may be very well practised without being understood, when we suffer ourselves to be conducted by those who know what it is; and much more so, when we are penetrated by its principles, which are few in number, but universally acknowledged, for such a length of time past, to be good, that there is nothing more solid. Afterwards, it is necessary to apply them on every occasion; and to oppose them to the fire of the passions, and to the trifling interests, which incline us to deviate from our duty. There are professions in routine of which it may be said, in parodying a verse of Boileau: *The practice is easy, and the art is difficult.* It is quite the contrary in morality; the knowledge of its principles is simple and easy; but the practice is a difficulty which we experience every day.

It is not the vivacity only of our passions, of our character, and our age, which causes obstacles to the practice of morality, but circumstances also, difficult to be foreseen. However, *at all events the wise man is prepared.* It is particularly necessary when we are young to reflect upon what we read and see; to put ourselves in the place of people whom we hear speak, or whom we know personally, and ask ourselves, what would we do were we in a like situation? This is what is called studying historical books and the great book of the world to advantage. I have for more than twenty years followed this method, and I am of opinion that I am the better for it. Without ambition, or any ardent desire of changing my present situation, I like, notwithstanding, to build *castles in the air:* they amuse me and give me no uneasiness; they are agreeable dreams which never make me start out of sleep, or give me the nightmare. My friend, the Abbé de Saint Pierre, dreams continually that he is reforming the state; I have a little more right than he has to form such dreams. He writes and publishes what he dreams of; I am tempted to do so likewise; but I answer for it, that my dreams shall not be brought to light during my existence: first, because I do not believe the world disposed to make use of that which I think is for its advantage; secondly, because the example of the Abbé de St. Pierre frightens me. With the best intentions, he has given much advice which would well deserve to be followed; but he has attacked in front generally received ideas; he has proposed impracticable means of arriving at happy ends, he has announced his ideas in an emphatical tone; and has believed that to be well expressed, they have need of new words and an extraordinary orthography; all this has thrown a ridicule upon his writings and person; and it was only by passing for a fool and a dotard that he avoided the hatred of those whose interest it was to maintain the abuses which he was willing to destroy. It cannot be denied that he merited, in several respects, reproaches, and even derision; but assuredly it was possible to reap some advantage from his ideas upon several objects, and to turn to a good account his idle speculations. A fine example for those who would still wish to publish projects of reform: but ought this to frighten a good citizen? No! at least, it will not hinder me from thinking, and even writing, were it but for myself, that which shall appear to me best to be done.

ON THE NATURAL TURN FOR SCANDAL AND RAILLERY.

THE love of scandal is so founded upon the malignity natural to most men, and especially to women, that this vice will never be out of fashion; the levity of our nation makes scandal more common in France than anywhere else. But at least we abhor calumny; we look upon it as a vice, the principles of which are the most culpable, and its consequences may be the most pernicious. We are as fearful of becoming calumniators as murderers, and this with much reason. As for scandal, when it is well retailed, it is a means of pleasing in society, — it animates conversation, — those present are amused by speaking ill of the absent: one company is made to laugh at the follies of another. But this sportiveness must be light, agreeable, and satirical: let us leave to old and peevish devotees the bad habit of malignantly slandering their neighbors, — of reproaching young persons with defects, which they compensate by some good qualities, or with faults against which the aged cry so loudly, only because they can no longer commit them.

To rally agreeably, it is necessary to have a graceful delivery; and this is no common talent. Light circumstances are sometimes added to the story, to render it more poignant; but it must not be lengthened by them, nor the narration retarded. Mix your recitals with but few observations, — draw no conclusions from them, but leave your auditors to make such malignant reflections as you will easily suggest to them; these will be so much the more approved of, as they will believe them to come from themselves. I knew in my younger days some excellent story-tellers; they seem to be more rare at present; I think so perhaps, by anticipation, from the mania common to old people, of believing that everything degenerates; but, however this may be, I mean to form some day a list of the good story-tellers of my time, and to characterize each of them by some one of their best stories, which I shall easily recollect. Madame Cornuel compared stories to those *matelotes* (rich ragouts, like turtle), of which it is said, the "fish is eaten for the sake of the sauce;" in like manner, said she, the best stories are best related. We have a proof of this in the famous tales of the Abbé de Boifrebert, at which the great Cardinal Richelieu laughed so much. Douville, brother to the Abbé, has had them printed, and nothing is more insipid on being read; but this is because we have no longer the story-teller to make us relish them, yet it was not he who wrote them.

The man whom in all France I have heard tell the best story is the Duke of Maine, legitimated son of the late King; he was otherwise a weak prince, and had but middling talents; his wife, who prides herself upon being superior to him in point of understanding, does not tell a story so well as he does; and their two sons, the Prince of Dombes and the Comte d'Eu, who in other respects do not pass for men of genius, possess their father's talent to a great degree.

The age is certainly become more moderate in many respects; slander is not spread with malignity and ill humor; its consequences are more feared; men are become circumspect, lest simple disputes should become serious affairs, which they wish to avoid. Perhaps (let us secretly acknowledge it) we are become a little cowardly; but when we are unfortunate enough to be so, the true means of concealing it is to avoid disputes, and to this end it is necessary to take timely precautions. After all, I like the present age better than I should have done the preceding one; men were certainly brave and daring; but even the most prudent people were not in safety, because they were beset with those who were quarrelsome. Society is at present more safe; we have scarcely anything to fear but trifling disputes or pleasantries easy to be borne with when we know how to reply to them. Formerly men devoured each other like lions and tigers; at present, we play with each other like little dogs, which gnaw, or young kittens, the strokes of whose claws are not mortal.

I like the raillery of men of wit, even though I should be the subject of it, better than the circumspection of fools: nothing can be more dull or ridiculous than some of my acquaintance of this description; their insipidity makes one almost sick; from insipidity comes *ennui;* and *ennui* is the pest of society.

ARGYLE.

Argyle or Argyll, George Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyll, an English philosophical, scientific, and political writer, and statesman; born in Ardencaple Castle, Dumbartonshire, April 30, 1823. He was Lord Privy Seal (1860) and Postmaster-General (1855), being reappointed to both offices in 1860, to the former again in 1880; was Secretary for India (1868–74). He wrote: "The Reign of Law" (1866), a striking work upholding theism; "Primeval Man" (1869); "Iona" (1870); "The Eastern Question" (2 vols., 1879); "The Unity of Nature" (1883); "Scotland as It Was, and as It Is" (1887); and "The Unseen Foundations of Society" (1892).

Analogy Between Man's Works and Those of the Creator.

(From "The Reign of Law," Chap. II.)

Whatever difficulty there may be in conceiving of a Will not exercised by a visible Person, it is a difficulty which cannot be evaded by arresting our conceptions at the point at which they have arrived in forming the idea of the Laws or Forces. That idea is itself made up out of elements derived from our own consciousness of Personality. It is perfectly true that the Mind does recognize in Nature a reflection of itself. But if this be a deception, it is a deception which is not avoided by transferring the idea of Personality to the abstract idea of Force, or by investing combinations of Force with the attributes of Mind.

We need not be jealous then, when new domains are claimed as under the Reign of Law — an agency through which we see working everywhere some Purpose of the Everlasting Will. The mechanisms devised by Man are in this respect only an image of the more perfect mechanism of Nature, in which the same principle of Adjustment is always the highest result which Science can ascertain or recognize. There is this difference, indeed — that in regard to our works our knowledge of Natural Laws is very imperfect, and our control over them is very feeble; whereas, in the machinery of Nature there is evidence of complete knowledge and of absolute control. The universal rule is that everything is brought about by way of Natural Consequence. But another rule is that all Consequences meet and fit into each other in endless circles of Harmony and Purpose; and this can only be explained by the fact that what we call Natural Consequence is always the conjoint effect of an infinite number of Elementary Forces, whose action and reaction are under the direction of the Will which we see obeyed, and of the Purposes which we see actually attained.

It is, indeed, the completeness of the analogy between our own works on a small scale, and the works of the Creator on an infinitely large scale, which is the greatest mystery of all. Man is constrained to adopt the principle of Adjustment, because the Forces of Nature are external to and independent of his Will. They may be managed, but they cannot be disobeyed. It is impossible to suppose that they stand in the same relation to the Will of the Supreme; yet it seems as if He took the same method of dealing with them — never violating them, never breaking them, but always ruling them by that which we call Adjustment, or Contrivance. Nothing gives us such an idea of Immutability of Laws as this; nor does anything give us such an idea of their pliability to use. How imperious they are, yet how submissive! How they reign, yet how they serve!

The Origin of Man.

(From "Primeval Man," Part II.)

The Human Race has no more knowledge or recollection of its own origin than a child has of its own birth. But a child drinks in with its mother's milk some knowledge of the relation in which it stands to its own parents, and as it grows up it knows of other children being born around it. It sees one generation going and another generation coming; so that long before the years of childhood close, the ideas of Birth and Death are alike familiar. Whatever sense of mystery may, in the first dawnings of reflection, have attached to either of these ideas is soon lost in the familiar experience of the world. The same experience extends to the lower animals: they too are born and die. But no such experience ever comes to us, casting any light on the Origin of our Race, or of any other.

Some varieties of form are effected, in the case of a few animals, by domestication, and by constant care in the selection of peculiarities transmissible to the young. But these variations are all within certain limits; and wherever human care relaxes or is abandoned, the old forms return, and the selected characters disappear. The founding of new forms by the union of different species, even when standing in close natural relation to each other, is absolutely forbidden by the sentence of sterility which Nature pronounces and enforces upon all hybrid offspring.

And so it results that Man has never seen the origin of any species. Creation by birth is the only kind of creation he has ever seen; and from this kind of creation he has never seen a new species come. And yet he does know (for this the science of Palæontology has most certainly revealed) that the introduction of new species has been a work carried on constantly and continuously during vast but unknown periods of time. The whole face of animated nature has been changed — not once, but frequently, not suddenly for the most part — perhaps not suddenly in any case — but slowly and gradually, and yet completely.

When once this fact is clearly apprehended — whenever we become familiar with the idea that Creation had a History — we are inevitably led to the conclusion that Creation has also had a Method. And then the further question arises, "What has this Method been?" It is perfectly natural that men who have any hopes of solving this question should take that supposition which seems the readiest; and the readiest supposition is, that the agency by which new species are created is the same agency by which new individuals are born. The difficulty of conceiving any other compels men, if they are to guess at all, to guess upon this foundation.

PERPETUITY OF MAN.

(From "Primeval Man," Part II.)

SUCH as Man now is, Man, so far as we yet know, has always been. Two skeletons at least have been found respecting which there is strong ground for believing that they belong to the very earliest race which lived in Northern Europe. One of these skeletons indicates a coarse, perhaps even what we should call — as we might fairly some living specimens of our race — a Brutal Man; yet even this skeleton is, in all its proportions, strictly Human; its cranial capacity indicates a volume of brain, and some peculiarities of shape, not materially different from many skulls of savage races, now living. The other skeleton — respecting which the evidence of extreme antiquity is the strongest — is not only perfectly Human in all its proportions, but its skull has a cranial capacity not inferior to that of many modern Europeans. This most ancient of all known human skulls is so ample in its dimensions that it might have contained the brains of a Philosopher. So conclusive is this evidence against any change whatever in the specific characters of Man since the oldest Human Being yet known was born, that Prof. Huxley pronounces it to be clearly indicated that "the first traces of the primordial stock whence Man has proceeded need no longer be sought, by those who entertain any form of the doctrine of Progressive Development, in the newest tertiaries [that is in the oldest deposits yet known to contain human remains at all]; but they may be looked for in an epoch more distant from the age of those tertiaries than that is from us."

So far, therefore, the evidence is on the side of the originality of Man as a Species — nay, even, as a Class, by himself — separated by a gulf practically immeasurable from all the creatures that are, or that are known ever to have been, his contemporaries in the world. In the possession of this ground, we can wait for such further evidence in favor of transmutation as may be brought to light. Meanwhile, at least, we are entitled to remain incredulous, remembering — as Prof. Phillips has said — that "everywhere we are required by the hypothesis to look somewhere else; which may fairly be interpreted to signify that the hypothesis everywhere fails in the first and most important step. How is it conceivable that the second stage should be everywhere preserved, but the first nowhere?"

The Antiquity of Man.

(From "Primeval Man," Part III.)

In passing from the subject of Man's Origin to the subject of his Antiquity, we pass from almost total darkness to a question which is comparatively accessible to reason and open to research. Evidence bearing upon this question may be gathered along several walks of science; and these are all found tending in one direction, and pointing to one general result.

First comes the evidence of *History* — embracing under that name all Literature, whether it professes to record events, or does no more than allude to them in poetry and song. Then comes *Archæology* — the evidence of Human Monuments, belonging to times or races whose voice, though not silenced, has become inarticulate to us. Piecing on to this evidence, comes that which *Geology* has recently afforded from human remains associated with the latest physical changes on the surface and in the climates of the globe. Then comes the evidence of *Language*, founded on the facts of Human Speech, and the laws which regulate its development and growth. And lastly, there is the evidence afforded by the existing *Physical Structure* and the existing *Geographical Distribution* of the various Races of Mankind.

One distinction, however, it is important to bear in mind: Chronology is of two kinds: *First*, Time measurable by Years; and secondly, Time measurable only by an ascertained Order or Succession of Events. The one may be called Time-absolute, the other Time-relative.

Now, among all the sciences which afford us any evidences on the Antiquity of Man, one — and only one — gives us any knowledge of Time-absolute; and that is History. From all the others we can gather only the less definite information of Time-relative. They can tell us nothing more than the order in which certain events took place. But of the length of interval between those events, neither Archæology, nor Geology, nor Ethnology can tell us anything. Even History, that is, the records of Written Documents, carries us back to times of which no contemporary account remains, and the distance of which from any known epoch is, and must be, a matter of conjecture.

BARTOLOMEO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

Argensola, Bartolomeo Leonardo de, a scholarly Spanish poet and historian (1565–1631). His verse lacks native force, but shows considerable depth of sentiment, while in form it displays exquisite finish. His history of "The Conquest of the Moluccas" is esteemed a model of correct and idiomatic Spanish prose.

Sonnet: on Providence.

(Translation of Herbert.)

Parent of good! Since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging Providence
Oppression's hand to bow meek Innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to Fraud and Lust;
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?" —
Amid the din of Joy fair Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls. —
Thus I, when radiant 'fore my wondering eyes
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said:
"Blind moralist! is Earth the sphere of souls?"

MAGDALEN

From Painting by Pompeo Bittoni

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

Argensola, Lupercio Leonardo de. A notable Spanish poet; born at Barbastro, Aragon, Dec. 14, 1559; died at Naples in March, 1613. Brother of the preceding. His three tragedies, "Isabella," "Alexandra," and "Phyllis," brought him fame while still a young man; but his forte was lyric poetry, in which he won distinction. His ballads and songs are notable for vigor of thought and richness of pictorial fancy. Some of his "Sonnets" are masterpieces; and his "Epistles," both in substance and form, are models of that species of composition.

Mary Magdalen.

(Translation of Bryant.)

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn!
Thou weepest days of innocence departed,
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and to love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down to Him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged brier should change; the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their top with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry, dead tree:
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise
Forever towards the skies.

Begone, Dull Care.

Begone, dull care!
I prithee begone from me:
Begone, dull care!
Thou and I can never agree.
Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But i' faith, dull care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man gray;
Too much care
Will turn an old man to clay:
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it is the wisest thing
To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care!
I 'll none of thy company;
Hence, dull care!
Thou art no pair for me.
We 'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
So merrily pass the day;
And then at night, o'er a cheerful bowl,
We 'll drive dull care away.

Anonymous.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

Ariosto, Ludovico, an Italian poet; born at Reggio, September 8, 1474; died at Ferrara, June 6, 1533. He was of a noble family, and early displayed a high poetic capacity. He entered the service of the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, brother of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, by whom he was sent on important embassies to the Court of the warlike Pope Julius II. When the papal forces, in conjunction with those of Venice, were sent against Ferrara, Ariosto bore a prominent part in the defence of his adopted city. Cardinal Ippolito took offence at Ariosto, in 1518, because he declined to go with him to Hungary, and dismissed him from his service. Ariosto soon afterward entered the service of Duke Alfonso, in whose favor and confidence he rose high, and showed marked capacity when made Governor of the Province of Graffagnana, which was in a disturbed condition. Returning to Ferrara, Ariosto was employed by the Duke to direct the dramatic representations there, and a magnificent theatre was constructed after designs suggested by the poet. This theatre was burned in 1532.

The works of Ariosto include comedies, satires, sonnets, and other writings. But his principal work is the romantic epic "Orlando Furioso," a sort of continuation of Bojardo's "Orlando Inamorato." This poem was orginally published in 1516, but was considerably enlarged in later editions, the last of which appeared in 1532, a year before the death of the author, and has been many times reprinted. The poem became very popular in Italy, and is recognized as the greatest work of the kind in any language.

The Enchantress Alcina.

(From "Orlando Furioso.")

Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,
As best to feign the industrious painter knows,
With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
Not yellow gold with brighter lustre glows.
Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.
Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round
Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

Two black and slender arches rise above
  Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
  Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
  Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,
  Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
  And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.
  Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend,
  Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.

As if between two vales, which softly curl,
  The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
  Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
  Which her delicious lips shut up or show.
  Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
  However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
  And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
  Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow;
  Round is the neck, and full and large the breast;
  Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
  Which rise and fall, as, to the margin pressed
  By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.
  Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
  Yet might the observing eye of things concealed
  Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.

To all, her arms a just proportion bear,
  And a white hand is oftentimes descried,
  Which narrow is, and some deal long; and where
  No knot appears, nor vein is signified.
  For finish of that stately shape and rare,
  A foot, neat, short, and round, beneath is spied.
  Angelic visions, creatures of the sky,
  Concealed beneath no covering veil can lie.

A springe is planted in Rogero's way,
  On all sides did she speak, smile, sing, or move;
  No wonder then the stripling was her prey,
  Who in the fairy saw such show of love.
  With him the guilt and falsehood little weigh,
  Of which the offended myrtle told above.
  Nor will he think that perfidy and guile
  Can be united with so sweet a smile.

THE SAVING OF MEDORO.

(From "Orlando Furioso.")

By chance arrived a damsel at the place,
  Who was (though mean and rustic was her wear)
Of royal presence and of beauteous face,
  And lofty manners, sagely debonair.
Her have I left unsung so long a space,
  That you will hardly recognize the fair
Angelica: in her (if known not) scan
The lofty daughter of Catay's great khan.

Angelica, when she had won again
  The ring Brunello had from her conveyed,
So waxed in stubborn pride and haught disdain,
  She seemed to scorn this ample world, and strayed
Alone, and held as cheap each living swain,
  Although amid the best by fame arrayed;
Nor brooked she to remember a gallant
In Count Orlando or King Sacripant:

And above every other deed repented,
  That good Rinaldo she had loved of yore;
And that to look so low she had consented,
  (As by such choice dishonored) grieved her sore.
Love, hearing this, such arrogance resented,
  And would the damsel's pride endure no more.
Where young Medoro lay he took his stand,
And waited her, with bow and shaft in hand.

When fair Angelica the stripling spies,
  Nigh hurt to death in that disastrous fray,
Who for his king, that there unsheltered lies,
  More sad than for his own misfortune lay,
She feels new pity in her bosom rise,
  Which makes its entry in unwonted way.
Touched was her haughty heart, once hard and curst,
And more when he his piteous tale rehearsed.

And calling back to memory her art,
  For she in Ind had learned chirurgery,
(Since it appears such studies in that part
  Worthy of praise and fame are held to be,
And, as an heirloom, sires to sons impart,
  With little aid of books, the mystery,)
Disposed herself to work with simples' juice,
Till she in him should healthier life produce.

And recollects an herb had caught her sight
  In passing thither, on a pleasant plain:
What (whether dittany or pancy hight)
  I know not; fraught with virtue to restrain
The crimson blood forth-welling, and of might
  To sheathe each perilous and piercing pain.
She found it near, and having pulled the weed,
Returned to seek Medoro on the mead.

Returning, she upon a swain did light,
  Who was on horseback passing through the wood.
Strayed from the lowing herd, the rustic wight
  A heifer missing for two days pursued.
Him she with her conducted, where the might
  Of the faint youth was ebbing with his blood:
Which had the ground about so deeply dyed
Life was nigh wasted with the gushing tide.

Angelica alights upon the ground,
  And he, her rustic comrade, at her hest.
She hastened 'twixt two stones the herb to pound,
  Then took it, and the healing juice exprest:
With this did she foment the stripling's wound,
  And even to the hips, his waist and breast;
And (with such virtue was the salve endued)
It stanched his life-blood, and his strength renewed.

And into him infused such force again,
  That he could mount the horse the swain conveyed;
But good Medoro would not leave the plain
  Till he in earth had seen his master laid.
He, with the monarch, buried Cloridane,
  And after followed whither pleased the maid.
Who was to stay with him, by pity led,
Beneath the courteous shepherd's humble shed.

Nor would the damsel quit the lowly pile
  (So she esteemed the youth) till he was sound;
Such pity first she felt, when him erewhile
  She saw outstretched and bleeding on the ground.
Touched by his mien and manners next, a file
  She felt corrode her heart with secret wound;
She felt corrode her heart, and with desire,
By little and by little warmed, took fire.

The shepherd dwelt between two mountains hoar,
  In goodly cabin, in the greenwood shade,
With wife and children; in short time before,
  The brand-new shed had builded in the glade.
Here of his grisly wound the youthful Moor
  Was briefly healed by the Catayan maid;
But who in briefer space, a sorer smart
Than young Medoro's suffered at her heart.

[She pines for love of him, and at length makes her love known. They solemnize their marriage, and remain a month there with great happiness.]

Amid such pleasures, where, with tree o'ergrown,
  Ran stream, or bubbling fountain's wave did spin,
On bark or rock, if yielding were the stone,
  The knife was straight at work, or ready pin.
And there, without, in thousand places lone,
  And in as many places graved, within,
Medoro and Angelica were traced,
In divers ciphers quaintly interlaced.

When she believed they had prolonged their stay
  More than enow, the damsel made design
In India to revisit her Catay,
  And with its crown Medoro's head entwine.
She had upon her wrist an armlet, gay
  With costly gems, in witness and in sign
Of love to her by Count Orlando borne,
And which the damsel for long time had worn.

No love which to the paladin she bears,
  But that it costly is and wrought with care,
This to Angelica so much endears,
  That never more esteemed was matter rare;
This she was suffered, in the isle of tears,
  I know not by what privilege, to wear,
When, naked, to the whale exposed for food
By that inhospitable race and rude.

She, not possessing wherewithal to pay
  The kindly couple's hospitality, —
Served by them in their cabin, from the day
  She there was lodged, with such fidelity, —
Unfastened from her arm the bracelet gay,
  And bade them keep it for her memory.
Departing hence, the lovers climb the side
Of hills, which fertile France from Spain divide.

The Madness of Orlando.

(From "Orlando Furioso.")

The course in pathless woods, which without rein
  The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,
Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,
  Follow him, without tidings of his way.
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,
  On either bank of which a meadow lay;
Which, stained with native hues and rich, he sees,
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The mid-day fervor made the shelter sweet
  To hardy herd as well as naked swain;
So that Orlando well beneath the heat
  Some deal might wince, opprest with plait and chain.
He entered for repose the cool retreat,
  And found it the abode of grief and pain;
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there on many a tree
  Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,
What as the writing of his deity
  He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.
This was a place of those described by me,
  Whither oft-times, attended by Medore,
From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid these green abodes,
  In a hundred parts, their ciphered names are dight;
Whose many letters are so many goads,
  Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.
He would discredit in a thousand modes
  That which he credits in his own despite;
And would perforce persuade himself *that* rind
Other Angelica than his had signed.

"And yet I know these characters," he cried,
  "Of which I have so many read and seen;
By her may this Medoro be belied,
  And me, she, figured in the name, may mean."
Feeding on suchlike phantasies, beside
  The real truth, did sad Orlando lean
Upon the empty hope, though ill contented,
Which he by self-illusions had fomented.

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more
  That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,
Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,
  Hampered in net or lime ; which, in the thought
To free its tangled pinions and to soar,
  By struggling is but more securely caught.
Orlando passes thither, where a mountain
O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

. . . .

Here from his horse the sorrowing county lit,
  And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
A cloud of words, which seemed but newly writ,
  And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
On the great pleasure he had known in it,
  This sentence he in verses had arrayed;
Which to his tongue, I deem, might make pretence
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense: —

" Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
  And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
  Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain;
  For the convenient harborage you gave,
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
As recompense, forever sing your praise.

" And any loving lord devoutly pray,
  Damsel and cavalier, and every one,
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
  Stranger or native, —to this crystal run,
Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,
  'Benignant be to you the fostering sun
And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide,
That never swain his flock may hither guide.' "

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,
  Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
Who, versed in many languages, best read
  Was in this speech ; which oftentimes from wrong
And injury and shame had saved his head,
  What time he roved the Saracens among.
But let him boast not of its former boot,
O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines impressed
  Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain
Seeking another sense than was expressed,
  And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;
And all the while, within his troubled breast,
  He felt an icy hand his heart-core strain.
With mind and eyes close fastened on the block,
At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling; so a prey
  Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
This is a pang, believe the experienced say
  Of him who speaks, which does all griefs outgo.
His pride had from his forehead passed away,
  His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
Nor found he, so grief-barred each natural vent,
Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stifled within, the impetuous sorrow stays,
  Which would too quickly issue; so to abide
Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase,
  Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;
What time, when one turns up the inverted base,
  Toward the mouth, so hastes the hurrying tide,
And in the strait encounters such a stop,
It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop.

He somewhat to himself returned, and thought
  How possibly the thing might be untrue:
That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought
  To think) his lady would with shame pursue;
Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought
  To whelm *his* reason, as should him undo;
And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,
Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,
  And manned some deal his spirits and awoke;
Then prest the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
  As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
Not far the warrior had pursued his beat,
  Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke;
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador
  To a discreet attendant; one undrest
His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
  And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
This was the homestead where the young Medore
  Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.
Orlando here, with other food unfed,
Having supt full of sorrow, sought his bed.

. . . .

Little availed the count his self-deceit;
  For there was one who spake of it unsought:
The shepherd-swain, who to allay the heat
  With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought
The tale which he was wonted to repeat —
  Of the two lovers — to each listener taught;
A history which many loved to hear,
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer.

"How at Angelica's persuasive prayer,
  He to his farm had carried young Medore,
Grievously wounded with an arrow; where
  In little space she healed the angry sore.
But while she exercised this pious care,
  Love in her heart the lady wounded more,
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,
She burnt all over, restless with desire;

"Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,
  Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn
  To be the consort of a poor foot-page."
His story done, to them in proof was borne
  The gem, which, in reward for harborage,
To her extended in that kind abode,
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

. . . .

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed
  That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,
  Whose twilight goes before approaching day.
In haste Orlando takes his arms and steed,
  And to the deepest greenwood wends his way.
And when assured that he is there alone,
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,
He paused; nor found he peace by night or day;
He fled from town, in forest harboring,
And in the open air on hard earth lay.
He marvelled at himself, how such a spring
Of water from his eyes could stream away,
And breath was for so many sobs supplied;
And thus oft-times, amid his mourning, cried: —

. . . . . .

"I am not — am not what I seem to sight:
What Roland was, is dead and under ground,
Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,
Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.
Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,
Which in this hell, tormented, walks its round,
To be, but in its shadow left above,
A warning to all such as trust in love."

All night about the forest roved the count,
And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount
Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright,

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block,
Into the sky, in tiny fragments sped.
Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock
Where Medore and Angelica were read!
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

. . . . . .

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
That all obscured remained the warrior's sprite,
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight;
But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

ARISTOPHANES.

Aristophanes, the most famous of the Greek comic dramatists — the only one, indeed, of whose works more than fragments are extant — was born, probably at Athens, about 450 B. C., and died there about 380 B. C. Of his early life little has been recorded except that he seems to have inherited a competent estate, and that he began writing for the stage while quite young. His earliest work, "The Revellers," not now extant, is said to have been produced when the author was about seventeen, and received the second prize. His career as a dramatist lasted some forty years, during which he produced between forty and fifty comedies, of which eleven still exist in a condition tolerably perfect. All of these have been translated into English, by different hands and with varying degrees of success.

The comic dramatists of Athens exercised a function in some manner equivalent to that of the popular journalists of our day. Their purpose at its best, as of Aristophanes, was to hit at the scholastic, social, and political foibles of their time. Any head that offered itself was thought a fair mark. The philosophy, theology, and politics of the time afforded ready marks for the humor and satire of Aristophanes. His satire sometimes degenerates to buffoonery, and not unfrequently there is a vein of coarseness running through it. Yet when we compare him with the English comic dramatists — not to say of the period of the Restoration, but with those of our own day — we can hardly characterize his comedies as grossly indecent. Scattered through them — and put mainly into the mouths of the chorus — are bits of lyrics which remind us, and at no very wide interval, of the best things of the kind to be found in Shakespeare. Four of the comedies of Aristophanes may be selected as affording the fairest idea of their varied character. These are "The Birds," "The Clouds," "The Frogs," and "The Knights."

THE CLOUD CHORUS.

(From "The Clouds": Andrew Lang's Translation.)

SOCRATES SPEAKS.

Hither, come hither, ye Clouds renowned, and unveil yourselves here;
Come, though ye dwell on the sacred crests of Olympian snow,

Or whether ye dance with the Nereid Choir in the gardens clear,
Or whether your golden urns are dipped in Nile's overflow,
Or whether you dwell by Mæotis mere
Or the snows of Mimas, arise! appear!
And hearken to us, and accept our gifts ere ye rise and go.

THE CLOUDS SING.

Immortal Clouds from the echoing shore
Of the father of streams from the sounding sea,
Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar;
Dewy and gleaming and fleet are we!
Let us look on the tree-clad mountain-crest,
On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice,
On the waters that murmur east and west,
On the tumbling sea with his moaning voice.
For unwearied glitters the Eye of the Air,
And the bright rays gleam;
Then cast we our shadows of mist, and fare
In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
From the height of the heaven, on the land and air,
And the Ocean Stream.
Let us on, ye Maidens that bring the Rain,
Let us gaze on Pallas's citadel,
In the country of Cecrops fair and dear,
The mystic land of the holy cell,
Where the Rites unspoken securely dwell,
And the gifts of the gods that know not stain,
And a people of mortals that know not fear.
For the temples tall and the statues fair,
And the feasts of the gods are holiest there;
The feasts of Immortals, the chaplets of flowers,
And the Bromian mirth at the coming of spring,
And the musical voices that fill the hours,
And the dancing feet of the maids that sing!

GRAND CHORUS OF BIRDS.

(From "The Birds": Swinburne's Translation.)

COME on then, ye dwellers by nature in darkness, and like to the leaves' generations,
That are little of might, that are molded of mire, unenduring and shadowlike nations,
Poor plumeless ephemerals, comfortless mortals, as visions of shadows fast fleeing,

Lift up your mind unto us that are deathless, and dateless the date
of our being;
Us, children of heaven, us, ageless for aye, us, all of whose thoughts
are eternal:
That ye may from henceforth, having heard of us all things aright
as to matters supernal,
Of the being of birds, and beginning of gods, and of streams, and
the dark beyond reaching,
Trustfully knowing aright, in my name bid Prodicus pack with his
preaching!
It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness of darkness,
and Hell's broad border,
Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven: when in depths of the womb
of the dark without order
First thing, first-born of the black-plumed Night, was a wind-egg
hatched in her bosom,
Whence timely with seasons revolving again sweet Love burst out as
a blossom,
Gold wings glittering forth of his back, like whirlwinds gustily
turning.
He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are of darkness, in
Hell broad-burning,
For his nestlings begat him the race of us first, and upraised us to
light new-lighted.
And before this was not the race of the gods, until all things by Love
were united:
And of kind united in kind with communion of nature the sky and
the sea are
Brought forth, and the earth, and the race of the gods everlasting
and blest. So that we are
Far away the most ancient of all things blest. And that we are of
Love's generation
There are manifest manifold signs. We have wings, and with us
have the Love's habitation;
And manifold fair young folk that forswore love once, ere the bloom
of them ended,
Have the men that pursued and desired them subdued by the help
of us only befriended,
With such baits as a quail, a flamingo, a goose, or a cock's comb
staring and splendid.
All best good things that befall men come from us birds, as is plain
to all reason:
For first we proclaim and make known to them spring, and the
winter and autumn in season;
Bid sow, when the crane starts clanging for Afric in shrill-voiced
emigrant number,

And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder again for the season and slumber;
And then weave a cloak for Orestes the thief, lest he strip men of theirs if it freezes.
And again thereafter the kite reappearing announces a change in the breezes,
And that here is the season for shearing your sheep of their spring wool. Then does the swallow
Give you notice to sell your great-coat, and provide something light for the heat that's to follow.
Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you, Dodona, nay, Phœbus Apollo.
For, as first ye come all to get auguries of birds, even such is in all things your carriage,
Be the matter a matter of trade, or of earning your bread, or of any one's marriage.
And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird that belong to discerning prediction:
Winged fame is a bird, as you reckon; you sneeze, and the sign's as a bird for conviction;
All tokens are "birds" with you — sounds, too, and lackeys and donkeys. Then must it not follow
That we are to you all as the manifest godhead that speaks in prophetic Apollo?

A Rainy Day on the Farm.

(From "The Peace": Frere's Translation.)

How sweet it is to see the new-sown cornfield fresh and even,
With blades just springing from the soil that only ask a shower from heaven.
Then, while kindly rains are falling, indolently to rejoice,
Till some worthy neighbor calling, cheers you with his hearty voice.
Well, with weather such as this, let us hear, Trygæus tell us
What should you and I be doing? You're the king of us good fellows.
Since it pleases heaven to prosper your endeavors, friend, and mine,
Let us have a merry meeting, with some friendly talk and wine.
In the vineyard there 's your lout, hoeing in the slop and mud —
Send the wench and call him out, this weather he can do no good.
Dame, take down two pints of meal, and do some fritters in your way;
Boil some grain and stir it in, and let us have those figs, I say.
Send a servant to my house, — any one that you can spare, —
Let him fetch a beestings pudding, two gherkins, and the pies of hare:
There should be four of them in all, if the cat has left them right;
We heard her racketing and tearing round the larder all last night.

Boy, bring three of them to us, — take the other to my father:
Cut some myrtle for our garlands, sprigs in flower, or blossoms rather.
Give a shout upon the way to Charinades our neighbor,
To join our drinking bout to-day, since heaven is pleased to bless
our labor.

THE HARVEST.

(From "The Peace": Translation in the Quarterly Review.)

OH, 'tis sweet, when fields are ringing
With the merry cricket's singing,
Oft to mark with curious eye
If the vine-tree's time be nigh:
Here is now the fruit whose birth
Cost a throe to Mother Earth.
Sweet it is, too, to be telling,
How the luscious figs are swelling:
Then to riot without measure
In the rich, nectareous treasure,
While our grateful voices chime, —
Happy season! blessed time.

THE CALL TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

(From "The Birds": Frere's Translation.)

AWAKE! awake!
Sleep no more, my gentle mate!
With your tiny tawny bill,
Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
On vale or hill;
Or in her rocky seat,
Let her listen and repeat
The tender ditty that you tell,
The sad lament,
The dire event,
To luckless Itys that befel.
Thence the strain
Shall rise again,
And soar amain,
Up to the lofty palace gate
Where mighty Apollo sits in state
In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre,
Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir,
While all the gods shall join with thee
In a celestial symphony.

The Building of Cloud-Cuckoo-Town.

(From "The Birds": Frere's Translation.)

[*Enter Messenger, quite out of breath, and speaking in short snatches.*]
MESSENGER. Where is he? Where? Where is he? Where?
Where is he? — The president Peisthetairus?
PEISTHETAIRUS [*coolly*]. Here am I.
MESS. [*in a gasp of breath*] Your fortification's finished.
PEIS. Well! that's well.
MESS. A most amazing, astonishing work it is!
So that Theagenes and Proxenides
Might flourish and gasconade and prance away
Quite at their ease, both of them four-in-hand,
Driving abreast upon the breadth of wall,
Each in his own new chariot.
PEIS. You surprise me.
MESS. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)
Is exactly a hundred fathoms.
PEIS. Heaven and earth!
How could it be? such a mass! who could have built it?
MESS. The Birds; no creature else, no foreigners,
Egyptian bricklayers, workmen or masons.
But they themselves, alone, by their own efforts, —
(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness)
The Birds, I say, completed everything:
There came a body of thirty thousand cranes,
(I won't be positive, there might be more)
With stones from Africa in their craws and gizzards,
Which the stone-curlews and stone-chatterers
Worked into shape and finished. The sand-martens
And mud-larks, too, were busy in their department,
Mixing the mortar, while the water-birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper and work it.
PEIS. [*in a fidget*] But who served the masons?
Who did you get to carry it?
MESS. To carry it?
Of course, the carrion crows and carrying pigeons.
PEIS. [*in a fuss, which he endeavors to conceal*]
Yes! yes! but after all, to load your hods,
How did you manage that?
MESS. Oh, capitally,
I promise you. There were the geese, all barefoot
Trampling the mortar, and when all was ready

They handed it into the hods, so cleverly,
With their flat feet!
PEIS. [*a bad joke as a vent for irritation*]
They footed it, you mean —
Come ; it is handily done though, I confess.
MESS. Indeed, I assure you it was a sight to see them ;
And trains of ducks there were, clambering the ladders
With their duck legs, like bricklayers' 'prentices,
All dapper and handy, with their little trowels.
PEIS. In fact, then, its no use engaging foreigners ;
Mere folly and waste, we've all within ourselves.
Ah, well now, come! But about the woodwork ? Heh!
Who were the carpenters ? Answer me that!
MESS. The woodpeckers, of course : and there they were,
Laboring upon the gates, driving and banging,
With their hard hatchet-beaks, and such a din,
Such a clatter, as they made, hammering and hacking,
In a perpetual peal, pelting away
Like shipwrights, hard at work in the arsenal.
And now their work is finished, gates and all,
Staples and bolts, and bars and everything ;
The sentries at their posts ; patrols appointed ;
The watchman in the barbican ; the beacons
Ready prepared for lighting ; all their signals
Arranged — but I 'll step out, just for a moment,
To wash my hands. You 'll settle all the rest.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

(From the "Thesmophoriazusæ :" Collins's Translation.)

THEY' RE always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men :
They say we 're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again ;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may !
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we 're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam ?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,

You all keep fussing and fretting —
"Where is *my* Plague to-day ?"
If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of men ;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

CHORUS OF MYSTÆ IN HADES.

(From "The Frogs :" Frere's Translation.)

CHORUS [*shouting and singing*].

IACCHUS ! Iacchus ! Ho !
Iacchus ! Iacchus ! Ho !

Xanthias. There, master, there they are, the initiated
All sporting about as he told us we should find 'em.
They 're singing in praise of Bacchus like Diagoras.
Bacchus. Indeed, and so they are ; but we 'll keep quiet
Till we make them out a little more distinctly.

CHORUS [*song*].

Mighty Bacchus ! Holy Power !
Hither at the wonted hour
Come away,
Come away,
With the wanton holiday,
Where the revel uproar leads
To the mystic holy meads,
Where the frolic votaries fly,
With a tipsy shout and cry ;
Flourishing the thyrsus high,
Flinging forth, alert and airy,
To the sacred old vagary,
The tumultuous dance and song,
Sacred from the vulgar throng ;
Mystic orgies that are known
To the votaries alone —
To the mystic chorus solely —
Secret — unrevealed — and holy.

Xan. O glorious virgin, daughter of the Goddess !
What a scent of roasted griskin reached my senses !
Bac. Keep quiet — and watch for a chance of a piece of the haslets.

CHORUS [*song*].

Raise the fiery torches high!
Bacchus is approaching nigh,
Like the planet of the morn
Breaking with the hoary dawn
On the dark solemnity —
There they flash upon the sight;
All the plain is blazing bright,
Flushed and overflown with light:
Age has cast his years away,
And the cares of many a day,
Sporting to the lively lay —
Mighty Bacchus! march and lead
(Torch in hand toward the mead)
Thy devoted humble Chorus;
Mighty Bacchus — move before us!
Keep silence — keep peace — and let all the profane
From our holy solemnity duly refrain;
Whose souls, unenlightened by taste, are obscure;
Whose poetical notions are dark and impure;
Whose theatrical conscience
Is sullied by nonsense;
Who never were trained by the mighty Cratinus
In mystical orgies, poetic and vinous;
Who delight in buffooning and jests out of season;
Who promote the designs of oppression and treason;
Who foster sedition and strife and debate;
All traitors, in short, to the Stage and the State:
Who surrender a fort, or in private export
To places and harbors of hostile resort
Clandestine consignments of cables and pitch, —
In the way that Thorycion grew to be rich
From a scoundrelly dirty collector of tribute:
All such we reject and severely prohibit;
All statesmen retrenching the fees and the salaries
Of theatrical bards, in revenge for the railleries
And jests and lampoons of this holy solemnity,
Profanely pursuing their personal enmity,
For having been flouted and scoffed and scorned —
All such are admonished and heartily warned;
We warn them once,
We warn them twice,
We warn and admonish — we warn them thrice,
To conform to the law,
To retire and withdraw;

While the Chorus again with the formal saw
(Fixt and assigned to the festive day)
Move to the measure and march away.

SEMI-CHORUS.

March! march! lead forth,
Lead forth manfully,
March in order all;
Bustling, hustling, justling,
As it may befall;
Flocking, shouting, laughing,
Mocking, flouting, quaffing,
One and all;
All have had a belly-full
Of breakfast brave and plentiful;
Therefore
Evermore
With your voices and your bodies
Serve the goddess,
And raise
Songs of praise;
She shall save the country still,
And save it against the traitor's will;
So she says.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now let us raise in a different strain
The praise of the goddess, the giver of grain;
Imploring her favor
With other behavior,
In measures more sober, submissive, and graver.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Ceres, holy patroness,
Condescend to mark and bless,
With benevolent regard,
Both the Chorus and the Bard;
Grant them for the present day
Many things to sing and say,
Follies intermixed with sense;
Folly, but without offence.
Grant them with the present play
To bear the prize of verse away.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now call again, and with a different measure,
The power of mirth and pleasure;
The florid, active Bacchus, bright and gay,
To journey forth and join us on the way.

SEMI-CHORUS.

O Bacchus, attend! the customary patron of every lively lay;
Go forth without delay
Thy wonted annual way,
To meet the ceremonious holy matron:
Her grave procession gracing,
Thine airy footsteps tracing,
With unlaborious, light, celestial motion;
And here at thy devotion
Behold thy faithful choir
In pitiful attire:
All overworn and ragged,
This jerkin old and jagged,
These buskins torn and burst,
Though sufferers in the fray,
May serve us at the worst
To sport throughout the day;
And then within the shades
I spy some lovely maids
With whom we romped and reveled,
Dismantled and disheveled,
With their bosoms open, —
With whom we might be coping.
XAN. Well, I was always hearty,
Disposed to mirth and ease:
I'm ready to join the party.
BAC. And I will if you please.

A PARODY OF EURIPIDES'S LYRIC VERSE.

(From "The Frogs.")

HALCYONS ye by the flowing sea
Waves that warble twitteringly,
Circling over the tumbling blue,
Dipping your down in its briny dew,
Spi-i-iders in corners dim
Spi-spi-spinning your fairy film,

Shuttles echoing round the room
Silver notes of the whistling loom,
Where the light-footed dolphin skips
Down the wake of the dark-prowed ships,
Over the course of the racing steed
Where the clustering tendrils breed
Grapes to drown dull care in delight.
Oh! mother, make me a child again just for to-night!
I don't exactly see how that last line is to scan,
But that 's a consideration I leave to our musical man.

The Prologues of Euripides.

(From "The Frogs.")

[The point of the following selection lies in the monotony of both narrative style and metre in Euripides's prologues, and especially his regular cæsura after the fifth syllable of a line. The burlesque tag used by Aristophanes to demonstrate this effect could not be applied in the same way to any of the fourteen extant plays of Sophocles and Æschylus.]

Æschylus. And by Jove, I 'll not stop to cut up your verses word by word, but if the gods are propitious I 'll spoil all your prologues with a little flask of smelling-salts.

Euripides. With a flask of smelling-salts?

Æsch. With a single one. For you build your verses so that anything will fit into the metre, — a leathern sack, or eider-down, or smelling-salts. I 'll show you.

Eur. So, you 'll show me, will you?

Æsch. I will that.

Dionysus. Pronounce.

Eur. [*declaiming.*] Ægyptus, as broad-bruited fame reports,
With fifty children voyaging the main
To Argos came, and
Æsch. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dion. What the mischief have the smelling-salts got to do with it? Recite another prologue to him and let me see.

Eur. Dionysus, thyrsus-armed and faun-skin-clad
Amid the torchlights on Parnassus's slope
Dancing and prancing
Æsch. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dion. Caught out again by the smelling-salts.

Eur. No matter. Here 's a prologue that he can't fit 'em to.
No lot of moral man is wholly blest:
The high-born youth hath lacked the means of life,
The lowly lout hath
Æsch. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dion. Euripides —
Eur. Well, what?
Dion. Best take in sail.
These smelling-salts, methinks, will blow a gale.

Eur. What do I care? I'll fix him next time.

Dion. Well, recite another, and steer clear of the smelling-salts.

Eur. Cadmus departing from the town of Tyre,
Son of Agenor
Æsch. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dion. My dear fellow, buy those smelling-salts, or there won't be a rag left of all your prologues.

Eur. What? I buy 'em of him?

Dion. If you'll be advised by me.

Eur. Not a bit of it. I've lots of prologues where he can't work 'em in.

Pelops the Tantalid to Pisa coming
With speedy coursers
Æsch. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dion. There they are again, you see. Do let him have 'em, my good Æschylus. You can replace 'em for a nickel.

Eur. Never. I've not run out yet.
Œneus from broad fields
Æsch. — lost his smelling-salts.

Eur. Let me say the whole verse, won't you?

Œneus from broad fields reaped a mighty crop
And offering first-fruits
Æsch. — lost his smelling-salts.

Dion. While sacrificing? Who filched them?

Eur. Oh, never mind him. Let him try it on this verse: —

Zeus, as the word of sooth declared of old —

Dion. It's no use, he'll say Zeus lost his smelling-salts. For those smelling salts fit your prologues like a kid glove. But go on and turn your attention to his lyrics.

Parabasis.

(From "The Knights.")

If a veteran author had wished to engage
Our assistance to-day, for a speech from the stage,
We scarce should have granted so bold a request;
But this author of ours, as the bravest and best,
Deserves an indulgence denied to the rest,
For the courage and vigor, the scorn and the hate,
With which he encounters the pests of the State;
A thorough-bred seaman, intrepid and warm,

Steering outright, in the face of the storm.
  But now for the gentle reproaches he bore
On the part of his friends, for refraining before
To embrace the profession, embarking for life
In theatrical storms and poetical strife,
He begs us to state, that for reasons of weight,
He has lingered so long, and determined so late.
For he deemed the achievements of comedy hard,
The boldest attempt of a desperate bard!
The Muse he perceived was capricious and coy;
Though many were courting her, few could enjoy.
And he saw without reason, from season to season,
Your humor would shift, and turn poets adrift,
Requiting old friends with unkindness and treason,
Discarded in scorn as exhausted and worn.
  Seeing Magnes's fate, who was reckoned of late
For the conduct of comedy captain and head;
That so oft on the stage, in the flower of his age,
Had defeated the Chorus his rivals had led;
With his sounds of all sort, that were uttered in sport,
With whims and vagaries unheard of before,
With feathers and wings, and a thousand gay things,
That in frolicsome fancies his Choruses wore —
When his humor was spent, did your temper relent,
To requite the delight that he gave you before?
We beheld him displaced, and expelled and disgraced,
When his hair and his wit were grown aged and hoar.
  Then he saw, for a sample, the dismal example
Of noble Cratinus so splendid and ample,
Full of spirit and blood, and enlarged like a flood,
Whose copious current tore down with its torrent
Oaks, ashes, and yew, with the ground where they grew,
And his rivals to boot, wrenched up by the root;
And his personal foes, who presumed to oppose,
All drowned and abolished, dispersed and demolished,
And drifted headlong, with a deluge of song.
  And his airs and his tunes, and his songs and lampoons,
Were recited and sung, by the old and the young —
At our feasts and carousals what poet but he?
And "The Fair Amphibribe" and "The Sycophant Tree,"
"Masters and masons and builders of verse!" —
Those were the tunes that all tongues could rehearse;
But since in decay you have cast him away,
Stript of his stops and his musical strings,
Battered and shattered, a broken old instrument,

GREEK ACTORS

From Painting by J. L. Gérôme

Shoved out of sight among rubbishy things.
His garlands are faded, and, what he deems worst,
His tongue and his palate are parching with thirst;
And now you may meet him alone in the street,
Wearied and worn, tattered and torn,
All decayed and forlorn, in his person and dress;
Whom his former success should exempt from distress,
With subsistence at large, at the general charge,
And a seat with the great, at the table of state,
There to feast every day, and preside at the play
In splendid apparel, triumphant and gay.
  Seeing Crates the next, always teased and perplexed,
With your tyrannous temper tormented and vexed;
That with taste and good sense, without waste or expense,
From his snug little hoard, provided your board
With a delicate treat, economic and neat.
  Thus, hitting or missing, with crowns or with hissing,
Year after year, he pursued his career,
For better or worse, till he finished his course.
  These precedents held him in long hesitation;
He replied to his friends, with a just observation,
"That a seaman in regular order is bred,
To the oar, to the helm, and to look out ahead;
With diligent practice has fixed in his mind
The signs of the weather, and changes of wind.
And when every point of the service is known,
Undertakes the command of a ship of his own."
        For reasons like these,
        If your judgment agrees,
        That he did not embark,
        Like an ignorant spark,
        Or a troublesome lout,
        To puzzle and bother, and blunder about,
        Give him a shout,
        At his first setting out!
        And all pull away
        With a hearty huzza
        For success to the play!
        Send him away,
        Smiling and gay,
        Shining and florid,
        With his bald forehead!

STROPHE.

Neptune, lord of land and deep,
From the lofty Sunian steep,
  With delight surveying
The fiery-footed steeds,
  Frolicking and neighing
As their humor leads —
And rapid cars contending
  Venturous and forward,
Where splendid youths are spending
  The money that they borrowed.
Thence downward to the ocean,
  And the calmer show
Of the dolphin's motion
  In the depths below;
And the glittering galleys
  Gallantly that steer,
When the squadron sallies,
  With wages in arrear.
List, O list!
Listen and assist,
  Thy Chorus here!
Mighty Saturn's son!
The support of Phormion,
  In his victories of late;
  To the fair Athenian State
  More propitious far,
  Than all the gods that are,
  In the present war.

EPIRREMA.

Let us praise our famous fathers, let their glory be recorded
On Minerva's mighty mantle consecrated and embroidered.
That with many a naval action and with infantry by land,
Still contending, never ending, strive for empire and command.
When they met the foe, disdaining to compute a poor account
Of the number of their armies, of their muster and amount:
But whene'er at wrestling matches they were worsted in the fray,
Wiped their shoulders from the dust, denied the fall, and fought away.
  Then the generals never claimed precedence, or a separate seat,
Like the present mighty captains; or the public wine or meat.

As for us, the sole pretension suited to our birth and years,
Is with resolute intention, as determined volunteers,
To defend our fields and altars, as our fathers did before;
Claiming as a recompense this easy boon, and nothing more:
When our trials with peace are ended, not to view us with malignity;
When we 're curried, sleek and pampered, prancing in our pride and dignity.

ANTISTROPHE.

Mighty Minerva! thy command
Rules and upholds this happy land;
Attica, famed in every part,
With a renown for arms and art,
Noted among the nations.
Victory bring — the bards' delight;
She that in faction or in fight
Aids us on all occasions.
Goddess, list to the song! Bring her away with thee,
Haste and bring her along! Here to the play with thee.
Bring fair Victory down for us!
Bring her here with a crown for us!
Come with speed, as a friend indeed,
Now or never at our need!

ANTEPIRREMA.

Let us sing the mighty deeds of our illustrious noble steeds.
They deserve a celebration for their service heretofore,
Charges and attacks, exploits enacted in the days of yore:
These, however, strike me less, as having been performed ashore.
But the wonder was to see them, when they fairly went aboard,
With canteens and bread and onions, victualled and completely stored,
Then they fixed and dipped their oars beginning all to shout and neigh,
Just the same as human creatures, "Pull away, boys! Pull away!"
"Bear a hand there, Roan and Sorrel! Have a care there, Black and Bay!"
Then they leapt ashore at Corinth; and the lustier younger sort
Strolled about to pick up litter, for their solace and disport:
And devoured the crabs of Corinth, as a substitute for clover.
So that a poetic Crabbe exclaimed in anguish "All is over!

What awaits us, mighty Neptune, if we cannot hope to keep
From pursuit and persecution in the land or in the deep."

Chor. [*to the* Sausage-seller].
O best of men! thou tightest, heartiest fellow!
What a terror and alarm had you created
In the hearts of all your friends by this delay.
But since at length in safety you return,
Say what was the result of your attempt.
S. S. The result is; you may call me Nickoboulus;
For I 've nicked the Boule there, the Senate, capitally.

Chorus.

Then we may chant amain
In an exulting strain,
With ecstasy triumphant bold and high,
O thou!
That not in words alone, or subtle thought,
But more in manly deed,
Hast merited, and to fair achievement brought!
Relate at length and tell
The event as it befell:
So would I gladly pass a weary way;
Nor weary would it seem,
Attending to the theme,
Of all the glories of this happy day.

[*In a familiar tone, as if clapping him on the shoulder.*]
Come, my jolly worthy fellow, never fear!
We 're all delighted with you — let us hear!
S. S. Aye, aye — It 's well worth hearing, I can tell ye:
I followed after him to the Senate House;
And there was he, storming, and roaring, driving
His thunderbolts about him, bowling down
His biggest words, to crush the cavaliers,
Like stones from a hill-top; calling them traitors,
Conspirators — what not? There sat the Senate
With their arms folded, and their eyebrows bent,
And their lips puckered, with the grave aspect
Of persons utterly humbugged and bamboozled.
Seeing the state of things, I paused awhile,
Praying in secret with an under voice:
"Ye influential, impudential powers
Of sauciness and jabber, slang and jaw!
Ye spirits of the market-place and street,

Where I was reared and bred — befriend me now!
Grant me a voluble utterance, and a vast
Unbounded voice, and steadfast impudence!"
  Whilst I thus thought and prayed, on the right hand,
I heard a sound of wind distinctly broken!
I seized the omen at once; and bouncing up,
I burst among the crowd, and bustled through,
And bolted in at the wicket, and bawled out:
"News! news! I've brought you news! the best of news!
Yes, Senators, since first the war began,
There never has been known, till now this morning,
Such a haul of pilchards." Then they smiled and seemed
All tranquillized and placid at the prospect
Of pilchards being likely to be cheap.
I then proceeded and proposed a vote
To meet the emergence secretly and suddenly:
To seize at once the trays of all the workmen,
And go with them to market to buy pilchards,
Before the price was raised. Immediately
They applauded, and sat gaping all together,
Attentive and admiring. He perceived it;
And framed a motion, suited as he thought
To the temper of the Assembly. "I move," says he,
"That on occasion of this happy news,
We should proclaim a general thanksgiving;
With a festival moreover, and a sacrifice
Of a hundred head of oxen, to the goddess."
  Then seeing he meant to drive me to the wall
With his hundred oxen, I overbid him at once;
And said "two hundred," and proposed a vow,
For a thousand goats to be offered to Diana,
Whenever sprats should fall to forty a penny.
With that the Senate smiled upon me again;
And he grew stupefied and lost, and stammering;
And attempting to interrupt the current business,
Was called to order, and silenced and put down.
  Then they were breaking up to buy their pilchards:
But he must needs persist, and beg for a hearing —
"For a single moment—for a messenger —
For a herald that was come from Lacedæmon,
With an offer of peace — for an audience to be given him."
But they broke out in an uproar all together:
"Peace truly! Peace forsooth! Yes, now 's their time;
I warrant 'em; when pilchards are so plenty.
They 've heard of it; and now they come for peace!

No! No! No peace! The war must take its course."
Then they called out to the Presidents to adjourn;
And scrambled over the railing and dispersed;
And I dashed down to the market-place headlong;
And bought up all the fennel, and bestowed it
As donative, for garnish to their pilchards,
Among the poorer class of Senators;
And they so thanked and praised me, that in short,
For twenty-pence, I 've purchased and secured them.

CHORUS.

With fair event your first essay began,
Betokening a predestined happy man.
  The villain now shall meet,
    In equal war,
  A more accomplished cheat,
    A viler far;
With turns and tricks more various,
More artful and nefarious.
    But thou!
    Bethink thee now;
Rouse up thy spirit to the next endeavor!
    Our hands and hearts and will,
  Both heretofore and ever,
    Are with thee still.

S. S. The Paphlagonian! Here he 's coming, foaming
And swelling like a breaker in the surf!
With his hobgoblin countenance and look;
For all the world as if he 'd swallow me up.

Enter CLEON.

CLEON. May I perish and rot, but I'll consume and ruin ye;
I 'll leave no trick, no scheme untried to do it.
S. S. It makes me laugh, it amuses one, to see him
Bluster and storm! I whistle and snap my fingers.
CLEON. By the powers of earth and heaven! and as I live!
You villain, I 'll annihilate and devour ye.
S. S. Devour me! and as I live, I 'll swallow ye;
And gulp ye down at a mouthful, without salt.
CLEON. I swear by the precedence, and the seat
Which I achieved at Pylos, I 'll destroy ye.
S. S. Seat, precedence truly! I hope to see you,
The last amongst us in the lowest place.
CLEON. I 'll clap you in jail, in the stocks — By heaven! I will.

S. S. To see it how it takes on! Barking and tearing!
What ails the creature? Does it want a sop?
CLEON. I 'll claw your guts out, with these nails of mine.
S. S. I 'll pare those nails of yours, from clawing victuals
At the public table.
CLEON. I 'll drag you to the Assembly
This instant, and accuse ye, and have you punished.
S. S. And I'll bring accusations there against you,
Twenty for one, and worse than yours tenfold.
CLEON. Aye — my poor soul! but they won't mind ye or hear ye,
Whilst I can manage 'em and make fools of 'em.
S. S. You reckon they belong to ye, I suppose?
CLEON. Why should not they, if I feed and diet 'em?
S. S. Aye, aye, and like the liquorish, greedy nurses,
You swallow ten for one yourself at least,
For every morsel the poor creatures get.
CLEON. Moreover, in doing business in the Assembly,
I have such a superior influence and command,
That I can make them close and hard and dry,
Or pass a matter easily, as I please.
S. S. Moreover, in doing business — my band
Has the same sort of influence and command;
And plays at fast and loose, just as it pleases.
CLEON. You sha'n't insult as you did before the Senate.
Come, come, before the Assembly.
S. S. [*coolly and dryly*]. Aye — yes — why not?
With all my heart! Let's go there — What should hinder us?
[*The scene is supposed to be in front of* DEMUS's *house.*]
CLEON. My dear good Demus, do step out a moment!
S. S. My dearest little Demus, do step out!
DEM. Who 's there? Keep off! What a racket are you making;
Bawling and caterwauling about the door;
To affront the house, and scandalize the neighbors.
CLEON. Come out, do see yourself, how I 'm insulted.
DEM. Oh, my poor Paphlagonian! What 's the matter?
Who has affronted ye?
CLEON. I 'm waylaid and beaten,
By that rogue there, and the rake-helly young fellows,
All for your sake.
DEM. How so?
CLEON. Because I love you,
And court you, and wait on you, to win your favor.
DEM. And you there, sirrah! tell me what are you?
S. S. A lover of yours, and a rival of his, this long time;
That have wished to oblige ye and serve ye in every way:

And many there are besides, good gentlefolks,
That adore ye, and wish to pay their court to ye;
But he contrives to baffle and drive them off,
In short, you 're like the silly spendthrift heirs,
That keep away from civil, well-bred company,
To pass their time with grooms and low companions,
Cobblers, and curriers, tanners and such like.
  CLEON. And have not I merited that preference,
By my service?
  S. S. In what way?
  CLEON. By bringing back
The Spartan captives tied and bound from Pylos.
  S. S. And would not I bring back from the cook's shop
A mess of meat that belonged to another man?
  CLEON. Well, Demus, call an Assembly then directly,
To decide between us, which is your best friend;
And when you 've settled it, fix and keep to him.
[*Exit* CLEON.
  S. S. Ah, do! pray do decide! — but not in the Pnyx —
  DEM. It must be there; it can't be anywhere else;
  It 's quite impossible: you must go to the Pnyx.
  S. S. Oh dear! I 'm lost and ruined then! the old fellow
Is sharp and clever enough in his own home;
But planted with his rump upon that rock,
He grows completely stupefied and bothered.

CHORUS.

Now you must get your words and wit, and all your tackle ready,
To make a dash, but don't be rash, be watchful, bold and steady.
You 've a nimble adversary, shifting, and alert, and wary.
[*The scene changes and discovers the Pnyx with* CLEON, *on the Bema, in an orational attitude.*]
Look out! have a care! behold him there!
He 's bearing upon you — be ready, prepare.
Out with the dolphin! Haul it hard!
Away with it up to the peak of the yard!
And out with the pinnace to serve for a guard.

  CLEON. To Minerva the sovereign goddess I call,
Our guide and defender, the hope of us all;
With a prayer and a vow, that, even as now,
If I 'm truly your friend, unto my life's end,
I may dine in the hall, doing nothing at all!
But, if I despise you, or ever advise you

Against what is best, for your comfort and rest;
Or neglect to attend you, defend you, befriend you,
May I perish and pine; may this carcase of mine
Be withered and dried, and curried beside;
And straps for your harness cut out from the hide.
S. S. Then Demus — if I tell a word of a lie;
If any man more can dote or adore,
With so tender a care, I make it my prayer,
My prayer and my wish, to be stewed in a dish;
To be sliced and slashed, minced and hashed;
And the offal remains that are left by the cook,
Dragged out to the grave, with my own flesh-hook.
Cleon. O Demus! has any man shown such a zeal,
Such a passion as I for the general weal?
Racking and screwing offenders to ruin;
With torture and threats extorting your debts;
Exhausting all means for enhancing your fortune,
Terror and force and intreaties importune,
With a popular, pure, patriotical aim;
Unmoved by compassion, or friendship, or shame.
S. S. All this I can do; more handily too;
With ease and despatch; I can pilfer and snatch,
And supply ye with loaves from another man's batch.
But now, to detect his saucy neglect;
(In spite of the boast, of his loyalty due,
Is the boiled and the roast, to your table and you.)
You — that in combat at Marathon sped,
And hewed down your enemies hand over head,
The Mede and the Persian, achieving a treasure
Of infinite honor and profit and pleasure,
Rhetorical praises and tragical phrases;
Of rich panegyric a capital stock —
He leaves you to rest on a seat of the rock,
Naked and bare, without comfort or care.
Whilst I — look ye there! — have quilted and wadded,
And tufted and padded this cushion so neat
To serve for your seat! Rise now, let me slip
It there under your hip, that on board of the ship,
With the toil of the oar, was blistered and sore,
Enduring the burthen and heat of the day,
At the battle of Salamis working away.
Dem. Whence was it you came! Oh, tell me your name —
Your name and your birth; for your kindness and worth
Bespeak you indeed of a patriot breed;
Of the race of Harmodius sure you must be,

So popular, gracious, and friendly to me.
CLEON. Can he win you with ease with such trifles as these?
S. S. With easier trifles you manage to please.
CLEON. I vow, notwithstanding, that never a man
Has acted, since first the republic began,
On a more patriotical popular plan:
And if any man else can as truly be said
The friend of the people, I 'll forfeit my head;
I 'll make it a wager, and stand to the pledge.
S. S. And what is the token you mean to allege
Of that friendship of yours, or the good it ensures?
Eight seasons are past that he shelters his head
In a barrack, an outhouse, a hovel, a shed,
In nests of the rock where the vultures are bred,
In tubs, and in huts and the towers of the wall:
His friend and protector, you witness it all!
But where is thy pity, thou friend of the city;
To smoke him alive, to plunder his hive?
And when Archeptolemus came on a mission,
With peace in his hand, with a fair proposition:
So drive them before you with kicks on the rump,
Peace, treaties, and embassies, all in a lump!
CLEON. I did wisely and well; for the prophecies tell,
That if he perseveres, for a period of years,
He shall sit in Arcadia, judging away
In splendor and honor, at five-pence a day:
Meantime I can feed and provide for his need;
Maintaining him wholly, fairly and foully,
With jurymen's pay, three-pence a day.
S. S. No vision or fancy prophetic have you,
Nor dreams of Arcadian empire in view;
A safer concealment is all that you seek:
In the hubbub of war, in the darkness and reek,
To plunder at large; to keep him confined,
Passive, astounded, humbled, blind,
Pining in penury, looking to thee
For his daily provision, a juryman's fee.
But if he returns to his country concerns,
His grapes and his figs, and his furmity kettle,
You 'll find him a man of a different mettle.
When he feels that your fees had debarred him from these,
He 'll trudge up to town, looking eagerly down,
And pick a choice pebble, and keep it in view,
As a token of spite, for a vote against you.
Peace sinks you forever, you feel it and know,

As your shifts and your tricks and your prophecies show.
  Cleon. 'T is a scandal, a shame! to throw slander and blame
On the friend of the people! a patriot name,
A kinder protector I venture to say,
Than ever Themistocles was in his day,
Better and kinder in every way.
  S. S. Witness, ye deities! witness his blasphemies!
You to compare with Themistocles! you!
That found us exhausted, and filled us anew
With a bumper of opulence; carving and sharing
Rich slices of empire; and kindly preparing,
While his guests were at dinner, a capital supper,
With a dainty remove, both under and upper,
The fort and the harbor, and many a dish
Of colonies, islands, and such kind of fish.
But now we are stunted, our spirit is blunted,
With paltry defences, and walls of partition;
With silly pretences of poor superstition;
And yet you can dare with him to compare!
But he lost the command, and was banished the land,
While you rule over all, and carouse in the hall!
  Cleon. This is horrible quite, and his slanderous spite,
Has no motive in view but my friendship for you,
My zeal —
  Dem.   There, have done with your slang and your stuff,
You 've cheated and choused and cajoled me enough.
  S. S. My dear little Demus! you 'll find it is true.
He behaves like a wretch and a villain to you.
He haunts your garden and there he plies,
Cropping the sprouts of the young supplies,
Munching and scrunching enormous rations
Of public sales and confiscations.
  Cleon. Don't exult before your time,
Before you've answered for your crime —
A notable theft that I mean to prove
Of a hundred talents and above.
  S. S. Why do ye pounce and flounce in vain?
Splashing and dashing and splashing again,
Like a silly recruit, just clapped on board?
Your crimes and acts are on record
The Mitylenian bribe alone
Was forty minæ proved and shown.

ARISTOTLE.

Aristotle, a Greek philosopher, the founder of the school of Peripatetics. He was born at Stagira, a Greek colony in Macedonia (whence he is denominated "the Stagirite"), in 384 B. C., and died at Chalcis, on the island of Eubœa, in 322 B. C. At the age of seventeen he was sent to Athens to complete his education, and resided there during the ensuing twenty years. When he was about forty years old, Philip of Macedon invited Aristotle to become the tutor of his son, Alexander, afterward known as "the Great," then a boy of thirteen. When he was about fifty years old, Aristotle took up his residence at Athens, bringing with him his vast scientific collections, and established his new school of philosophy in the Lyceum, a gymnasium near the city, surrounded by shady walks (*peripatoi*), in which he was wont to discourse to his pupils while walking about, whence his school of philosophy is styled the "Peripatetic School." His friendly relations with Alexander were at length broken off, on account, it is said, of the admonitions which he addressed to the great conqueror upon the dissolute way of life into which he had fallen. The Athenians, however, charged him with still being a partisan of the Macedonian dynasty, accused him of impiety, and forced him to flee to Chalcis, where he died.

Aristotle was beyond question by far the best educated man of all antiquity. He seems to have grasped all the knowledge of his times, and to have made numerous important additions to almost every department of natural science — to say nothing of his undoubted merits as a metaphysical thinker. He was the first careful dissector and describer of animals; the first to divide the animal kingdom into classes. He described many species of animals hitherto wholly unknown to his countrymen, and came near to discovering the fact of the circulation of the blood. His entire philosophical method seems to be almost identical with that long after enunciated by Bacon. It rests upon the principle that all our thinking must be founded on the observation of facts.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HISTORY AND POETRY, AND HOW HISTORICAL MATTER SHOULD BE USED IN POETRY.

(From the "Poetics," Chapter 9.)

But it is evident from what has been said that it is not the province of a poet to relate things which have happened, but such as might have happened, and such things as are possible according to probability, or which would necessarily have happened. For a historian and a poet do not differ from each other because the one writes in verse and the other in prose; for the history of Herodotus might be written in verse, and yet it would be no less a history with metre than without metre. But they differ in this, that the one speaks of things which have happened, and the other of such as might have happened. Hence, poetry is more philosophic, and more deserving of attention, than history. For poetry speaks more of universals, but history of particulars. But universal consists, indeed, in relating or performing certain things which happen to a man of a certain description, either probably or necessarily [to which the aim of poetry is directed in giving names]; but particular consists in narrating what [for example] Alcibiades did, or what he suffered. In comedy, therefore, this is now become evident. For comic poets having composed a fable through things of a probable nature, they thus give whatever names they please to their characters, and do not, like iambic poets, write poems about particular persons. But in tragedy they cling to real names. The cause, however, of this is, that the possible is credible. Things therefore which have not yet been done, we do not yet believe to be possible; but it is evident that things which have been done are possible, for they would not have been done if they were impossible.

Not indeed but that in some tragedies there are one or two known names, and the rest are feigned; but in others there is no known name, as for instance in "The Flower of Agatho." For in this tragedy the things and the names are alike feigned, and yet it delights no less. Hence, one must not seek to adhere entirely to traditional fables, which are the subjects of tragedy. For it is ridiculous to make this the object of search, because even known subjects are known but to a few, though at the same time they delight all men. From these things, therefore, it is evident that a poet ought rather to be the author of fables than of metres, inasmuch as he is a poet from imitation, and he imitates actions. Hence, though it should happen that he relates things which have happened, he is no less a poet. For nothing hinders but that some actions which have happened are such as might both probably and possibly have happened, and by [the narration of] such he is a poet.

But of simple plots and actions, the episodic are the worst.

But I call the plot episodic, in which it is neither probable nor necessary that the episodes follow each other. Such plots, however, are composed by bad poets, indeed, through their own want of ability; but by good poets, on account of the players. For, introducing [dramatic] contests, and extending the plot beyond its capabilities, they are frequently compelled to distort the connection of the parts. But tragedy is not only an imitation of a perfect action, but also of actions which are terrible and piteous, and actions principally become such (and in a greater degree when they happen contrary to opinion) on account of each other. For thus they will possess more of the marvellous than if they happened from chance and fortune; since also of things which are from fortune, those appear to be most admirable which seem to happen as it were by design. Thus the statue of Mityus at Argos killed him who was the cause of the death of Mityus by falling as he was surveying it. For such events as these seem not to take place casually. Hence it is necessary that fables of this kind should be more beautiful.

ON PHILOSOPHY.

(Quoted in Cicero's "Nature of the Gods.")

If there were men whose habitations had been always under ground, in great and commodious houses, adorned with statues and pictures, furnished with everything which they who are reputed happy abound with: and if, without stirring from thence, they should be informed of a certain divine power and majesty, and after some time the earth should open and they should quit their dark abode to come to us, where they should immediately behold the earth, the seas, the heavens; should consider the vast extent of the clouds and force of the winds; should see the sun and observe his grandeur and beauty, and perceive that day is occasioned by the diffusion of his light through the sky; and when night has obscured the earth they should contemplate the heavens, bespangled and adorned with stars, the surprising variety of the moon in her increase and wane, the rising and setting of all the stars and the inviolable regularity of their courses, — when, says he, "they should see these things, they would undoubtedly conclude that there are gods, and that these are their mighty works."

ON ESSENCES.

(From "The Metaphysics," Book xi., Chapter 1.)

THE subject of theory (or speculative science) is *essence*. In it are investigated the principles and causes of essences. The truth is, if the All be regarded as a whole, essence is its first (or highest) part. Also, if we consider the natural order of the categories, essence stands at the head of the list; then comes quality; then quantity. It is true that the other categories, such as qualities and movements, are not in any absolute sense at all, and the same is true of [negatives, such as] not-white or not-straight. Nevertheless, we use such expressions as "Not-white is."

Moreover, no one of the other categories is separable [or independent]. This is attested by the procedure of the older philosophers; for it was the principles, elements, and causes of essence that were the objects of their investigations. The thinkers of the present day, to be sure, are rather inclined to consider universals as essence. For genera are universals, and these they hold to be principles and essences, mainly because their mode of investigation is a logical one. The older philosophers, on the other hand, considered particular things to be essences; *e.g.*, fire and earth, not body in general.

There are three essences. Two of these are sensible, one being eternal and the other transient. The latter is obvious to all, in the form of plants and animals; with regard to the former, there is room for discussion, as to whether its elements are one or many. The third, differing from the other two, is immutable and is maintained by certain persons to be separable. Some make two divisions of it, whereas others class together, as of one nature, ideas, and mathematical entities; and others again admit only the latter. The first two essences belong to physical science, for they are subject to change; the last belongs to another science, if there is no principle common to all.

ON COMMUNITY OF STUDIES.

(From "The Politics," Book 8.)

No one, therefore, can doubt that the legislator ought principally to attend to the education of youth. For in cities where this is neglected, the politics are injured. For every State ought to be governed according to its nature; since the appropriate manners of each polity usually preserve the polity, and establish it from the beginning. Thus, appropriate democratic manners preserve and establish a democracy, and oligarchic an oligarchy. Always, however, the best manners are the cause of the best polity. Further still, in all professions and arts, there are some things which ought previously to be learnt, and to which it is requisite to be previously accustomed, in order to the performance of their several works; so that it is evident that it is also necessary in the practice of virtue.

Since, however, there is one purpose to every city, it is evident that the education must necessarily be one and the same in all cities; and that the attention paid to this should be common. At the same time, also, no one ought to think that any person takes care of the education of his children separately, and privately teaches them that particular discipline which appears to him to be proper. But it is necessary that the studies of the public should be common. At the same time, also, no one ought to think that any citizen belongs to him in particular, but that all the citizens belong to the city; for each individual is a part of the city. The care and attention, however, which are paid to each of the parts, naturally look to the care and attention of the whole. And for this, some one may praise the Lacedæmonians; for they pay very great attention to their children, and this in common. It is evident, therefore, that laws should be established concerning education, and that it should be made common.

The Necessity of Good Water.

Since every attention should be given to the health of the inhabitants, it is of great importance that the city should have a good situation; and next, that the inhabitants should have good water to drink; and this must not be regarded as a matter of secondary moment. For what is used chiefly in great quantities for the support of the body must, above all, contribute to its health. And this is the influence which the air and the water exercise over the body. Wherefore, in all wise governments the water ought to be apportioned to different purposes; if all is not equally good, and if there is not abundance of both kinds, that for drinking should be separated from that which is used for other purposes.

Hymn to Virtue.

(Translation of J. A. Symonds.)

Virtue, to men thou bringest care and toil;
Yet thou art life's best, fairest spoil!
O virgin goddess, for thy beauty's sake
To die is delicate in this our Greece,
Or to endure of pain the stern strong ache.
Such fruit for our soul's ease
Of joys undying, dearer far than gold
Or home or soft-eyed sleep, dost thou unfold!
It was for thee the seed of Zeus,
Stout Herakles, and Leda's twins, did choose
Strength-draining deeds, to spread abroad thy name:
Smit with the love of thee
Aias and Achilleus went smilingly
Down to Death's portal, crowned with deathless fame.
Now, since thou art so fair,
Leaving the lightsome air,
Atarneus' hero hath died gloriously.
Wherefore immortal praise shall be his guerdon:
His goodness and his deeds are made the burden
Of songs divine
Sung by Memory's daughters nine,
Hymning of hospitable Zeus the might
And friendship firm as fate in fate's despite.

JÓN ARNASON.

Arnason, Jón, an Icelandic folk-lore writer; born at Hof, Akàgaströnd, November 13, 1819; died at Reykjavik, August 17, 1888. He was for many years librarian of the National Library, and devoted himself assiduously to the collection of Icelandic folk tales. He has hence been called the "Grimm of Iceland." His principal literary work is "Popular Legends and Tales of Iceland" (1862–64).

The Fisherman of Götur.

It is told that long ago a peasant living at Götur in Myrdalur went out fishing round the island of Dyrhólar. In returning from the sea, he had to cross a morass. It happened once that on his way home after nightfall, he came to a place where a man had lost his horse in the bog, and was unable to recover it without help. The fisherman, to whom this man was a stranger, aided him in freeing his horse from the peat.

When the animal stood again safe and sound upon the dry earth, the stranger said to the fisherman, "I am your neighbor, for I live in Hvammsgil, and am returning from the sea, like you. But I am so poor that I cannot pay you for this service as you ought to be paid. I will promise you, however, this much: that you shall never go to sea without catching fish, nor ever, if you will take my advice, return with empty hands. But you must never put to sea without having first seen me pass your house, as if going toward the shore. Obey me in this matter, and I promise you that you shall never launch your boat in vain."

The fisherman thanked him for this advice; and sure enough it was that for three years afterward, never putting to sea till he had first seen his neighbor pass his door, he always launched his boat safely, and always came home full-handed.

But at the end of three years it fell out that one day in the early morning, the fisherman, looking out from his house, saw the wind and weather favorable, and all other fishers hurrying down to the sea to make the best of so good a time. But though he waited hour after hour in the hope of seeing his neighbor pass, the man of Hvammsgil never came. At last, losing his patience, he started out without having seen him go by. When he came down to the shore, he found that all the boats were launched and far away.

Before night the wind rose and became a storm, and every boat that had that day put to sea was wrecked, and every fisher drowned; the peasant of Götur alone escaping, for he had been unable to go out fishing. The next night he had a strange dream, in which his neighbor from Hvammsgil came to him and said, "Although you did not yesterday follow my advice, I yet so far felt kindly toward you that I hindered you from going out to sea, and saved you thus from drowning; but look no more forth to see me pass, for we have met for the last time." And never again did the peasant see his neighbor pass his door.

THE MAGIC SCYTHE.

A CERTAIN day-laborer once started from his home in the south to earn wages for hay-cutting in the north country. In the mountains he was suddenly overtaken by a thick mist and sleet-storm, and lost his way. Fearing to go on further, he pitched his tent in a convenient spot, and taking out his provisions, began to eat.

While he was engaged upon his meal, a brown dog came into the tent, so ill-favored, dirty, wet, and fierce-eyed, that the poor man felt quite afraid of it, and gave it as much bread and meat as it could devour. This the dog swallowed greedily, and ran off again into the mist. At first the man wondered much to see a dog in such a wild place, where he never expected to meet with a living creature; but after a while he thought no more about the matter, and having finished his supper, fell asleep, with his saddle for a pillow.

At midnight he dreamed that he saw a tall and aged woman enter his tent, who spoke thus to him: — "I am beholden to you, good man, for your kindness to my daughter, but am unable to reward you as you deserve. Here is a scythe which I place beneath your pillow; it is the only gift I can make you, but despise it not. It will surely prove useful to you, as it can cut down all that lies before it. Only beware of putting it into the fire to temper it. Sharpen it, however, as you will, but in that way never." So saying, she was seen no more.

When the man awoke and looked forth, he found the mist all gone and the sun high in heaven; so getting all his things together and striking his tent, he laid them upon the pack-horses, saddling last of all his own horse. But on lifting his saddle from the ground, he found beneath it a small scythe blade, which seemed well worn and was rusty. On seeing this, he at once recalled to mind his dream, and taking the scythe with him, set out once more on his way. He soon found again the road which he had lost, and made all speed to reach the well-peopled district to which he was bound.

When he arrived at the north country, he went from house to house, but did not find any employment, for every farmer had laborers enough, and one week of hay-harvest was already past. He heard it said, however, that one old woman in the district, generally thought by her neighbors to be skilled in magic and very rich, always began her hay-cutting a week later than anybody else, and though she seldom employed a laborer, always contrived to finish it by the end of the season. When by any chance — and it was a rare one — she did engage a workman, she was never known to pay him for his work.

Now the peasant from the south was advised to ask this old woman for employment, having been warned of her strange habits.

He accordingly went to her house, and offered himself to her as a day-laborer. She accepted his offer, and told him that he might, if he chose, work a week for her, but must expect no payment.

"Except," she said, "you can cut more grass in the whole week than I can rake in on the last day of it.

To these terms he gladly agreed, and began mowing. And a very good scythe he found that to be which the woman had given him in his dream; for it cut well, and never wanted sharpening, though he worked with it for five days unceasingly. He was well content, too, with his place, for the old woman was kind enough to him.

One day, entering the forge next to her house, he saw a vast number of scythe-handles and rakes, and a big heap of blades, and wondered beyond measure what the old lady could want with all these. It was the fifth day — the Friday — and when he was asleep that night, the same elf-woman whom he had seen upon the mountains came again to him and said: —

"Large as are the meadows you have mown, your employer will easily be able to rake in all that hay to-morrow, and if she does so, will, as you know, drive you away without paying you. When therefore you see yourself worsted, go into the forge, take as many scythe-handles as you think proper, fit their blades to them, and carry them out into that part of the land where the hay is yet uncut. There you must lay them on the ground, and you shall see how things go."

This said, she disappeared, and in the morning the laborer, getting up, set to work as usual at his mowing.

At six o'clock the old witch came out, bringing five rakes with her, and said to the man, "A goodly piece of ground you have mowed, indeed!"

And so saying, she spread the rakes upon the hay. Then the man saw, to his astonishment, that though the one she held in her hand raked in great quantities of hay, the other four raked in no less each, all of their own accord, and with no hand to wield them.

At noon, seeing that the old woman would soon get the best of him, he went into the forge and took out several scythe-handles, to which he fixed their blades, and bringing them out into the field, laid them down upon the grass which was yet standing. Then all the scythes set to work of their own accord, and cut down the grass so quickly that the rakes could not keep pace with them. And so they went on all the rest of the day, and the old woman was unable to rake in all the hay which lay in the fields. After dark she told him to gather up his scythes and take them into the house again, while she collected her rakes, saying to him: —

"You are wiser than I took you to be, and you know more than myself; so much the better for you, for you may stay as long with me as you like."

He spent the whole summer in her employment, and they agreed very well together, mowing with mighty little trouble a vast amount of hay. In the autumn she sent him away, well laden with money, to his own home in the south. The next summer, and more than one summer following, he spent in her employ, always being paid as his heart could desire, at the end of the season.

After some years he took a farm of his own in the south country, and was always looked upon by all his neighbors as an honest man, a good fisherman, and an able workman in whatever he might put his hand to. He always cut his own hay, never using any scythe but that which the elf-woman had given him upon the mountains; nor did any of his neighbors ever finish their mowing before him.

One summer it chanced that while he was fishing, one of his neighbors came to his house and asked his wife to lend him her husband's scythe, as he had lost his own. The farmer's wife looked for one, but could only find the one upon which her husband set such store. This, however, a little loath, she lent to the man, begging him at the same time never to temper it in the fire; for that, she said, her good man never did. So the neighbor promised, and taking it with him, bound it to a handle and began to work with it. But, sweep as he would, and strain as he would (and sweep and strain he did right lustily), not a single blade of grass fell. Wroth at this, the man tried to sharpen it, but with no avail. Then he took it into his forge, intending to temper it, for, thought he, what harm could that possibly do? but as soon as the flames touched it, the steel melted like wax, and nothing was left but a little heap of ashes. Seeing this, he went in haste to the farmer's house, where he had borrowed it, and told the woman what had happened; she was at her wits' end with fright and shame when she heard it, for she knew well enough how her husband set store by this scythe, and how angry he would be at its loss.

And angry indeed he was, when he came home, and he beat his wife well for her folly in lending what was not hers to lend. But his wrath was soon over, and he never again, as he never had before, laid the stick about his wife's shoulders.

The Man-Servant and the Water-Elves.

In a large house, where all the chief rooms were panelled, there lived once upon a time a farmer, whose ill-fate it was that every servant of his that was left alone to guard the house on Christmas Eve, while the rest of the family went to church, was found dead when the family returned home. As soon as the report of this was spread abroad, the farmer had the greatest difficulty in procuring servants who would consent to watch alone in the house on that night; until at last one day a man, a strong fellow, offered him his services, to sit up alone and guard the house. The farmer told him what fate awaited him for his rashness; but the man despised such a fear, and persisted in his determination.

On Christmas Eve, when the farmer and all his family, except the new man-servant, were preparing for church, the farmer said to him, "Come with us to church; I cannot leave you here to die."

But the other replied, "I intend to stay here, for it would be unwise in you to leave your house unprotected; and besides, the cattle and sheep must have their food at the proper time."

"Never mind the beasts," answered the farmer. "Do not be so rash as to remain in the house this night; for whenever we have returned from church on this night, we have always found every living thing in the house dead, with all its bones broken."

But the man was not to be persuaded, as he considered all these fears beneath his notice; so the farmer and the rest of the servants went away and left him behind, alone in the house.

As soon as he was by himself he began to consider how to guard against anything that might occur; for a dread had stolen over him, in spite of his courage, that something strange was about to take place. At last he thought that the best thing to do was, first of all to light up the family room; and then to find some place in which to hide himself. As soon as he had lighted all the candles, he moved two planks out of the wainscot at the end of the room, and creeping into the space between it and the wall, restored the planks to their places, so that he could see plainly into the room and yet avoid being himself discovered.

He had scarcely finished concealing himself, when two fierce and strange-looking men entered the room and began looking about.

One of them said, "I smell a human being."

"No," replied the other, "there is no human being here."

Then they took a candle and continued their search, until they found the man's dog asleep under one of the beds. They took it up, and having dashed it on the ground till every bone in its body was broken, hurled it from them. When the man-servant saw this, he congratulated himself on not having fallen into their hands.

Suddenly the room was filled with people, who were laden with tables and all kinds of table furniture, silver, cloths, and all, which they spread out, and having done so, sat down to a rich supper, which they had also brought with them. They feasted noisily, and spent the remainder of the night in drinking and dancing. Two of them were appointed to keep guard, in order to give the company due warning of the approach either of anybody or of the day. Three times they went out, always returning with the news that they saw neither the approach of any human being, nor yet of the break of day.

But when the man-servant suspected the night to be pretty far spent, he jumped from his place of concealment into the room, and clashing the two planks together with as much noise as he could make, shouted like a madman, "The day! the day! the day!"

On these words the whole company rose scared from their seats, and rushed headlong out, leaving behind them not only their tables, and all the silver dishes, but even the very clothes they had taken off for ease in dancing.

In the hurry of flight many were wounded and trodden under foot, while the rest ran into the darkness, the man-servant after them, clapping the planks together and shrieking, "The day! the day! the day!" until they came to a large lake, into which the whole party plunged headlong and disappeared.

From this the man knew them to be water-elves.

Then he returned home, gathered the corpses of the elves who had been killed in the flight, killed the wounded ones, and, making a great heap of them all, burned them. When he had finished this task, he cleaned up the house and took possession of all the treasures the elves had left behind them.

On the farmer's return, his servant told him all that had occurred, and showed him the spoils. The farmer praised him for a brave fellow, and congratulated him on having escaped with his life. The man gave him half the treasures of the elves, and ever afterward prospered exceedingly.

This was the last visit the water-elves ever paid to *that* house.

"WACHT AM RHEIN"

Statue of Germania at Niederwald

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

Arndt, Ernst Moritz, a German poet, miscellaneous writer, and patriot; born at Schoritz, Isle of Rügen, December 29, 1769; died in Bonn, January 29, 1860. On the publication, in 1806, of the first series of his "Spirit of the Times," which kindled patriotic enthusiasm throughout the German lands, he was compelled to take refuge in Sweden. Some years later he was the editor at Cologne of a political journal, "The Watchman." In 1848, a member of the National Assembly, he belonged to the so-called imperial party, advocating the union of Germany under the leadership of Prussia. On his ninetieth birthday (1859) the whole nation united in paying him homage. Many of his poems have become national lyrics, intimately linked with the stirring events to which they owe their origin. Among them are: "What is the German's Fatherland?" and "The Song of the Field Marshal."

The German's Fatherland.

What is the German's fatherland?
Is it Prussia or the Swabian's land?
Is it where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea-gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

What is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria, or the Styrian's land?
Is it where the Marsers' cattle graze?
Is it the Mark where forges blaze?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

What is the German's fatherland!
Westphalia? Pomerania's strand?
Where sand dunes drift along the shore,
Or where the Danube's surges roar?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland.

What is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is it Tyrol? Where the Switzers dwell?
That land and people please me well.
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

What is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Ah! Austria surely it must be,
So rich in fame and victory.
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

What is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is it the land which princely hate
Tore from the Emperor and the State?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

What is the German's fatherland?
Now name at length that mighty land!
"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung!"
Be this the land,
Brave German, that thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths are sworn by clasp of hand,
Where faith and truth beam from the eyes,
And in the heart affection lies.
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where scorn shall foreign triflers brand,
Where all are foes whose deeds offend,
Where every noble soul 's a friend.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land.

All Germany that land shall be:
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we,
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truly as we ought.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!

Patriotic Song.

God, who gave iron, purposed ne'er
That man should be a slave:
Therefore the sabre, sword, and spear
In his right hand He gave.
Therefore He gave him fiery mood,
Fierce speech, and free-born breath,
That he might fearlessly the feud
Maintain through life and death.

Therefore will we what God did say,
With honest truth, maintain,
And ne'er a fellow-creature slay,
A tyrant's pay to gain!
But he shall fall by stroke of brand
Who fights for sin and shame,
And not inherit German land
With men of German name.

O Germany, bright fatherland!
O German love, so true!
Thou sacred land, thou beauteous land,
We swear to thee anew!
Outlawed, each knave and coward shall
The crow and raven feed;
But we will to the battle all —
Revenge shall be our meed.

Flash forth, flash forth, whatever can,
To bright and flaming life!
Now all ye Germans, man for man,
Forth to the holy strife!
Your hands lift upward to the sky —
Your heart shall upward soar —
And man for man, let each one cry,
Our slavery is o'er!

Let sound, let sound, whatever can,
Trumpet and fife and drum,
This day our sabres, man for man,
To stain with blood we come;
With hangman's and with Frenchman's blood,
O glorious day of ire,
That to all Germans soundeth good —
Day of our great desire!

Let wave, let wave, whatever can,
Standard and banner wave!
Here will we purpose, man for man,
To grace a hero's grave.
Advance, ye brave ranks, hardily —
Your banners wave on high;
We 'll gain us freedom's victory,
Or freedom's death we 'll die!

The Song of the Field-Marshal.

What 's the blast from the trumpets ? Hussars, to the fray!
The field-marshal[1] rides in the rolling mellay;
So gay on his mettlesome war-horse he goes,
So fierce waves his glittering sword at his foes.
And here are the Germans: juchheirassassa!
The Germans are joyful: they 're shouting hurrah!

Oh, see as he comes how his piercing eyes gleam!
Oh, see how behind him his snowy locks stream!
So fresh blooms his age, like a well-ripened wine,
He may well as the battle-field's autocrat shine.
And here are the Germans: juchheirassassa!
The Germans are joyful: they 're shouting hurrah!

It was he, when his country in ruin was laid,
Who sternly to heaven uplifted his blade,
And swore on the brand, with a heart burning high,
To show Frenchmen the trade that the Prussians could ply.
And here are the Germans: juchheirassassa!
The Germans are joyful: they're shouting hurrah!

That oath he has kept. When the battle-cry rang,
Hey! how the gray youth to the saddle upsprang!
He made a sweep-dance for the French in the room,
And swept the land clean with a steel-ended broom.
And here are the Germans: juchheirassassa!
The Germans are joyful: they 're shouting hurrah!

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[1] Blücher.

SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD.

Arnold, Sir Arthur, brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, an English traveller, journalist, and statesman; born in Sussex, May 28, 1833. From 1863 to 1866 he was a member of a commission to examine into the causes of the "Cotton Famine," and published a treatise on that subject. In 1885 he became president of the Free Land League. Among his works are: "From the Levant;" "Through Persia by Caravan" (1876); "Free Land" (1880); and "Social Politics" (1881).

A Persian Governor.

(From "Through Persia by Caravan.")

In Persia, all time has reference to sunrise. Caravans start two, three, or four hours "before the sun," and visits of ceremony are frequently paid, as the Governor of Koom proposed in my case, two or three hours after sunrise. I joined his highness in the procession, and walked beside him to the gate, where, as is usual before the houses of the great, there sat a dervish, a man of wildest aspect, with long, black hair falling upon his shoulders. He was dressed in white, from turban to his bare feet. He shouted "Allah-hu!" while the governor's procession was passing, and scowled at me with most obvious disgust, appearing extremely offended at the civility with which the prince governor shook hands and expressed his hope of seeing me in the morning.

The Governor of Koom is a great personage, to whom the Shah has given the title of Itizad-el-Dowleh (the Grandeur of the State). He is married to the eldest daughter of his majesty, the Princess Fekhrul Mulook. Her highness has also a title from her imperial father; she is addressed as "the Pomp of the State." It is easy to see that the Itizad-el-Dowleh has neither vigor, energy, nor ability, and that the advantages of his natural good breeding are wasted by excesses, such as Persian *viveurs* most delight in. He owes his position, his title, and his wife to the contrition of the present Shah for having consented to the murderous execution of his father, the Mirza Teki Khan, the great Ameer-el-Nizam, whose conduct as commander-in-chief of the army and acting grand vizier, in the early part of his majesty's reign, is referred to by Persians with unbounded pride and satisfaction. They speak of Teki Khan as having been honest, as having had no itching palm for public money or for private bribes — a political phenomenon, therefore, in their eyes. The handsomest and largest caravanserai in Teheran is, as I have said, named after him; and over the Ameer's tomb in that city the repentant Shah has built a structure, the blue dome of which is one of the most prominent features in the general aspect of Teheran.

In his high station, he was of course the object of jealousy and hatred; enemies intrigued against him, and represented to the young Shah that Teki Khan not only held himself to be greatest in the empire, but that the Ameer-el-Nizam boasted of his personal security as guaranteed by the Tsar of all the Russias. The Shah listened unwillingly, for Teki Khan was high in favor and repute, and was his majesty's brother-in-law, having been recently married to a sister of the King of Kings. But Nazr-ed-deen was versed in the traditions of his house. All men say he is a true Kajar, and his dynasty won and has retained power by killing, or rendering impotent, by blinding or maiming, any who are suspected of rivalry.

Teki Khan was disgraced, and sent away from the sight of "the Shadow of God;" but it was long before the Shah would consent to his being put to death. Day after day his enemies urged that he should be disposed of, and suggested the sending of assassins to the country palace near Kashan, in which he and the princess, his wife, were living, with orders to kill him in his own apartments. The Shah hesitated; he had some affection for his sister, who was devotedly attached to her distinguished husband. The princess believed that Teki Khan's life was in danger, and never quitted his side, knowing that her presence was his chief security. At last his enemies spread a report that the Tsar intended to interfere, and to obtain from the Shah an assurance of the safety of the Ameer. The plot was now successful. The Shah was told that the Russian envoy was about to demand that the person of Teki Khan should be inviolable, and it was artfully represented that this would render the Shah contemptible in the eyes of his subjects, who, in their anger, would probably depose or murder himself. He was persuaded to give his consent to the immediate assassination of Teki Khan, in order that his death might be accomplished before the Russian envoy applied for audience.

The Shah gave way, and the murderers set out with glee to take the life of the ex-minister, who had been so great a benefactor to his country. Their only remaining difficulty was in detaching the princess from Teki Khan, and this they accomplished by stratagem, representing themselves as bearers of returning favor from the Shah. Teki Khan received them alone, expecting to hear that his imperial master was once more his friend. But he was quickly undeceived. Yet these emissaries of " the Shadow of God " were no hireling assassins, anxious to finish their job with fatal dagger in the quickest possible manner; they were men who had come, with true Persian cruelty, to enjoy personal and political revenge in watching the long-drawn agonies of their victim. They seized and stripped Teki Khan, cut the arteries of his arms, and then stood by and beheld, with gloating, his encounter with death.

Time quickly brought the truth to light, and the Shah felt guilty of the murder of the noblest of his subjects. His majesty had two daughters; his sister, the widow of the Ameer, had two sons. The four children were betrothed in marriage, and the penitent sovereign pledged himself to regard the welfare of the boys he had made fatherless. So it happened that the elder had become his majesty's son-in-law and Governor of Koom, with power to keep for himself the surplus of the results of taxation, after paying into the imperial treasury the sum at which the province of Koom is assessed to the revenues of the State.

On the morning after I had seen his highness, at " one hour after the sun," which at that season was eight o'clock, I heard a noise of arrival, and stepped out from the mud hovel, which was our only apartment, on to the wide roof of the stables of the chapar-khanah. Four of the governor's servants, splendid in costume and armory, had arrived, to be my escort to the palace. Our way led through the crowded bazaar, and the servants, who marched before me, did all possible honor to the occasion by the most offensive rudeness to the people. I threatened to lead the way myself if they did not cease from pushing the women and men alike aside, sometimes knocking them down upon the traders' stalls, in their zeal to exhibit the importance of their master and of his visitor.

No one complained, and in no case was there apparent even a disposition to return their blows; for the violent manner in which they pushed and drove the people with their sticks frequently amounted to assault. "Away, sons of a burned father!" "Away, sons of dogs!" they cried, belaboring the camels and asses, which were slow to perceive the necessity of clearing the centre of the path for our passage. There may be some alleys in the East End of London with entries as mean and dirty as that of the palace of the Itizad-el-Dowleh; but, then, in London the path is not choked, as it was at Koom, with bits of sun-baked clay, and with heaps of dust, contributed in part from the breaking-up of the mud cement with which the walls are plastered.

The white-clad dervish spit, with unconcealed disdain, as I entered; and on emerging from the passage into a courtyard, in which were placed a square tank and a few shrubs, there was a crowd of about thirty servants and hangers-on, who bowed with that air of grave devotion which is a charm of Persian manner, and followed toward the mud-built house, a single story high, which bounded the courtyard on the farther side. The rooms of Persian houses very rarely have doors, and a curtain of Manchester cotton, printed in imitation of a Cashmere pattern, was hung over the doorway of the Itizad-el-Dowleh's reception-room, which was not more than fifteen feet square.

His highness looked very uncomfortable in his coat of honor, which, I believe, was a present from his imperial father-in-law. It is common in Persia for the sovereign to send a coat when he wishes to bestow a mark of favor; and, of course, if the garment has been worn by "the Shadow of God," the value of the present is greatly enhanced. The State coat of the Itizad-el-Dowleh was made from a Cashmere shawl, of which the ground was white. The shape was something like a frock coat, except that it had no collar, and the waist was bunched up in gathers, which gives, even to well-made men, an awkward and clumsy appearance. It was lined throughout with gray fur, resembling chinchilla. Upon his head he wore the usual high black hat of Astrakhan fur. His black trousers were wide and short, after the Persian manner, allowing an ample display of his coarse white socks and shoes. He rose from an arm-chair, which had probably formed part of the camp equipage of a Russian officer, and on his left hand there were ranged three similar chairs — folding chairs, with seats of Russian leather. The walls and ceiling were whitewashed, and the floor, as is usual, covered with the beautiful carpets of the country. The governor's chair and mine were placed on a small Austrian rug, which was probably valued for its glaring stripes of green and white; the farther corners of it were held down by glass weights, on the under side of which were photographic portraits of the Emperor Napoleon III. and of the Empress Eugénie.

The Itizad-el-Dowleh could speak a few words of French, and understand simple phrases in that language; but he had never been in Europe. While we were exchanging civilities in French, two servants were brewing tea upon the floor with a steaming samovar. The infusion was sweetened in the pot, for Persians are of one mind in the matter of sugar, and invariably like as much as the water will hold without ceasing to be fluid — that which chemists call a saturated solution. The tea was served on metal trays of Persian design, in pretty cups of French porcelain, with lemons cut in halves; and afterwards pipes were brought in, the live charcoal which was laid upon the damp tobacco being blown occasionally by the servants until the tube reached the mouth of the smoker. I refused, and the jewelled mouthpiece of the flexible tube was then presented to the governor, the water bowl of the kalian being held by a slave, while his highness languidly inhaled the smoke.

I am sure that my dislike for tobacco was not unwelcome to any one of the grandees of Persia. To a true Mussulman, it is very disagreeable to place in his mouth the tube which has just quitted the lips of an infidel; and I have heard of Persians of rank being provided with a double mouthpiece, so that, after fulfilling the hospitable duty of presenting the pipe to a Christian guest, they could unobserved slip off the piece from which he had drawn the smoke, and enjoy the second without defilement. The feeling which leads English people to wipe the brim of the loving cup before passing the goblet to a neighbor has no place in the Persian mind. The governor knows perfectly well that the pipe from which he draws a few puffs of smoke will be finished by his servants; and indeed a kalian is always tried, after it is lighted, by the pipe-bearer, who, if necessary, keeps it alight by smoking until his master is ready for it. The pipe is always followed by black coffee, thick, strong, and sweet, the quantity served to each person never exceeding the medical dose of "two tablespoonfuls," in china cups without handles, which, in the houses of the great, are usually secured in metal egg-cups of gold or silver, studded with turquoises and garnets. After the coffee one looks for leave to go — to obtain permission to retire; a word which, in Persia, is always supposed to be given by the greater person, whether the visitor or the visited.

In Persian fashion, the governor placed himself and all his power at my disposal; but I found it impossible to make him understand that at the suggestion of Mr. Ronald Thomson, the very able secretary of the British Legation in Teheran, I wished to see as much as could be permitted of the sacred buildings of Koom. We sent for the clerk of the Indian Government Telegraph, which has a testing station in Koom; and with his help it was arranged that the Itizad-el-Dowleh's servants should take me to the Mesjid-i-Juma, the oldest mosque in Koom, to the tomb of Feth-Ali-Shah, and that I should enter the doorway of the golden-domed mosque of Fatima, and look upon — for it could not be expected that an infidel should approach — the shrine of that sacred sister of the most holy Imām Réza.

The two servants who were appointed to lead this excursion looked as if they had been chosen for their strength; they were two of the largest, most powerful men I had seen in Persia. The Mesjid, or mosque, of Juma was very like the mosque of Kasveen, but rather more decayed and dilapidated; and from this we passed quickly to the tomb of Feth-Ali-Shah, which was in the outskirts of the town. The tomb is a parallelogram, in shape like many which were erected in English churchyards a hundred years ago. It is a simple structure of brick, covered with very beautiful tiles, with brown letters raised in high relief on a ground of blue, not much unlike the samples of this work which have been procured for the South Kensington Museum by Major Smith. Over the tomb there is a small building or mosque.

From the resting-place of Feth-Ali-Shah, I returned through the centre of the town toward the grand mosque containing the shrine of Fatima. I expected difficulty there. Koom is renowned throughout Persia for devotion to Islam and for hatred of infidels. Not long ago, an Armenian doctor was in imminent danger, from the fact that he, a Christian, had entered this mosque in disguise. It appears that he had in this way been successful in seeing the Caaba at Mecca; and this success had, no doubt, made him contemptuous as to danger from the fanaticism of Persia. Clothed as a pilgrim, he had entered the mosque we were approaching; and having seen the shrine of Fatima, was leaving the building. He met with a moollah in the doorway, and could not refrain from boasting of his success. "There is not much to see here," he said, and compared it with Mecca. The priest's suspicions were aroused; he told the bystanders that he believed the sanctuary had been violated by a Christian, who had committed the graver offence at Mecca. The anger of the people grew hot and hotter by talking together; and at last a crowd rushed down to the chapar-khanah, where the pretended Moslem was staying, in the mud hovel which we occupied during our stay in Koom. He was warned just in time to save his life by flight over the back wall of the posthouse.

My appearance in the courtyard of the mosque caused great excitement. Along the sides of the enclosure, which is nearly half an acre in extent, there are seats, upon which idlers of the "Softa" class, and beggars, with no pretensions to learning, but with abundant fanaticism, were sitting. Most of them rose at the sight of my procession, which was making directly for the main door of the mosque. In the centre was the usual tank, around which were ranged a few shrubs in wooden boxes; the golden dome of the mosque rose, glittering and grand, in the foreground. In the doorway hung a heavy chain, festooned in such a manner that none could enter without a lowly bending of the head; and behind this stood a black-bearded moollah, wearing a huge turban of green — the sacred color — and next him I recognized, with a sense of coming defeat, the wild-looking dervish who had cursed and frowned at me from the doorway of the governor's palace. His face now wore an expression really terrible.

The two gigantic servants of the Itizad-el-Dowleh, who led the way, mounted the steps, and, standing outside the chain, informed the priest that it was the governor's wish that I should be allowed to enter so far as to be able to see the shrine and the surrounding tombs. The moollah replied with an angry negative, and the dervish supported him with wild gesticulations. The servants pushed forward, evidently thinking that I should demand the fulfilment of their master's order. But to force a passage appeared to me not only very dangerous, and unjustifiable; but, from all that we had seen of Persian mosques and shrines, I doubted if the contents of this mosque were sufficiently interesting to warrant the slightest risk or disturbance. Clearly, too, the moollahs were stronger in this matter than the governor. Already a crowd watched the altercation, and every man in it could be relied on to support the moollahs, while in the crowded bazaar close at hand they had a reserve of force willing and eager to do the work of fanaticism — a force which could destroy any other power in Koom. I ordered a retreat; and, lest the servants should not understand my words, beckoned them to quit the doorway. Fortunately I had learned to beckon in the Persian manner. I had noticed that when I held up my hand and waved it toward my face in the European way, our servants did not understand this direction. The hand must be turned downward, and the waving done with the wrist uppermost. This was the sign I made in the courtyard of the mosque at Koom. Our position in recrossing the long courtyard was not very enviable; in Persia the vanquished are always contemptible; but there were no unpleasant manifestations.

In Koom we found it impossible to refill our empty wine bottles. Something stronger than the Maine Liquor Law prevails in this sacred city and in that of Meshed, where the brother of Fatima is buried. Intoxicating liquors appear to be absolutely unattainable, and intoxication is accomplished by those who desire that condition with bhang, or opium. That which can be purchased anywhere in Koom, cheaper and of better quality and manufacture than elsewhere in Persia, is pottery, for which the town is famous. The water bottles of Koom are seen all over Persia. The clay, when baked, is fine, hard, and nearly white, and the potters have a specialty in the way of decoration. They stud the outside of their bottles with spots of vitrified blue, like turquoises, in patterns varied with yellow spots of the same character. The effect is very pleasing. In the bazaar of Koom we bought three delicious melons, each about a foot in diameter, for a kran, the value of tenpence in English money.

The muezzin was shouting "Allahu akbar," and the call to the daybreak prayer, when our caravan set out for Pasangan, the next station south of Koom. There is difficulty, as we afterward found, in the passage of a ship of three thousand tons' burden through the Suez Canal; but there is much greater difficulty in passing a takht-i-rawan through the bazaar at Koom at about seven o'clock in the morning. What with the opposing stream of traffic and the anxiety of all to see the English *khanoum*, the operation was most difficult. After enduring many collisions with loaded camels and mules and donkeys, we escaped from the crowd of black hats and brown hats, green turbans and white turbans, and were once more in the open plain, where the only variety occurred in the fording of water-courses which crossed the path between artificial banks raised for the purpose of irrigation.

We thought we had never beheld a more lovely sunrise than that in the faint light of which we left the chapar-khanah of Pasangan. Above, yet near to the horizon, having a clear space beneath it, there hung a dense dark cloud. In a moment this was infused with rose color; then it became a floating mass of gold, increasing in splendor until the arisen sun passed behind it, and over all was gloom. Through the day we rode across the dusty plain to Sin-sin, a mud-built chapar-khanah and caravanserai, so entirely the color of the plain that it was difficult, when there was no shadow, to see the buildings before we were close to the walls. When the usual operations of sweeping out the bala-khanah and covering the doors and windows with hangings had been performed, the carpets laid, our beds set up and made, the table spread for dinner, I sat, as usual, on the roof, avoiding the smoke holes. Through the clouds rising in one of these holes I could see Kazem tending his stew-pots in an atmosphere dense with smoke, and unendurable to any but those who are accustomed to sit on the ground. Outside, the scene was, as always, charming, as always, of magnificent extent, and as invariably bounded on every side by mountains. In the plain, toward the town of Kashan, a few patches of softest green, the wheat crop of next year, were the only vegetation. Before us, distant two days' march, lay the snowy outline of the highest mountain pass in Central Persia. Cold and clear in the fading sunlight, it seemed very near; and the black, serrated outline of the lower ranges against the silver sky gave that aspect to the landscape which, while it fills the mind with melancholy, is accepted as most beautiful.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Arnold, Sir Edwin, an English journalist and poet; born June 10, 1832. He studied at King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London, whence he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford, where in 1852 he gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry for his poem on "Belshazzar's Feast," and in the following year was chosen to deliver the address to the Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. Besides contributing largely, in prose and verse, to literary periodicals, he has written a treatise on "Education in India;" "The History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration in India;" "Griselda," a drama; a volume of "Poems Narrative and Lyrical;" "After Death in Arabia" (1891); "Japonica" (1891); "Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems" (1892); "Adzuma, or the Japanese Wife," a play (1893); "Wandering Words," papers which first appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" and other papers and magazines (1894); "The Tenth Muse and Other Poems" (1895.) He has translated "The Euterpe" of Herodotus from the Greek; and from the Sanskrit, the "Hitopadesha," or "Book of Good Counsels," and two Books of the "Mahábhárata," which has been styled "the Iliad of India." The works by which he is best known are the poems "Indian Song of Songs" and "The Light of Asia."

Prince Siddârtha's Marriage.

(From "The Light of Asia.")

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses: one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked.
Pleasant at seedtime, when the champaks bud:
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names,
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,

Streams wandered wild and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn,
In midst of which Siddârtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour:
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers:—
"Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,"
He said, "and what my dream readers foretold.
This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings — and this is in my heart;—
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces.
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me:
How may his feet be turned to that proud road
Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule?"

The eldest answered, "Maharaja! love
Will cure these thin distempers: weave the spell
Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows:
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds."
And all thought good,
But the King answered, "If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth ofttimes with another eye;
And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
Then said another, "Roams the barasingh
Until the fated arrow flies: for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,
Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world.

This do, my King! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sâkyas use.
Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes,
And cheat his Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good: wherefore upon a day
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace; for 't was in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. So flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lustred with the soorma stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka spots stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls,
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes
Fixed on the ground; for when they saw the Prince,
More than the awe of Majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sat so passionless —
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates, —
Trembling at favor, so divine he seemed,
So high and saintlike and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent; when last
Came young Yasôdhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould; a gait like Parvati's;
Eyes like a hind's in love time, face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full — folding her palms across her breasts —
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.

"Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.
"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take
This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist:
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

Long after — when enlightenment was full —
Lord Buddha, being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at first glance of the Sâkya girl,
Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
And all it seemed; — in ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
Sat umpire while they raced beneath the firs
Like hares at eve that run their playful rings:
One with flower stars crowned he, one with long plumes
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle cock,
One with fir apples; but who ran the last
Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died.
Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara;
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
How sat Siddârtha heedless, till there passed
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara;
And how — at sudden sight of her — he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.
The fond king smiled.
"Look! we have found a lure: take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law

With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake: "Say to the King,
The child is sought by princes far and near:
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse, better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us;
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"
Then the King's heart was sore: for now the Prince
Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife in vain,
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in swordplay; but the Prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 't was given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddârtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sâkya lords and town and country round
Unto the maidân; and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gayly dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned:
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there, till the Prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without;
Also Siddârtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like — perchance — in joys and griefs.
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest: let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."

Then Nanda challenged for the arrow test
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddârtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marvelled and cried; and sweet Yasôdhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it — low laughing — drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
"That is for play, not love," he said: "hath none
A bow more fit for Sâkya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahânu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,
Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison horns; and twice Siddârtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake — "Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a handbreadth nigher use:
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud
That feeble folk at home that day inquired
"What is this sound?" and people answered them,
"It is the sound of Sinhahânu's bow,
Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot;"
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas tree six fingers thick;
Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;

But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect,
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.
Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly bred, and three times scoured
Around the maidân, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind — so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka:
Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame: only Ardjuna held
His seat awhile, and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
The proud jaws fast with grasp of master hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
"Let not Siddârtha meddle with this Bhût,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame;" but the Prince said, "Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then

Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best."

And all the suitors answered "He is best!"
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood 'mid thy rose bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won."
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of môgra flowers and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddârtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial beaming with glad love;
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine!"
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after — when enlightment was come —
They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
And the World-honored answered, "Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known;
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
Past things and thoughts and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himâla's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind:
I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa grass
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.

Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasôdhara
Wore for me: hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came
Snarling past this and that torn forest lord
Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
A willing spoil; and when the stars were good —
Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven —
The marriage feast was kept, as Sâkyas use,
The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm threads tied,
The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,
The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
Which, coming close, betokened "love till death;"
The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple offerings made, the mantras sung,
The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
Then the gray father spake: "Worshipful Prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,
With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
And love was all in all.

HE AND SHE.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him: "come away;
Kiss her and leave her, — thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white-silk shoes,—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose,—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands,
"Come away!" they said, "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it—alone again, he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See, now; I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its record dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed, —

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid, —

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise.

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way,

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"I am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that though dead, I have never died."

AFTER DEATH.

(From "Pearls of the Faith.")

He made life — and He takes it — but instead
Gives more: praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hid!

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends: —

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at my feet and head.

I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers,
Yet I smile and whisper this: —
"I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie:
It *was* mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed in the grave
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'T is an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'T is an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of His treasury,
A mind which loved Him: let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah Mu'hid, Allah most good!
Now Thy grace is understood:
Now my heart no longer wonders
What Al-Barsakh is, which sunders
Life from death, and death from Heaven:
Nor the "Paradises Seven"
Which the happy dead inherit;
Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit
Toward the Throne, "green birds and white,"
Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!
Now the long, long darkness ends.
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,

While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives, and loves you: lost, 't is true
By any light which shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging Paradise;
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.
When he come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain, —
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death —
Now I see — is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, that is of all life centre.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's Throne above;
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!
"*La Allah illa Allah!* Yea,
Mu'hid! Restorer! Sovereign!" say!

He who died at Azan gave
This to those that made his grave.

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